





BROOKE  
—  
LEARNED  
WORKES  
—  
LONDON

633













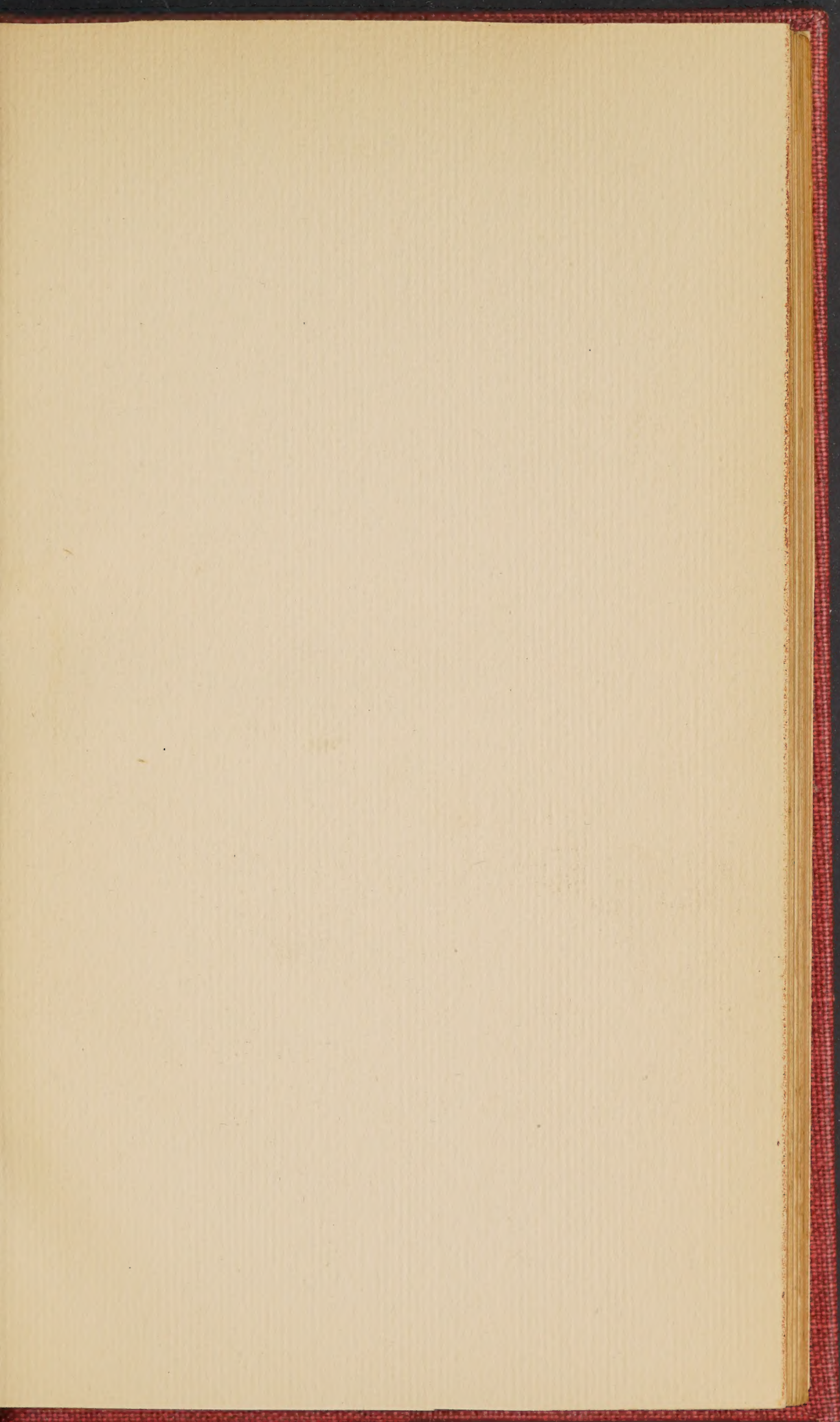


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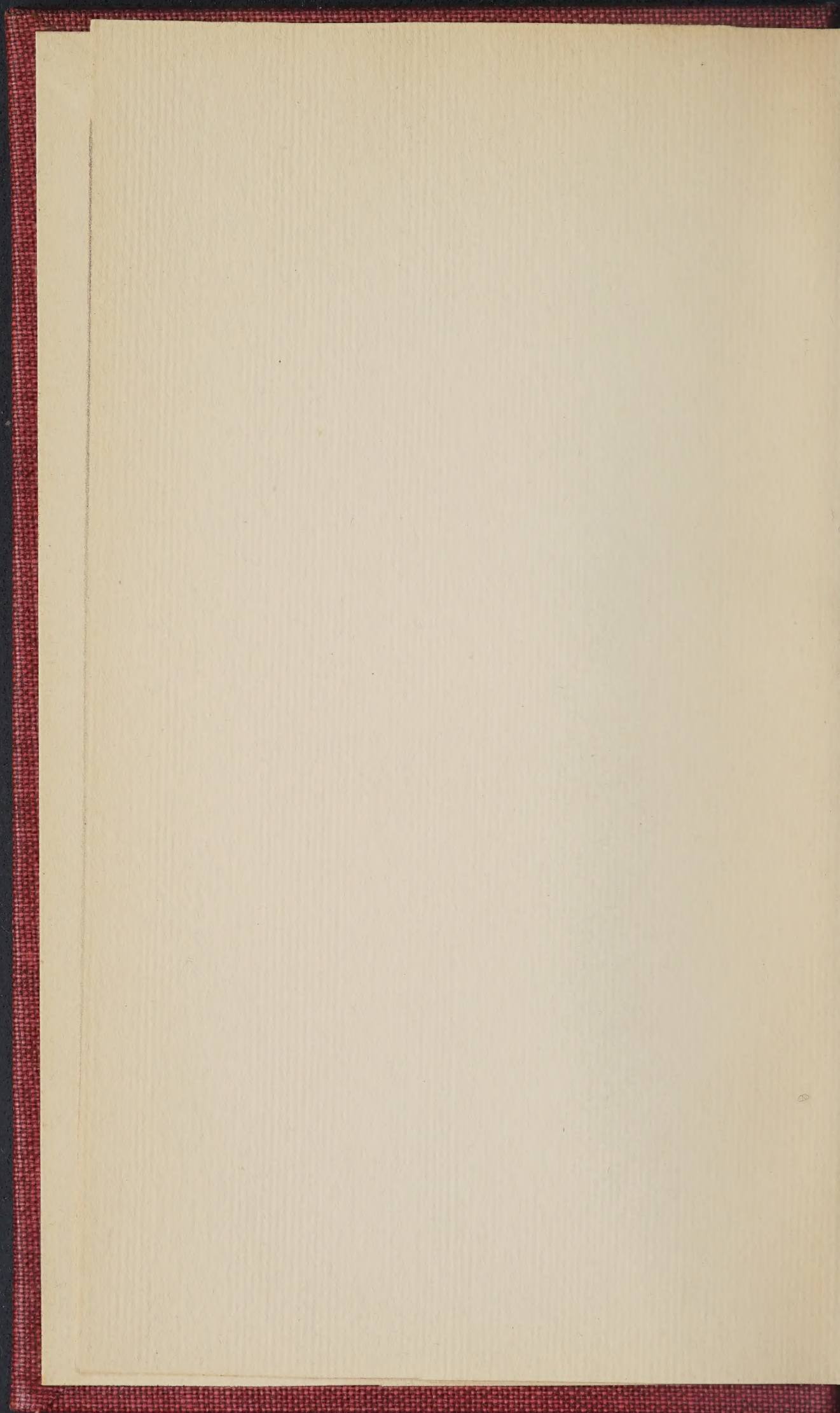
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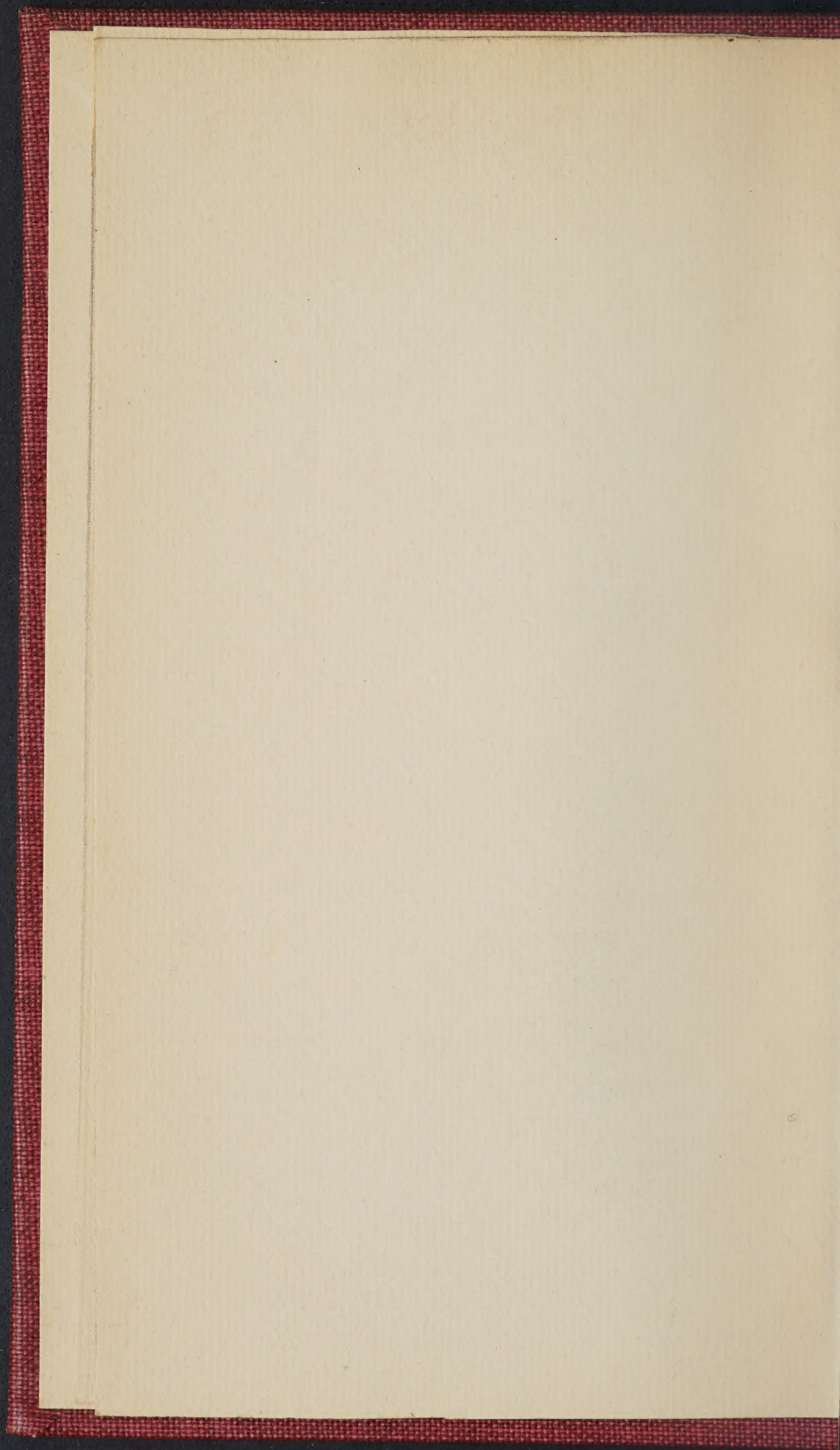














CERTAINE  
LEARNED  
AND  
ELEGANT  
WORKES

OF THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
FVLKE

LORD BROOKE,  
Written in his Youth, and familiar  
Exercise with  
SIR

PHILIP SIDNEY.

---

*The severall Names of which Workes the  
following page doth declare.*

---

*Calisti*  *una*

---

LONDON,

Printed by E. P. for Henry Seyle, and are to  
be sold at his shop at the signe of the Tygers  
head in S<sup>t</sup>. Paules Church-yard. 1633.



821  
B271  
RE



THE  
NAMES  
OF THE SEVERALL  
BOOKES.

---

*A Treatie of Humane Learning.  
An Inquisition vpon Fame and Ho-  
nour.*

*A Treatie of Warres.*

*The Tragedie of Alaham.*

*The Tragedie of Mustapha.*

*Cælica, containing CIX, Sonnets.*

*A Letter to an Honorable Lady, &c.*

*A Letter of Trauell.*

*H. Cavendish.*







A  
TREATIE  
OF  
*Humane Learning.*

I.



He Mind of Man is this worlds true di-  
mension;

And *Knowledge* is the measure of the  
minde:

And as the minde, in her vaste com-  
prehension.

Containes more worlds than all the  
world can finde:

So Knowledge doth it selfe farre more extend,  
Than all the minds of Men can comprehend.

2.

A climbing Height it is without a head,  
Depth without bottome, Way without an end,

A Circle with no line inuironed,  
Not comprehended all it comprehends;

Worth infinite, yet satisfies no minde,  
Till it that infinite of the God-head finde.

3.

This Knowledge is the same *forbidden tree*,  
Which man lusts after to be made his Maker;  
For Knowledge is of Powers eternity,  
And perfect Glory, the true image-taker;  
So as what doth the infinite containe,  
Must be as infinite as it againe.

d

No



4.

No maruell then, if proud desires reflexion,  
 By gazing on this Sunne, doe make vs blinde,  
 Nor if our Lust, our *Centaure*-like Affection,  
 In stead of Nature, fadome clouds, and winde,  
 So adding to originall defection,  
 As no man knowes his owne vnknowing minde :  
 And our *Egyptian* darkenesse growes so grosse,  
 As we may easily in it, feele our losse.

5.

For our defects in Nature who sees not ?  
 Wee enter first things present not conceiving,  
 Not knowing future, what is past forgot :  
 All other Creatures instant power receiving,  
 To helpe themselves, *Man onely bringeth sense*  
*To feele, and waile his natie impotence.*

6.

Which *Sense*, *Mans first instructor*, while it showes,  
 To free him from deceit, deceiues him most ;  
 And from this false root that mistaking growes,  
 Which truth in humane knowledges hath lost :  
 So that by iudging *Sense* herein perfection,  
 Man must deny his Natures imperfection.

7.

Which to be false, euen *Sense* it selfe doth proue,  
 Since euery Beast in it doth vs exceed ;  
 Besides, these senses which we thus approue,  
 In vs as many diuerse likings breed,  
 As there be different tempers in Complexions,  
 Degrees in healths, or Ages imperfections.

8.

Againe, Change from without no lesse deceives,  
 Than doe our owne debilities within :  
 For th'obiet, which in grosse our flesh conceives,  
 After a sort, yet when light doth beginne  
 These to retaile, and subdiuide, or fleeces  
 Into more minutes ; then growes *Sense* so thinne,  
 As none can so refine the sense of man,  
 That two, or three agree in any can.



9

Yet these rack'd vp by Wit excessiue,  
Make fancy thinke shee such gradations findes  
Of heat, cold, colors such variety,  
Of smels, and tafts, of tunes such diuers kinds,  
As that braue *Scythian* never could descry,  
Who found more sweetnesse in his horses naying,  
Than all the *Phrygian*, *Dorian*, *Lydian* playing.

10.

Knowledges next organ is *Imagination*;  
A glasse, wherein the obiect of our Sense  
Ought to respect true height, or declination,  
For vnderstandings cleares intelligence:  
But this power also hath her variation,  
Fixed in some, in some with difference;  
In all, so shadowed with selfe-application  
As makes her pictures still too foule, or faire;  
Not like the life in lineament, or ayre.

11.

This power besides, alwayes cannot receiue  
What sense reports, but what th'affections please  
„ To admit; and as those Princes that doe leaue  
„ Their State in trust to men corrupt with ease,  
„ False in their faith, or but to faction friend,  
„ The truth of things can scarcely comprehend.

12.

So must th'Imagination from the sense  
Be misinformed, while our affections cast  
False shapes, and formes on their intelligence,  
And to keepe out true intromission thence,  
Abstracts the imagination or distasts,  
With images preoccupately plac'd.

13.

Hence our desires, feares, hopes, loue, hate, and sorrow,  
In fancy make us heare, fee, see impressions,  
Such as out of our sense they doe not borrow;  
And are the efficient cause, the true progression  
Of sleeping visions, idle phantasmes waking,  
Life, dreames, and knowledge, apparitions making.

d 2

14.



14.

Againe, our *Memory, Register of Sense,*  
*And mould of Arts,* as Mother of Induction,  
 Corrupted with disguis'd intelligence,  
 Can yeeld no Images for mans instruction:  
 But as from stained wombes, abortiue birth  
 Of strange opinions, to confound the earth.

15.

The last chiefe oracle of what man knowes  
 Is *Vnderstanding*; which though it containe  
 Some ruinous notions, which our Nature shoves,  
 Of generall truths; yet haue they such a staine  
 From our corruption, as all light they lose;  
 Saue to conuince of ignorance, and sinne,  
 Which where they raigne let no perfection in.

16.

Hence weake, and few those dazled notions be,  
 Which our fraile *Vnderstanding* doth retaine;  
 So as mans bankrupt Nature is not free,  
 By any Arts to raise it selfe againe;  
 Or to those notions which doe in vs liue  
 Confus'd, a well-fram'd Art-like state to giue.

17.

Nor in a right line can her eyes ascend,  
 To view the things that immateriall are;  
 For as the Sunne doth, while his beames descend,  
 Lighten the earth, but shaddow euery starre:  
 So Reason stooping to attend the Sense,  
 Darkens the spirits cleare intelligence.

18.

Besides, these faculties of apprehension;  
 Admit they were, as in the soules creation,  
 All perfect here, (which blessed large dimension  
 As none denies, so but by imagination  
 Onely, none knowes) yet in that comprehension,  
 Euen through those instruments wherby she works,  
 Debility, misprision, imperfection lurkes.

As



19.

As many, as there be within the braine  
Distempers, frenzies, or indispositions;  
Yea of our *false estate* the fatall staine  
Is such, as in our Youth while compositions,  
And spirits are strong, conception then is weake,  
And faculties in yeeres of vnderstanding breake.

20.

Againe, we see the best Complexions vaine,  
And in the worst more nimble subtilty;  
From whence *Wit*, a distemper of the braine,  
The Schooles conclude, and our capacity;  
How much more sharpe, the more it apprehends  
Still to distract, and lesse truth comprehends.

21.

But all these naturall Defects perchance  
May be supplyed by Sciences, and Arts;  
Which wee thirst after, study, admire, aduance,  
As if restore our fall, recure our smarts  
They could, bring in perfection, burne our rods;  
With *Demades* to make us like our Gods.

22.

Indeed to teach they confident pretend,  
All generall, vniforme Axioms scientificall  
Of truth, that want beginning, haue no end,  
Demonstratiue, infallible, onely essentiall:  
But if these Arts containe this mystery,  
It proues them proper to the *Deity*:

23.

Who onely is eternall, infinite, all-seeing,  
Euen to the abstract essences of Creatures;  
Which pure transcendent Power can haue no being  
Within mans finite, traile, imperfect features:  
For prooffe, What grounds so generall, and known,  
But are with many exceptions ouerthrowne?

24.

So that where our Philosophers confesse,  
That we a knowledge vniuersall haue,

Our



Our ignorance in particulars we expresse:  
 Of perfect *demonstration*, who it gaue  
 One cleare example? Or since time began,  
 What one true *forme* found out by wit of Man?

25.

Who those characteristickall *Ideas*  
 Conceiues, which Science of the Godhead be?  
 But in their stead we raise, and mould Tropheas,  
 Formes of Opinion, Wit, and Vanity,  
 Which we call *Arts*; and fall in loue with these,  
 „ As did *Pygmalion* with his carved tree;  
 „ For which men, all the life they here enioy,  
 „ Still fight, as for the *Helens* of their *Troy*.

26.

Hence doe we out of words create us *Arts*;  
 Of which the People notwithstanding be  
 Masters, and without rules doe them impart:  
*Reason* we make an Art; yet none agree  
 What this true *Reason* is; nor yet haue powers,  
 To leuell others Reason vnto ours.

27.

*Nature* we draw to Art, which then forsakes  
 To be herselfe, when she with Art combines;  
 Who in the secrets of her owne wombe makes  
 The Load-stone, Sea, the Soules of men, and windes;  
 „ Strong instances to put all Arts to schoole,  
 „ And proue the Science-monger but a foole.

28.

Nay we doe bring the influence of Starres,  
 Yea God himselfe euen vnder moulds of Arts;  
 Yet all our Arts cannot preuaile so farre,  
 As to confirme our eyes, resolute our hearts,  
 „ Whether the heauens doe stand still or moue,  
 „ Were fram'd by Chance, Antipathie, or Loue?

29.

Then what is our high-prais'd *Philosophie*,  
 But bookes of Poesie, in Prose compil'd?  
 Farre more delightfull than they fruitfull be,  
 „ Witty apparance, Guile that is beguil'd;

Corrup.



Corrupting minds much rather than directing,  
The allay of Duty, and our Prides erecting.

30.

For as among *Physitians*, what they call  
*word-Magike*, neuer helpeth the disease,  
Which drugges, and dyet ought to deale withall,  
And by their reall working giue vs ease :

So these *Word-sellers* haue no power to cure  
The Passions, which corrupted liues endure.

31.

Yet not asham'd these Verbalists still are,  
From youth, till age, or study dimme their eyes,  
To engage the *Grammar* rules in ciuill warre,  
For some small sentence which they patronize;  
As if our end liu'd not in reformation,  
But Verbes, or Nounes true sense, or declination.

32.

*Musike* instructs me which be *lyrike* Moodes;  
Let her instruct me rather, how to show  
No weeping voyce for losse of Fortunes goods,  
*Geometrie* giues measure to the earth below;  
Rather let her instruct me, how to measure  
What is enough for need, what fit for pleasure.

33.

Shee teacheth, how to lose nought in my bounds,  
And I would learne with ioy to lose them all:  
This Artist shoves which way to measure Rounds,  
But I would know how first Mans minde did fall,  
How great it was, how little now it is, (this?)  
And what that knowledge was which wrought vs

34.

What thing a *right line* is, the learned know;  
But how auailles that him, who in the right  
Of life, and manners doth desire to grow?  
What then are all these humane Arts, and lights,  
But Seas of errors? In whose depths who sound,  
Of truth finde onely shadowes, and no ground.

Then







40.

Nor is it in the Schooles alone where Arts  
Transform themselves to Craft, Knowledge to Sophistry,  
Truth into Rhetorike; since this wombe imparts,  
Through all the practice of Humanity,  
Corrupt, sophisticall, chymicall alwayes,  
Which snare the subiect and the King betrays.

41.

Though there most dangerous, where wit serveth might,  
To shake diuine foundations, and humane,  
By painting vices, and by shadowing right,  
Which tincture of *Probabile* prophane,  
Vnder false colour giuing truth such rates,  
As Power may rule in chiefe through all Estates.

42.

For which respects, *Learning* hath found distaste  
In Gouvernements, of great, and glorious fame;  
In *Lacedemon* scorned, and disgrac'd,  
As idle, vaine, effeminate, and lame:  
Engins that did vn-man the mindes of men  
From action, to seeke glorie in a den.

43.

Yea *Rome* it selfe; while there in her remain'd  
That antient, ingenuous austerity,  
The *Greeke* professors from her wals restrain'd,  
And with the *Turke* they still exiled be:  
We finde in Gods Law curious Arts reprov'd;  
Of Mans inventions no one Schoole approv'd.

44.

Besides, by name this high Philosophy  
Is in the Gospell term'd a *vaine deceit*;  
And caution giuen, by way of prophecy  
Against it, as if in the depth, and height  
Of spirit, the Apostle clearly did foresee,  
That in the end corrupt the Schoole-men would  
Gods true Religion, in a heathen mould.

45.

And not alone make flesh a Deity,  
But gods of all that fleshly sense brings forth:



Giue mortall nature immortality,  
 Yet thinke all but time present nothing worth :  
     An Angel-pride, and in vs much more vaine,  
     Since what they could not, how should we attaine?

46.

For if Mans wisedomes, lawes, arts, legends, schooles,  
 Be built vpon the knowledge of the euill ;  
 And if these Trophies be the onely tooles,  
 Which doe maintaine the kingdome of the Diuell ;  
     If all these *Babels* had the curse of tongues,  
     So as confusion still to them belongs:

47.

Then can these moulds neuer containe their Maker,  
 Nor those nice formes, and different beings show,  
 Which figure in his works truth, wisdom, nature,  
 The onely obiect for the soule to know :  
     *These Arts, moulds, workes can but expresse the sinne,*  
     *whence by mans follie, his fall did beginne.*

48.

Againe, if all mans fleshly Organs rest,  
 Vnder that *curse*, as out of doubt they doe ;  
 If Skie, Sea, Earth, lye vnder it oppressd,  
 As tainted with that tast of errors too ;  
     In this Mortalitie, this strange priuation,  
     What knowledge stands but sense of declination?

49.

A Science neuer scientificall,  
 A *Rhapsody* of questions controuerted ;  
 In which because men know no truth at all,  
 To euery purpose it may be conuerted :  
     Iudge then what grounds this can to other give,  
     That waied euer in it selfe must liue?

50.

Besides, the *soule* of Man, Prince of this earth,  
 That liuely image of Gods truth, and might,  
 If it haue lost the blisse of heavenly birth,  
 And by transgression dimme that piercing light,  
     Which from their inward natures, gaue the name  
     To euery creature, and describ'd the same.

If



51.

If this be stain'd in Essence, as in Shrine,  
Though all were pure, whence she collects, diuides  
Good, ill; false, true; things humane, or diuine;  
Yet *where the Iudge is false, what truth abides?*  
False both the objects, Iudge, and method be;  
What be those Arts then of Humanity?

52.

But strange *Chimera's* borne of mortall sense,  
Opinions curious moulds, wherein she casts  
*Elenches*, begot by false intelligence,  
Betweene our Reasons, and our Senses tast:  
Binding mans minde with earths imposture-line,  
For euer looking vp to things diuine.

53.

Whereby, euen as the Truth in euery heart  
Refines our fleshly humor, and affection;  
That they may easlier serue the better part,  
Know, and obey the Wisedome to perfection:  
These dreames embody, and engrosse the minde,  
To make the nobler serve the baser kind.

54.

In lapse to God though thus the World remaines,  
Yet doth she with diuine eyes in *Chaos'd* light,  
Striue, study, search through all her finite veines,  
To be, and know (without God) infinite:  
To which end *Cloysters, Cells, Schooles*, she erects,  
*False moulds, that while they fashion, doe infect.*

55.

Whence all Mans fleshly idols being built,  
As humane *wisedome, Science, Power, and Arts*,  
Vpon the false foundation of his Guilt;  
Confusedly doe weaue within our hearts,  
Their owne aduancement, state, and declination,  
As things whose beings are but transmutation.

56.

Subiect not onely therein vnto time,  
And all obstructions of Misgouernment;  
But in themselves, when they are most sublime,  
Like fleshly visions, neuer permanent:



“ Rising to fall, falling to rise againe,  
 “ And never can, where they are knowne remaine.

57.

But if they scape the violence of *warre*,  
 (*That active instrument of Barbarisme*)  
 With their owne nicenesse they traduced are;  
 And like opinion, craftie moulds of schisme;  
 As founded vpon flatteries of Sense,  
 Which must with truth keepe least intelligence.

58.

But in darke successiue Ignorance  
 Some times lye shadowed, and although not dead,  
 Yet sleeping, till the turnes of Change, or Chance  
 Doe (in their restlesse chariots garnished  
 Among the cloudy *Meteors* made of earth)  
 Giue them again, to scourge the world, new birth.

59.

Thus, till Man end, his Vanities goe round,  
 In credit here, and there discredited;  
 Striuing to binde, and neuer to be bound,  
 To gouerne God, and not bee governed:  
 Which is the cause his life is thus confused;  
 In his corruption, by these Arts abused.

60.

Here see we then the Vainenesse, and Defect  
 Of Schooles, Arts, and all else that man doth know;  
 Yet shall wee straight resolve, that by neglect  
 Of Science, Nature doth the richer grow?  
 That *Ignorance is the mother of Denotion*,  
 Since Schooles giue them that teach this such promotion?

61.

No, no; amongst the worst let her come in,  
 As Nurse, and Mother vnto euery lust;  
 Since *who commit iniustice, often sinne*,  
 Because they know not what to each is iust;  
 Intemperance doth oft our Natures winne,  
 Because what's foule, vndecent, wee thinke best,  
 And by misprision so grow in the rest,



62.

Man must not therefore rashly Science scorne,  
 “ But choose, and read with care ; since *Learning* is  
 “ A bunch of grapes sprung vp among the thornes,  
 “ Where, but by caution, none the harme can misse ;  
 “ Nor Arts true riches read to vnderstand,  
 “ But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.

63.

For as the World by time still more declines,  
 Both from the truth, and wise dome of Creation :  
 So at the truth she more and more repines,  
 As making hast to her last declination.  
 Therefore if not to care, yet to refine  
 Her stupidnesse, as well as ostentation,  
 Let vs set straight that *Industrie* againe,  
 Which else as foolish proves, as it is vaine.

64.

Yet here, before we can direct mans choice,  
 We must diuide *Gods Children* from the rest ;  
 Since these pure soules (who only know his voice)  
 Haue no *Art*, but *Obedience*, for their test :  
 A mystery betweene God, and the man,  
 Asking, and giuing farre more than we can.

65.

Let vs then respite these, and first behold  
 The *world*, with all her instruments, waies, ends ;  
 What keepes proportion, what must be control'd ;  
 Which be her enemies, and which her friends ?  
 That so we best may counsell, or decree  
 The vanity can neuer wiser bee.

66.

Wherein to guide Mans choice to such a mood,  
 As all the world may iudge a worke of merit ;  
 I wish all curious Sciences let blood,  
 Superfluous purg'd from wantonnesse of spirit :  
 For though the world be built vpon excesse,  
 Yet by confusion shee must needs grow lesse:

For



67.

For Man being finite both in wit, time, might,  
 His dayes in vanitie may be mispent;  
 Vse therefore must stand higher than delight,  
*The actiue hate a fruitlesse instrument:*  
 So must the World those busie idle fooles,  
 That serve no other market than the Schooles.

68.

Againe the actiue, necessarie Arts,  
 Ought to be brieve in bookes, in practise long;  
*Short precepts may extend to many parts,*  
 The practise must be large, or not be strong.  
*And as by artlesse Guides, States euer maine:*  
*So doe they where these vselesse dreamers reigne.*

69.

For if these two be in one ballance weigh'd,  
 The artlesse Vie beares down the vselesse Art;  
 With mad men, else how is the madd' st obey'd,  
 But by degrees of rage in actiue hearts?  
 While *Contemplation* doth the world distract,  
 With vaine *Idea's*, which it cannot act.

70.

And in this thinking vndigested notion,  
 Transformes all beings into *Atomi*;  
 Dissolues, builds not; nor rests, nor gets by motion,  
 Heads being lesse than wombes of vanity:  
 Which Visions make all humane Arts thus tedious,  
 Intricate, vaine, endlesse, as they proue to vs.

71.

The World should therefore her instructions draw  
 Backe vnto life, and actions, whence they came;  
 That practise, which gaue being, might giue law,  
 To make them short, cleare, fruitfull vnto man,  
*As God made all for vse;* euen so must she,  
 By chance, and vse, vphold her mystery.

72.

“ Besides, where *Learning*, like a *Caspian Sea*,  
 “ Hath hitherto receiu'd all little brookes,

Deuour'd



“ Deuour’d their sweetnesse, borne their names away,  
 “ And in her greenesse hid their chrystall lookes ;  
 “ Ler her turne *Ocean* now, and gine backe more  
 “ To those cleare Springs, than she receiu’d before,

73.

Let her that gather’d rules Emperiall,  
 Out of particular experiments,  
 And made meere contemplation of them all,  
 Apply them now to speciall intents ;  
 That she, and mutuall Action, may maintaine  
 Themselues, by taking, what they giue againe.

74.

And where the progresse was to finde the cause,  
 First by effects out, now her regresse should  
 Forme Art directly vnder Natures Lawes ;  
 And all effects so in their causes mould :  
 As fraile Man liuely, without Schoole of smart,  
 Might see Successes comming in an Art.

75.

For *Sciences* from *Nature* should be drawne,  
 As *Arts* from *practise*, neuer out of Bookes ;  
 Whose rules are onely left with time in pawne,  
 To shew how in them Vse, and Nature lookes :  
 Out of which light, they that Arts first began,  
 Pierc’d further, than succeeding ages can.

76.

Since how should Water rise aboue her fountaine ?  
 Or spirits rule-bound see beyond that light ?  
 So as if Bookes be mans *Parnassus* mountaine,  
 Within them no Arts can be infinite ;  
 Nor any multiply himselfe to more,  
 But still grow lesse than he that went before.

77.

Againe, *Art* should not, like a *Curtizan*,  
 Change habits, dressing graces euery day ;  
 But of her Termes one stable Counterpane  
 Still keepe, to shun ambiguous allay ;  
 That Youth in Definitions once receiu’d,  
 (As in Kings standards) might not be deceiu’d.

To



78.

To which true end, in euery *Art* there should  
 One, or two *Authors* be selected out,  
 To cast the learners in a constant mould;  
 Who if not falsely, yet else goe about;  
 And as the Babes by many Nurses doe,  
 Oft change conditions, and complexions too.

79.

The like surueyes that spirit of *Gouernment*,  
 Which moulds, and tempers all these seruing *Arts*,  
 Should take, in choosing out fit instruments,  
 To iudge mens inclinations, and their parts;  
 That Bookes, Arts, Natures, may well fitted be;  
 To hold vp this Worlds curious mystery.

80.

First dealing with her chiefe commanding *Art*,  
 The outward *Churches*, which their Ensignes beare  
 So mixt with power, and craft in euery part,  
 As any shape, but Truth, may enter there:  
 All whose hypocrisies, thus built on passion,  
 Can yet nor being giue, nor constant fashion.

81.

For though the words the vse, seeme leuels true,  
 And strong, to show the crookednesse of Error;  
 Yet in the inward man there's nothing new,  
 But masked euill, which still addeth terror,  
 Helping the vanity to buy or sell,  
 And rests as seldome as it labours well.

82.

Besides their *Schoolemens* sleepey speculation,  
 " Dreaming to comprehend the Deity  
 " In humane reasons finite eleuation;  
 While they make *Sense* seat of Eternity,  
 Must bury *Faith*, whose proper obiects are  
 Gods mysteries, aboue our Reason farre.

83.

Besides, these Nymphs of *Nemesis* still worke  
 Nets of opinion, to entangle spirits;

And



And in the shadow of the Godhead lurke,  
 Building a *Babel* vpon *faithlesse merits*;  
 Whence Forme, and Matter neuer can agree,  
 To make one Church of *Christianitie*.

85.

The Ancient Church which did succeed that light,  
 In which the *Jewes high Priest-hood* iustly fell,  
 More faithfully endeaour'd to vnite,  
 And thereby neerer came to doing well;  
 Neuer reuealing curious mysteries,  
 Vnlesse enforc'd by mans impieties.

86.

And when that Disobedience needs would deale  
 With hidden knowledge, to prophane her Maker;  
 Or vnder questions contradiction steale,  
 Then wisely vndertakes this vndertaker  
 With powerfull *Councils*, that made Error mute;  
 Not arguments, which still maintaine dispute.

87.

So were it to be wish'd, each Kingdome would  
 Within her proper Soueraignty,  
 Seditions, Schismes, and strange Opinions mould  
 By *Synods*, to a settled vnity;  
 Such, as though Error priuately did harme,  
 Yet publike Schismes might not so freely swarme.

88.

For though the World, and Man can neuer frame  
 These outward moulds, to cast Gods chosen in;  
 Nor giue his Spirit where they giue his Name;  
 That power being neuer granted to the sinne:  
 Yet in the world those *Orders* prosper best,  
 Which from the *word*, in seeming, varie least.

89.

Since therefore she brookes not Diuinity,  
 But Superstition, Heresie, Schisme, Rites,  
 Traditions, Legends, and Hypocrisie;  
 Let her yet forme those visions in the light,  
 To represent the Truth she doth despise;  
 And, by that likenesse, prosper in her lies.



89.

To which end let her raise the discipline,  
 And practise of Repentance, Piety, Loue;  
 To image forth those Homages Diuine,  
 Which euen by shoues, draw Honour from aboue;  
 Embracing Wisdome, though she hate the good,  
 Since *Power thus say'd is hardly understood.*

90.

*Lawes* be her next chiefe Arts, and instruments,  
 Of which the onely best deriued be,  
 Out of those *tenne words* in Gods Testaments,  
*where Conscience is the base of policie;*  
 But in the world a larger scope they take, (make.  
 And cure no more wounds, than perchance they

91.

They being there meere Children of disease,  
 Not form'd at once by that all-seeing might,  
 But rather as Opinions markets please,  
 " Whose diuerse spirits in times present light,  
 " Will yet teach Kings to order, and reduce  
 " Those abstract rules of Truth, to rules of Vse.

92.

Therefore, as shadowes of those *Lawes* diuine,  
 They must assist *Church-censure*, punish Error,  
 Since when, from Order, Nature would decline,  
 There is no other native cure but terror;  
 By Discipline, to keepe the Doctrine free,  
 That Faith and Power still relatives may be.

93.

Let this faire hand-maid then the Church attend,  
 And to the wounds of Conscience adde her paines;  
 That private hearts may vnto publike ends  
 Still gouern'd be, by Orders easie raines;  
 And by effect, make manifest the cause  
 Of happy States to be religious *Lawes.*

94.

Their second noble office is, to keepe  
 Mankinde vpright in trafficke of his owne,

That



That fearelesse each may in his cottage sleepe,  
 Secur'd that right shall not be ouerthrowne ;  
 Persons indifferent, reall Arts in prise,  
 And in no other priuiledge made wise.

95.

Lastly, as linkes betwixt mankinde, and Kings;  
*Lames* safely must protect obedience,  
 Vnder those Soueraigne, all-embracing wings,  
 Which from beneath expect a reuerence :

That like the *Ocean*, with her little springs;  
 We for our sweet may feele the salt of Kings.

96.

*Physicke*, with her faire friend *Philosophie*,  
 Come next in ranke, as well as Reputation ;  
 Whose proper subiect is *Mortalitie*,  
 Which cannot reach that principall Creation;  
 Mixtures of Nature, curious mystery,  
 Of timelesse time, or bodies transmutation ;  
 Nor comprehend the infinite degrees  
 Of qualities, and their strange operation ;

“ Whence both, vpon the second causes grounded,

“ Most iustly by the first cause, be confounded.

97.

Therefore, let these which decke this house of clay,  
 And by excesse of Mans corruption gaine,  
 Know *probabilitie* is all they may,

For to demonstrate they cannot attaine :

Let labour, rest, and dyet be their way

Mans natiue heat, and moisture to maintaine,

As Healths true base, and in disease proceed;

“ Rather by what they *know*, than what they read;

98.

Next after comes that *Politicke Philosophie*,  
 Whose proper obiects, forme and matters are ;

In which she oft corrupts her mystery,

By grounding *Orders* offices too farre

“ On precepts of the heathen, humours of Kings;

“ Customes of men, and times vnconstant wings.

f 2

Besides,



99.

Besides, what can be certaine in those Arts,  
Which cannot yeeld a generall proposition,  
To force their bodies out of natieue parts?  
But like things of Mechanicall condition,  
Must borrow that wherewith they doe conclude,  
And so not perfect Nature, but delude.

100.

Redresse of which cannot come from below;  
But from that Orbe, where power exalted raignes,  
To order, iudge, to gouerne, and bestow  
Sense, strength, and nourishment, through all the veines,  
That equall limbes each other may supply,  
To serue the Trophies of Authority.

101.

Once in an age let *Gouernment* then please  
The course of these traditions, with their birth;  
And bring them backe vnto their infant dayes,  
To keepe her owne Soueraignty on earth;  
Else viper-like, their parents they deuoure:  
*For all Powers children easily couet power.*

102.

Now for these *instrumentall* following Arts,  
Which, in the trafficke of Humanity,  
Afford not matter, but limme out the parts,  
And formes of speaking with authority:  
"I say who too long in their cobwebs lurks,  
"Doth like him that buyes tooles, but neuer works.

103.

For whosoever marks the good, or euill,  
As they stand fixed in the heart of Man:  
The one of God, the other of the deuill,  
Feele, out of things, Men words still fashion can:  
"So that from life since liuely words proceed,  
"What other *Grammar* doe our natures need?

104.

*Logike* comes next, who with the Tyranny  
Of subtile rules, distinctions, termes, and notions,

Con-



Confounds of reall truth the harmony,  
Distracts the iudgement, multiplies commotion  
In memory, mans wit, imagination,  
To dimme the cleare light of his own creation.

105.

Hence strive the *Schools*, by first, and second kinds  
Of substances, by essence, and existence;  
That *Trine*, and yet *Unitednesse* diuine  
To comprehend, and image to the sense;  
As doe the misled superstitious minds,  
By this one rule, or Axiom taken thence;  
Looke where the whole is, there the Parts must be,  
Thinke they demonstrate *Christs ubiquity*.

106.

The wise reformers therefore of this Art  
Must cut off termes, distinctions, axioms, lawes,  
Such as depend either in whole, or part,  
Vpon this stained sense of words, or sawes:  
Onely admitting precepts of such kinde,  
As without words may be conceiu'd in minde.

107.

*Rhetorike*, to this a sister, and a twinne,  
Is growne a *Siren* in the formes of pleading,  
"Captiuing reason, with the painted skinne  
"Of many words; with empty sounds misleading  
"Vs to false ends, by these false forms abuse, (vse.  
"Bring neuer forth that Truth, whose name they

108.

Besides, this Art, where scarcity of words  
Forc'd her, at first, to *Metaphorike* wings,  
Because no Language in the earth affords  
Sufficient Characters to expresse all things;  
"Yet since she playes the wanton with this need,  
"And stains the Matrone with the Harlots weed.

109.

Whereas those words in euery tongue are best,  
Which doe most properly expresse the thought;  
"For as of pictures, which should manifest  
"The life, we say not that is fineliest wrought,  
"Which



“ Which fairest simply shoves, but faire and like:  
So words must sparkes be of those fires they strike.

110.

For the true Art of *Eloquence* indeed  
Is not this craft of words, but formes of speech,  
Such as from living wisdomes doe proceed;  
Whose ends are not to flatter, or beseech,  
Inflinate, or perswade, but to declare  
What things in Nature good, or euill are.

111.

*Poesie* and *Musicke*, Arts of Recreation,  
Succeed, esteem'd as idle mens profession;  
Because their scope, being meerely contentation,  
Can moue, but not remoue, or make impression  
Really, either to enrich the Wit,  
Or, which is lesse, to mend our states by it.

112.

This makes the solid Iudgements giue them place,  
“ Onely as pleasing sauce to dainty food;  
Fine foyles for iewels, or enamels grace,  
Cast vpon things which in themselues are good:  
Since, if the matter be in Nature vile,  
How can it be made pretious by a stile?

113.

Yet in this Life, both these play noble parts;  
The one, to outward *Church*-rites if applied,  
Helps to moue thoughts, while God may touch the hearts  
With goodnesse, wherein he is magnified:  
And if to *Mars* we dedicate this Art,  
It raiseth passions which enlarge the minde,  
And keepes downe passions of the baser kinde.

114.

The other twinne, if to describe, or praise  
Goodnesse, or God she her *Ideas* frame,  
And like a Maker, her creations raise  
On lines of truth, it beautifies the same;  
And while it seemeth onely but to please,  
Teacheth vs order vnder pleasures name;

“ Which



“ Which in a glasse, shows Nature how to fashion  
 “ Her selfe againe, by ballancing of passion.

115.

Let therefore humane Wisedome vse both these,  
 As things not pretious in their proper kind ;  
 The one a harmony to moue, and please ;  
 “ If studied for it selfe, disease of mind :  
 The next (like Nature) doth *Idea's* raise,  
 Teaches, and makes ; but hath no power to binde :

*Both, ornaments to life and other Arts,  
 Whiles they doe serve, and not possesse our hearts.*

116.

The grace, and disgrace of this following traine,  
*Arithmetike, Geometrie, Astronomy,*  
 Rests in the *Artisans* industrie, or veine,  
 Not in the Whole, the Parts, or Symmetrie:  
 Which being onely Number, Measure, Time ;  
 All following Nature, helpe her to refine.

117.

And of these Arts it may be said againe,  
 That since their Theoricke is infinite ;  
 “ Of infinite there can no Arts remaine.  
 “ Besides, they stand by curtesie, not right ;  
 “ Who must their principles as granted craue ;  
 “ Or else acknowledge they no being haue.

118.

Their Theoricke then must not waine their vse,  
 But, by a practise in materiall things,  
 Rather awake that dreaming vaine abuse  
 Of *Lines*, without *breadth*, without feathers, wings :  
 So that their boundlesnesse may bounded be ;  
 In Workes, and Arts of our Humanity.

119.

But for the most part those *Professors* are,  
 So melted, and transported into these ;  
 And with the Abstract swallowed up so farre  
 As they lose trafficke, comfort, vse, and ease :  
*And are, like treasures which strange spirits guarded,  
 Neither to be enioy'd, nor yet discarded.*

Then



120.

Then must the reformation of them be,  
By carrying on the vigor of them all,  
Through each profession of Humanity,  
*Military, and mysteries Mechanicall:*

Whereby their abstract formes yet atomis'd,  
May be embodied; and by doing pris'd.

121.

As for example; Buildings of all kinds;  
Ships, Houses, Halls, for humane policy;  
Camps, Bulwarkes, Forts, all instruments of Warre;  
Surueying, Nauigation, Husbandry,  
Trafficke, Exchange, Accompts, & all such other;  
“As, like good children, do aduance their mother.

122.

For thus, these Arts passe, whence they came, to life,  
Circle not round in selfe-imagination,  
Begetting *Lines* upon an abstract wife,  
As children borne for idle contemplation;  
“But in the practise of mans wisdom giue,  
“Meanes, for the Worlds inhabitants to liue.

123.

Lastly, the vse of all *unlawfull Arts*  
Is maine abuse; whose acts, and contemplation,  
Equally founded vpon crased parts,  
Are onely to be cur'd by extirpation:  
The rule being true, that *what at first is ill,*  
*Grow worse by vse, or by refining will.*

124.

“Now as the *Bullion*, which in all Estates,  
“The standard beares of Soueraignity;  
“Although allaid by characters, or rates  
“Moulded in wisdom, or necessitie,  
“Gets credit by the stampe, aboue his worth,  
“To buy, or sell; bring home, or carry forth:

125.

Eu'n so, in these corrupted moulds of Art,  
Which while they doe conforme, reforme vs not;



If all the false infections they impart  
Be shadowed thus, thus formally be wrought;  
Though *what works goodnesse, onely makes men wise*;  
Yet Power thus mask'd may finely tyrannize.

126.

And let this serue to make all People see,  
The vanity is crafty, but not wise;  
Chance, or occasion her prosperitie,  
And but aduantage in her head, no eyes:  
*Truth is no Counsellor to assist the euill,*  
*And in his owne, who wiser than the deuill?*

127.

In which corrupt confusion let vs leaue  
The vanity, with her Sophistications;  
Deceiu'd by that wherwith she would deceiue,  
Paying, and paid with vaine imaginations;  
Changing, corrupting, trading hope, and feare,  
In stead of vertues, which she cannot beare.

128.

And so returne to those *pure, humble Creatures*,  
Who if they haue a latitude in any,  
Of all these vaine, traducing, humane features,  
Where, out of one root doe proceed so many;  
They must be sparing, few, and onely such,  
As helpe Obedience, stirre not pride too much:

129.

For in the world, not of it, since they be;  
Like Passengers, their ends must be to take  
Onely those blessings of Mortality,  
Which he that made all, fashion'd for their sake;  
Not fixing loue, hope, sorrow, care, or feare,  
On *mortall blossoms, which must dye to beare.*

130.

With many linkes, an equall glorious chaine  
Of hopes eternall those pure people frame;  
Yet but one forme, and metall it containes,  
Reason, and Passion, being there the same:



“ Which wel-linck’t chaine they fixe vnto the sky,  
 “ Not to draw heauen downe, but earth vp by.

131.

- Their Arts, Laws, Wisedome, A&s, Ends, Honors being  
 All stamp’d and moulded in th’ *Eternall* breast;  
 Beyond which truth, what can be worth their seeing,  
 That as false wisedomes all things else detest?  
 Wherby their workes are rather great than many,  
 More than to know, and doe, they haue not any.

132.

For earth, and earthynesse it is alone,  
 Which enuies, strifes, hates, or is malecontent;  
 Which Meteors vanish must from this cleare zone,  
 Where each thought is on his *Creator* bent;  
*And where both Kings and People should aspire,  
 To fix all other motions of desire.*

133.

Hence haue they latitudes, wherein they may  
 Study Sea, Skie, Ayre, Earth, as they enioy them;  
 Contemplate the Creation, State, Decay  
 Of mortall things, in them that misimploy them:  
 “ Preserue the body to obey the minde,  
 “ Abhorre the error, yet loue Humane kinde.

134.

*Salomon* knew Nature both in herbes, plants, beasts;  
 Vs’d then for health, for honour, pleasure, gaine;  
 “ Yet, that abundance few Crownes wel digest,  
 Let his example, and his booke maintaine:  
*Kings, who haue trauail’d through the Vanity,  
 Can best describe vs what her visions be.*

135.

For we in such Kings (as cleare Mirrors) see,  
 And reade the heavenly glory of the good;  
 All other Arts, which borne of euill bee,  
 By these are neither taught, nor vnderstood, (mother  
 Who, in the wombe of Gods true Church their  
 Learne they that know him well, must know no other.

Which



Which God this People worship in their King  
And through obedience trauaile to perfection;  
Studying their wills vnder his will to bring,  
Yeeld trust, and honour both, to his direction:

“ And when they doe from his example swarue,  
“ Beare witnesse to themselves they ill deserue.

137.

Since Goodnesse, Wisedome, Truth, then ioyn'd in one,  
Shew Kings, and People, what the glories be  
Of mutuall duties, to make up a Throne,  
And weaue protection in humility:

Where else *to rockes when men doe fasten chaines,*  
*Their labors onely draw themselves to paines.*

138.

Now, if this wisdome onely can be found,  
By seeking God, euen in the Faith he giues;  
If earth, heauen, sea, starres, creatures be the bound,  
Wherein reueal'd his power, and wisdome liues;  
If true obedience be the way to this,  
And *onely who growes better, wiser is:*

139.

Then let not curious, silly Flesh conceive  
It selfe more rich, or happy when it knowes  
These words of Art, which men (as shells) must cleave,  
Before the lites true wisdome they disclose; (what  
Nor when they know, to teach, they know not  
But when their doings men may wonder at.

140.

For onely that man vnderstands indeed,  
And well remembers, which he well can doc;  
The *Laws line, onely where the Law doth breed*  
*Obedience to the workes it bindes vs to:*

And as the life of Wisdome hath exprest,  
If this you know, then doe it, and be blest.

141.

Againe, the vse of Knowledge is not strife,  
To contradict, and Criticall become,  
As well in bookes, as practise of our life;  
Which yeelds dissoluing, not a building doome;



A cobwebs worke, the thinnest fruit of wit,  
Like *Atomi*, things reall seeme to it.

142.

But as to Warre the error, is one end,  
So is her worthiest to maintaine the right;  
Not to make question, cavill or contend,  
Dazell the earth with visions infinite;  
But nurse the World with charitable food,  
Which none can doe that are not wise, and good.

143.

The chiefe Vse then in man of that he knowes,  
Is his paines taking for the good of all,  
Not fleshly weeping for our owne made woes,  
Not laughing from a Melancholy gall,  
Not hating from a soule that ouerflowes  
With bitterneffe, breath'd out from inward thrall:  
“ But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,  
“ As need requires, this fraile fall'n humane kinde.

144.

Yet *Some* seeke knowledge, *meerely to be knowne*,  
And idle Curiositie that is;  
Some but to *sell*, not freely to bestow,  
These gaine and spend both time, and wealth amisse;  
Embasing Arts, by basely deeming so,  
Some to build others, which is Charity,  
But these to build themselves, whq wise men be.

144.

And to conclude, whether we would erect  
Our selves, or others by this choice of Arts;  
Our chiefe endeaour must be to effect  
A sound foundation, not on sandy parts  
Of light Opinion, Selfenesse, Words of men;  
But that *sure rocke of truth*, ; *Gods Word*, or *Penne*.

146.

Next that we doe not ouerbuild our states,  
In searching secrets of the Deity,

Obscure



Obscurities of Nature, casualtie of Fates ;  
But measure first our own Humanity ,  
Then on our gifts impose an equall rate,  
And so seeke wisdom with sobriety :

“ Not curious what our fellowes ought to doe,  
“ But what our owne creation binde vs to,

147.

Lastly, we must not to the world erect  
Theaters, nor plant our Paradise in dust,  
Nor build vp *Babels* for the Diuels elect ;  
Make temples of our hearts to God we must ;  
And then, as *Godlesse wisdomes follies be,*  
*So are his heights our true Philosophie.*

148.

With which faire cautions, Man may well professe  
To studie God, whom he is borne to serve ,  
Nature, t' admire the greater in the lesse ;  
Time, but to learne ; our selues we may obserue,  
To humble vs : Others, to exercise  
Our loue and patience, wherein Duty lies.

149.

Lastly, the truth and good to loue, and doe them ,  
The error, onely to destroy, and shunne it,  
Our hearts in generall will lead vs to them,  
When gifts of Grace, and Faith haue once begun it.  
“ For without these, the minde of man growes numbe ;  
“ The body darkenesse, to the soule a tombe.

150.

Thus are true Learnings in the humble heart  
A *Spirituell worke*, raising Gods Image, rased  
By our transgression ; a *well-framed art*,  
At which the world, and error stand amazed ;  
A *Light diuine*, where man sees ioy, and smart  
Immortall, in this mortall body blazed ;  
A *wisdome*, which the *Wisdome* vs assureth  
With hers euen to the sight of God endureth.

Here



Hard Characters (I grant) to flesh and blood,  
 Which in the first perfection of creation  
 Freely resign'd the state of being good,  
 To know the euill, where it found priuation;  
 And lost her being, ere she vnderstood  
 Depth of this fall, paine of *Regeneration* :

“ By which she yet must raise herselfe againe,  
 “ Ere she can iudge all other knowledge vaine.”



AN





AN  
**INQVISITION**  
 VPON  
 FAME *and* HONOUR.



1.  
 Hat are Mens liues, but *labyrinths of error*,  
*Shops of deceit*, and *Seas of misery*?  
 Yet Death yeelds so small comfort, so  
 much terror;  
*Gain*, *Honour*, *Pleasure*, such illusions  
 be;

As though against life, each man whet his wit,  
 Yet all Mens hearts, and sense, take part with it.

2.

Of which three baytes, yet *Honour* seemes the chiefe,  
 " And is vnto the world, like goodly weather,  
 " Which giues the spirits life, the thoughts reliefe,  
 " Delight, and trauell, reconciles together:  
 So as the Learn'd, and Great, no more admire it,  
 Than euen the silly Artisans aspire it.

3.

This made the foure rare masters, which begun  
 Faire *Artemysia's* husbands dainty tombe,  
 When death tooke her, before their worke was done,  
 And so bereft them of all hopes to come;  
 That they would yet their own work perfect make,  
 Euen for their workes, and their selfe-glories sake.

4.

Among the Worthies, *Hercules* is noted,  
 For *Fame*, to haue neglected *Gain*, and *Pleasure*;  
*Cleombr*



*Cleombrotus* to haue beene so deuoted,  
 To please his deeds, by her nice weights and measure,  
 As he that to his state, made his life thrall,  
 Yet to saue both, would not let *Honour* fall.

5.

Which great desire, hatch'd vp in these vast Spirits,  
 Liues as a relicke of Mans discretion;  
 When he affected to be Iudge of merits;  
 Or *eccho*, which giues all Sounds moderation:

“An image too sublime for Thrones to beare,  
 “who all what they command not, euer feare.

6.

What was it then, made *Aristotle* raise  
 These imbound spirits to so high a rate?  
 Call them ingenious, ciuill, worthy praise?  
 The Answer's plaine, that neuer any State  
 Could rise, or stand, without this thirst of *Glory*,  
 Of noble workes, as well the mould as story.

7.

For else, what *Gouernour* would spend his dayes,  
 In enuious trauell, for the publike good?  
 Who would in *Bookes*, search after dead mens wayes?  
 Or in the *warre*, what Souldier lose his blood?  
 “Liue'd not this *Fame* in clouds, kept as a crowne;  
 “Both for the Sword, the Scepter, and the Gowne.

8.

It therefore much concernes each publike State,  
 To hoysse these costlesse sayles vp to the skye,  
 “For it is held a symptome of ill fate,  
 “When Crownes doe let this thirst of *Glory* dye;  
 Which doth enlarge States, by enlarging hearts,  
 And out of deedes teach Schooles to fashion Arts.

9.

Thus see we, both the force, and vse of *Fame*;  
 How States and Men haue honour by her stile,  
 As *Ecchoes* that enuiron orders frame,  
 Which disproportion waiteth to beguile.  
*Fame* walls in *Truth*, and cherisheth her end,  
 “Knowes neither why, nor how, yet is her friend.

For



10.

For in the worlds corrupted trafficke here,  
Goodnesse puts onely tincture on our gall,  
The light of Truth, doth but in clouds appeare,  
Hardly discern'd, and not obey'd at all:

*No man yeelds glory vnto him that makes him,  
For if he doe, he sees the world forsakes him.*

11.

Now in this twilight of Deliberation,  
Where Man is darke, because he will not see:  
Must he not trust to his selfe-constellation?  
Or else grow confident, he cannot be?

*Assuming this, hee makes himselfe his end,  
And what he vnderstands, that takes to friend.*

12.

In which strange oddes, betweene the earth and skie,  
Examine but the state of euery heart;  
Flesh feeles and feares strong inequality;  
“Horrors of sinne, cannot be free'd by art:

*Humours are mans religion, Power his lawes,  
His Wit confusion, and his Will the cause.*

13.

Nor is it thus, with Man himselfe alone,  
His theaters and trophies, are not free,  
I mean all States, all Governments, all Thrones  
That haue no *basis*, but his Policy;

“ They all alike feelee dissolution ready,  
“ Their owne subsistence failing, and vnsteady.

14.

Rebellion in the members to the head,  
Aduantag in the head, to keepe them vnder,  
The sweet consent of sympathie quite dead,  
Selfenesse euen apt to teare it selfe asunder:

“ All Gouvernemnts, like Man himselfe within,  
“ Being restless compositions of the sinne.

15.

So as in this estate of Mans defection,  
Confus'd amongst the good and ill, he goes;

h

Booke



Both gathers and dist ributeth infection,  
 Chuseth and changeth, builds and ouerthrows;  
*For Truth and Goodnesse, hauing left his heart.*  
*He and his Idols, are but words of Art,*

16.

Among which number, men must reckon *Fame*,  
 Wit, Superstition, Learning, Lawes that binde,  
 Without our Maker, this worlds crased frame,  
 All which constraîne, but not instruct the minde;  
 Gouverne the euils part, with her confusion,  
*which haue no throne or being, but delusion.*

17.

Then to cast faith on *Fame*, or these foundations,  
 Or not to thinke, as all these nothing were,  
 So backe to nothing, they shall haue gradation,  
 Since *Time must ruine all what she did beare*,  
 Were not to know these drams of mortall seed,  
 “ In curing one, still more diseases breed.

18.

And yet to part this worlds declining frame,  
 And let some pillars stand while others fall,  
 I meane make Vertues bodies vnto *Fame*,  
 That be indeed hypocrisies of hell;  
 And smother *Fame* againe with Vertues name,  
 Must needs exile all hope of doing well:  
 God being vnbeleued, or vnknowne,  
 And humane Wisdome, with it selfe o'rethrowne.

19.

For to be good the world finds it too hard,  
 And to be nothing to subsistence is  
 A fatall, and unnaturing award,  
 So as betweene perfection, and vnblisse,  
 Man, out of man, will make himselfe a frame,  
 Seekes outward helpe, and borrowes that of *Fame*.

20.

Yet doth there rise from abstract contemplation,  
 A gilt or painted image, in the braine,  
 Of humane vertues, *Fames* disestimation;  
 Which, like an Art, our nature so restraines;

“ As



“ As while the pride of action wee suppressē,  
 “ Man growes nobetter, and yet States grow lesse.

21.

Hence they that by their words would Gods become,  
 With pride of thought, deprave the pride of deeds,  
 Vpon the actiue cast a heauy doome,  
 And marre weake strengths, to multiply strong weeds :  
 “ While they conclude *Fames* trumpets, voice, and pen,  
 “ More fit for crafty States, than worthy Men.

22.

For *Fame* they still oppose euen from those grounds,  
 That proue as truely all things else as vaine,  
 They giue their vertues onely humane bounds,  
 And without God subuert to build againe  
 Refin'd *Ideas*, more than flesh can beare,  
 All foule within, yet speake as God were there.

23.

Mans power to make himselfe good, they maintaine,  
 Conclude that Fate is gouern'd by the wise ;  
 Affections they supplant, and not restraine,  
 Within our selues, they seat Felicities ;  
 “ With things as vaine, they vanity beat downe,  
 “ And by selfe-ruine, seeke a *Sampsons* crowne :

24.

*Glory's* dispraise, being thus with glory tainted,  
 Doth not as goodnesse, but as euils doe  
 Shine, by informing others beauties painted,  
 Where bashfull Truth vayles neighbours errors too ;  
 All humane pride, is built on this foundation,  
 And Art on Art, by this seekes estimation.

25.

Without his God, Man thus must wander euer,  
 See *moates* in others, in himselfe no *beames* ;  
 “ Ill ruines good, and ill erecteth neuer,  
 “ Like drowning torrents, not transporting streames :  
 The vanity from nothing hath her being,  
 And makes that essence good, by disagreeing.

h 2

Yet



26.

Yet from these grounds, if *Fame* wee ouerthrow,  
 We lose mans *eccho*, both of wrong and right,  
 Leaue good and ill, indifferent here below,  
 For humane darkenesse, lacking humane light,  
     *will easily cancell Natures feare of shame,*  
     *which workes but by intelligence with Fame.*

27.

And cancell this, before Gods truth be knowne,  
 Or knowne, but not beleeued, and obeyed;  
 What seeming good rests in us of our owne?  
 How is corruption from corrupting staid?  
     The chaine of Vertues, which the flesh doth boast,  
     Being since our fall, but *names of Natures lost.*

28.

In humane commerce, then let *Fame* remaine,  
 An outward mirrour of the inward minde,  
 That what man yeelds, he may receiue againe,  
 And his ill doing, by ill hearing finde: (lame,  
     For then, though Power erre, though Lawes be  
     And Conscience dead, yet *ill auoyds not shame.*

29.

But let vs leaue these stormy orbs of passion,  
 Where humours onely ballance one another,  
 Making our trophies of a mortall fashion,  
 And vanity, of euery act the mother;  
     For *inward peace, being neuer wrought by Fame,*  
     *Proues mans worth is no Nature, but a name.*

30.

Therefore let this cleare streame, beare downe together  
*Fame*, and Philosophie her slie opposer;  
 As hauing nothing of their owne in either,  
 Worthy to make each by the other loser:  
     Since if by Christian rules, their depths be taken,  
     The body and the shadow both are shaken.

31.

For where the father of Philosophie,  
 Vpon the common vertues, but aboue,

Doth



Doth raise and build his *Magnanimity*,  
A greatnesse not with little *Fame* in loue,  
Hard to finde out, as Goodnesse is with vs,  
And without Goodnesse, meere ridiculous.

32.

Let Truth examine where this vertue liues,  
And hold it vaine, if not produc'd in act;  
"Man is corrupt, and no perfection giues,  
"What euer in him others, praise enact:  
"So as if *Fame* be vnto goodnesse due;  
"It onely can in God, be great and true:

33.

For Mans chiefe vertue, is *Humilitie*,  
True knowledge of his wants, his height of merit;  
This pride of minde, this *Magnanimity*;  
His greatest vice, his first seducing spirit;  
With venomous infection of his fall,  
To *Serpent*-like appearance euer thrall.

34.

Further we vrge against this masters grounds,  
That our first *Adam*, imag'd is to vs,  
In that mixt pride that worth-exceeding bounds,  
Where on Schooles build their true imaginations:  
"Since to be like his Maker he affected,  
"And being lesse still thought himselfe neglected.

35.

Which spirituall pride (no doubt) possesseth still,  
All fleshly hearts, where thirst of *Honour* raues,  
For sit vpon the seat of God they will,  
As did those Princes, who in stead of graues  
Made Idols, Altars, Temples to be rais'd,  
Wherein, like gods, they were ador'd and prais'd.

36.

And such againe, hath Gods *seene Church* brought forth,  
As doe in *Peters* chaire, Gods power assume,  
Such was *Menecrates* of little worth,  
Who *Ioue*, the Sauour, to be call'd presum'd,  
To whom of incense *Phillip* made a feast,  
And gaue pride scorne, and hunger to digest.

Again,



37.

Againe, to take the true Anatomy  
 Of these, and search in life what sure foundation  
 For humane good, or greatnesse there be,  
 In all the swelling stiles of Ostentation; (build,  
 What hopes they promise, on what grounds they  
 What pain they ask, & then what fruit they yeeld.

38.

Wee shall discerne the roote of this Ambition  
 To be concept, that glory doth containe  
 Some supernaturall sparke, or apparition,  
 More than the common humour can attaine :

*Since to be reuerenc'd, lou'd, obey'd, and knowne,  
 Man must effect, with powers aboue his owne.*

39.

Ah silly Creature, curst Mortality!  
 What canst thou know, that knowest not Mans estate  
 To be but *Vice*, gilt with hypocrisie;  
 "Which doth the life it most resembles, hate?  
 And yet affects that cleare vnshadow'd light,  
 Wherein her darke deformities show bright.

40.

So that for thee to passe the piercing eyes  
 Light tongues, and listning eares of curious *Fame*,  
 Were to vse trafficke to thy preiudice,  
 As with a trumpet publishing thy shame; (least,  
 "Which all but fooles, who know their own hearts  
 "Rather seeke to conceale, than manifest,

41.

Besides, to be well knowne finds out oppressors,  
 By which the World still honours thee the lesse;  
 For *who be thoroughly knowne, are euer losers,*  
*If Fame belye not Mans vnworthinesse,*  
*where to the iust, in thought, as well as deede;*  
*what other trumpet, doth the Conscience neede?*

42.

Yet in Mans youth, perchance, *Fame* multiplies  
 Courage, and aetive vnderstandingnesse,  
 Which cooles in Age, and in experience dyes,  
 Like Fancies smoke Opinions wantonnesse :

Yet



Yet who knowes, whether old age qualifies  
This thirst of *Fame*, with vnderstandingnesse  
With selfe-despaire, or disabilities?  
Whether experience, which makes *Fame* seeme lesse:  
Be wit, or feare, from narrownesse arising,  
True noblenesse as none of these despising?

43.

Neuerthelesse fraile Man doth still aspire  
Vnto this welbeleeuing reuerence,  
As helpes, to raise his masked errors higher,  
And so by great improuements in the sense,  
Extend Mankind unto the bounds of praise,  
Farre about Order, Law, and Duties wayes.

44.

Or if this reuerence be not the fire,  
Wherein Mankind affects to mould his state;  
Then is it loue, which they by *Fame* aspire,  
An imposition of the highest rate  
Set upon people, by their owne desire,  
Not making Powers, but Natures magistrate:  
Whether in people, worth, or chance worke this,  
Is knowne to them, that know what Mankind is.

45.

“ For true to whom are they, that are vntrue  
“ To God, and nothing seriously intend,  
“ But tumult, fury, fancy, hope of new?  
“ Neuer all pleas’d with *Ioue*, if he descend;  
“ Vnconstant, like confusion in a minde,  
“ Not knowing why it hates, nor why ’tis kinde.

46.

To proue this by example, take *Cmillanus*  
*Scipio*, *Solon*, *Metellus*, *Aristides*,  
*Themistocles* *Lycurgus*, or *Rutillius*,  
And by their change of humors toward these,  
Let vs conclude, All people are vniust,  
And ill affections end in malice must.

47.

Besides, the essence of this glorious name,  
“ Is not in him that hath, but him that giues it:



If people onely then distribute *Fame*,  
 In them that vnderstand it not, yet liues it :  
 “ And what can their applause within vs raise,  
 “ Who are not conscious of that worth they praise.

48.

Nor is it by the Vulgar altogether,  
 That *Fame* thus growes a wonder of nine dayes;  
 The wise and learned, plucke away her feathers,  
 With enuious humours, and opposing wayes:  
 For they deprauce each other, and descric.  
 Those staues, and beards, these *Augurs* traffick by.

49.

*Plato* (tis true) great *Homer* doth commend,  
 Yet from his Common-weale did him exile;  
 Nor is it words, that doe with words contend,  
 Of deeds they vary, and demurre of stile:  
 “ How to please all, as no words yet could tell;  
 “ So what one act did all yet censure well?

50.

For prooffe, what worke more for the Publike good,  
 Than that rare Librarie of dead mens treasure;  
 Collected by the *Egyptian* royall blood?  
 Which *Seneca* yet censures at his pleasure,  
 No elegance, nor princely industry,  
 But rather pompe, and studious luxury.

51.

Nay, his owne epithete *Studios*, he corrected,  
 Interring that for pride, not Studies vse,  
 The luxurie of Kings, had them collected:  
 So what in scorne of Criticall abuse,  
 Was said of bookes, of *Fame* will proue the state,  
 That *Readers censures* are the *Writers fate*.

52.

Thus show our liues, what *Fame* and *Honour* be,  
 Considered in themselves, or them that gaue them;  
 Now there remains a Curiosity,  
 To know euen what they are, to those that haue them:  
 “ Namely vnordinate to get or vse,  
 “ Difficult to keepe, and desperate to lose.

And



53.

And for the first, if *Fame* a monster be,  
 As *Virgil* doth describe her, then she must  
 Come from a monstrous birth and progenie:  
 And if she be the child of *Peoples lust*,  
 Then must she (without doubt) be basely borne,  
 “ And, like her parents, neuer vniforme.

54.

For what indeed more monstrous, or more base,  
 Than these *Chimera's* of distempered mindes,  
 Borne of Opinion, not of Vertues race,  
 From whence it growes, that these *Fame*-hunting kindes,  
 “ Proue like those *Woers*, which the Mistris sought,  
 “ Yet basely fell, and with the Maids grew naught.

55.

They walke not simply good, or euill waies,  
 But feete of numbers. none of which returne;  
 As *Polypus* with stones, so they with praise,  
 Change colours, and like *Proteus* their forme,  
 “ Following the *Peoples lust*, who like their cloths  
 “ Still shift conceit of truth and goodnesse both.

56.

These honour none, but such as boast their pride,  
 And ready head for all times humours be,  
 So as not eminent vertue is the tide  
 Which carries *Fame*, but swolne iniquity,  
 What shall wee iudge of *Sylla* and *Marius* then?  
 But Satyrs, Centaures, demi-beasts and men.

57.

Such as false glory sought by being head,  
 Of the *Patrician*, or *Plebeian* faction;  
 By which that mistresse State was ruined,  
 Diuision euer bringing in contraction;  
 Among the learn'd, to *Epicurus* wan  
 His *Fame*, by making Pleasure God of man.

58.

*Diogenes* by mockes, *Heracitus* by teares,  
*Democritus* by smiles; and by such ladders climes

Each



Each Sect and Heresie, to *Honours* spheares,  
 With new opinions, in misguided times,  
     Subuerting nature, grace, ciuillity,  
 By scandalous, satyricall scurrility.

59.

Thus *Aretine* of late got reputation,  
 By scourging Kings, as *Lucian* did of old,  
 By scorning Gods, with their due adoration;  
 And therefore to conclude, we may be bold,  
     That Peoples loue, with euill acts is wonne,  
     And either lost, or kept, as it begunne.

60.

What winde then blowes poore Man into this sea,  
 But Pride of heart, and Singularity?  
 Which weary of true vertues humble way,  
 And not enduring Mans equality,  
     Seeketh by Wit, or Sophistry to rise;  
     " And with good words, put off ill merchandise.

61.

Of which *Ambitions*, time obserues three kindes:  
 Whereof the *first*, and least vnnaturall  
 Is, when fraile man some good in himselfe findes;  
 But ouer-priz'd, defects, not peas'd at all:  
     " Like Bankrupts, who in auditing their States,  
     " Of debts, and of expence forget the rates.

62.

And of these *Solons* fooles, who their owne wants  
 Cannot discerne, if there were not too many,  
 Our inward frailties easily would supplant  
 Outward ambitions, and not suffer any  
     To vsurpe these swelling stiles of Domination,  
     Which are the Godheads true denomination.

63.

The *second* wee may terme politicall,  
 Which value men by place, and not by worth,  
 " Not wisely, thinking we be Counters all,  
 " Which but the summes of Government set forth:  
     " Wherein, euen those that are the highest placed  
     " Not to their owne, but others ends are graced.

So



64.

So that from *Pharoahs* Court to *Iethros* Cell,  
If men with *Moyfes* could their hearts retire,  
In *Honour* they should enuiesse excell,  
And by an equall ballance of desire,  
Live free from clouds of humane hope, and feare,  
“Whose troubled circles oft strange Meteors beare.

65.

The last sort is, that popular vaine pride;  
Which neither standeth vpon worth nor place,  
But to applause, and selfe-opinion ty'd,  
Like *Esops* lay, whom others feathers grace,  
Himselfe as good, and glorious esteemeth,  
As in the glasse of Flattery, he seemeth.

66.

This makes him fond of *Praise*, that knows it lyes;  
The cruell tyrant thinkes his grace renown'd,  
Euen while the earth with guiltlesse bloud he dyes;  
And his *Magnificence*, euen then resound  
When he doth rauine all before his eyes:  
Of which vaine minds, it may be truly said,  
*who loue false praise, of false scornes are affraid.*

67.

Besides, as this *Ambition* hath no bound;  
So grow's it proud, and instantly vniust,  
Enforcing short-breath'd *Fame* aloud to sound,  
By pardoning debts, and by defrauding trust;  
Whence the *Agrarian* mandates had their grounds,  
As all veiles elle, that couer Soueraigne lust:  
*For fire and People doe in this agree,  
They both good Seruants, both ill Masters be.*

68.

Thus we discern what courses they must hold,  
That make this humour of applause their end:  
They haue no true, and so no constant mould;  
Light Change, is both their enemy and friend,  
*Herostratus* shall proue, *Vice* gouernes *Fame*,  
*who built that Church, he burnt, hath lost his name.*



69.

Yet when this brittle *Glory* thus is gotten,  
 The keeping is as painefull, more confufe,  
*Fame* lives by doing, is with rest forgotten,  
 “ Shee those that would enioy her doth refuse,  
 “ Wooed (like a *Lais*) will be and obseru’d;  
 “ Euer ill kept, since neuer well deseru’d.

70.

And if true *Fame* with such great paine be wonne,  
 Wonne, and preferu’d, of false what can we hope?  
 Since *Ill* with greater cost than good is done:  
 Again, what hath lesse Latitude or scope,  
 To keep, than that which euery Change bereaues,  
 That times, Mans own heart, or the world receiu’s?

71.

Lastly, this *Fame* hard gotten, worse to keepe,  
 Is neuer lost, but with despaire, and shame,  
 Which makes Man nature, once fallen from this steepe,  
 Disdaine their being should out-last their name:  
 Some in selfe-pitty, some in exile languish,  
 Others rebell, some kill themselves in anguish.

72.

Like Relatiues, thus stand the *World* and *Fame*,  
 Twinnes of one wombe, that lose, or win together,  
 With *Vulcan*’s nets, they catch each others shame,  
 Diuide with God, and so are losers euer;  
 “ Alone they are but *Nothings*, well disguis’d,  
 “ And if compar’d, more worthily despis’d.

73.

But now I heare the voice of Power, and Art,  
 A fatall dissolution straight proclaime,  
 Closely to be inweau’d in euery heart,  
 By vndermining thus the *World*, and *Fame*;  
 “ For wound *Fame* in the world, the world in it,  
 “ They aske whats left to stir vp humane Wit.

74.

Are God, Religion, Vertue, then but name;  
 Or need these heauenly beings earthly aid,



To gouerne vnder, as about this frame?

“Must good Mens deeds, with ill Mens words be payd?

“When we are dead, is merit dead with vs?

“Shall breath determine God, and Vertue thus?

75.

Some Schooles made *Fame* a *Shadow*, some a *Debt*,

To vertue some a *Handmaid*, none her end:

For like a God, she others strives to get,

Affects no honour, needs nor fame, nor friend:

“Moued, shee moues man to adore her mouer,

“And onely giues her selfe to those that loue her.

76.

Hence did the *Romanes*, Mountebankes of *Fame*,

Build *Fame*, and *Vertue* temples, so in one,

As thorough *Vertue* all men to it came,

Yet vnto *Vertue*, men might passe alone;

Expressing *Fame*, a consequence, no cause,

A power that speakes, not knowing by what lawes.

77.

But let true wisdom carry vp our eyes,

To see how all true vertues figured bee,

Angel-like, passing to and from the skies,

“By *Israels ladder*, whole two ends are free

“Of Heauen, and Earth; to carry vp, and downe,

“Those pure souls, which the Godhead means to

78.

crowne.

And if you aske them, whether their pure wings,

Be charrets, to beare vp those fleshly prides

Of *Crowne-rooft* Miters, *Church-unrooffing* Kings,

*Conquest* and *Fame*, whose ebbe, and flowing tides,

Bring froth diuiding tytles, captiu'd lawes,

Of Mans distresse, and ignorance the cause?

79.

These Vertues answer, they be powers diuine;

Their heauen, faith; object, eternity:

Deuis'd in earth, those ruines to refine,

Vnder whose weight, our Natures buried lye;

“Faith making Reason perfect, as before;

“It fell, for lacke of faith, beleeuing more.

Abcees



80.

*Abcees* they are, which doe vnteach againe  
 That knowledge, which first taught vs not to know.  
 The happy state, wherein we did remaine,  
 When we for lacke of euill, thought not so;  
     New making Paradise, where we began,  
     Not in a garden, but the heart of Man.

81.

And as to *Serpents*, which put off their skinne,  
 Nature renewes, a naturall complexion,  
 So when the goodnesse doth vncase the sinne,  
 Health so renewed, can neuer take infection:  
     The World inchants not, Hel hath lost her might,  
     For *what mist can eclipse the Infinite?*

82.

Which pure reflexions, what dimme eye can see?  
 And after either World, or *Fame* admire?  
 Comparisons expels the vanitie,  
 Immortall here, is obiect of desire,  
     “ Nature abhorres this supernaturall,  
     “ And scorn’d of flesh, as God is, they be all.

83.

Yet hath the goodnesse, this of Infinite,  
 That they who hate it, praise, who hurt it, feare,  
 Who strue to shadow, help to show her light,  
 Her rootes, not *Fame*, but loue, and wonder beare,  
     “ God, that to passe, will haue his Iustice come,  
     “ Makes sin the Thiefe, the Hangman, & the doom

84.

These wooe not, but command the voice of *Fame*,  
 For liue they, dye they, labour they, or rest,  
 Such glorious lights, are imag’d in their frame;  
 As Nature feeles not, Art hath not exprest:  
     *All what the world admires comes from within;*  
     *A doome, whereby the sinne, condemnes the sinne.*

85.

Then make the summe of our *Idea's* this,  
 Who loue the world, giue latitude to *Fame*,

And



And this Man-pleasing, Gods displeasing is,  
Who loue their God, haue glory by his name :

*But fixe on Truth, who can, that know it not ?  
who fixe on error, doe but write to blot.*

86.

“ Who worship *Fame*, commit Idolatry,  
“ Make Men their God, *Fortune* and *Time* their worth,  
“ Forme, but reforme not, meer hypocrisie,  
“ By shadowes, onely shadowes bringing forth, (springs,  
“ Which must, as blossomes, fade ere true fruit  
“ (Like voice, and *eccho*) ioyn'd; yet diuers things.



AN





A  
TREATIE  
of WARRES.

1.



*P*ease is the haruest of Mans rich creation,  
Where Wit and Paine haue scope to sow,  
and reape  
The minde, by Arts, to worke her eleuation;  
Care is sold deare, and Sloth is neuer  
cheape,

Beyond the intent of Nature it proues  
The earth, and fruitfull industry it loues.

2.

Vnder the ground concealements it discouers;  
It doth giue forme, and matter multiply;  
Her acts beget on Nature like a loue,  
But for increase, no seeds within her dye :

Exchange, the language is she speakes to all;  
*Yet least confusion feeles of Babels fall.*

3.

Seas yeeld their fish, and Wildernesse their woods,  
Foules for her food, and feathers for her pleasure,  
Beasts yeeld their labour, fleeces, flesh, and blouds,  
The Elements become her seruants, and her treasure;  
To her alone, God made no Creature vaine,  
No power, but Need, is idle in her raigne.

4.

When she hath wrought on earth, she Man improues,  
A shop of Arts, a rich and endlesse mine,

Workes



Workes by his labour, wit, his feare, and loue,  
And in refining him, all else refines;

“ Nature yeelds but the matter, Man the forme,  
“ Which makes the world a manifold returne.

5.

His good, and ill, his need, and vanity,  
Both, sets himselfe a-worke, and others too;  
Trades, and exchangeth our humanity;  
Her Marts are more than Lawes, to make men doe;  
*Nature brings nothing forth, that is not wrought,  
And Art workes nothing on her but is bought.*

6.

If Peace be such, what must we thinke of warre,  
“ But Horrour from aboue, below Confusion,  
Where the vnhappy onely happy are,  
As making mischief euer her conclusion;  
“ Scourges of God, figures of hell to come,  
“ Of vanity, a vaine, infamous tombe.

7.

Where neither Throne, nor Crowne haue reuerence,  
Sentence, nor Writ, nor Sergeant be in fashion;  
All terror scorn'd, of guiltinesse no sense;  
A Discipline whereof the rule is Passion:  
“ And as mens vices, beasts chiefe vertues are,  
“ So be *the shames of Peace, the Pride of Warre.*

8.

Here Northerne bodies vanquish Southerne wit,  
Greeke Sciences obey the *Romane* pride,  
Order serues both to saue, and kill with it,  
Wisdom to raine onely is apply'd:  
Fame, Worth, Religion, all doe but assure,  
Vain Man, which way to giue wounds, and endure.

9.

And when the reines of humane hope and feare,  
Are thus laid on our neckes, and order chang'd,  
Pride will no more, the yoke of heauen beare,  
Nor our desires, in any bounds be rang'd;  
The world must take new forms of wrong and right,  
For *warre did neuer loue things definite.*

k

Here



10.

Here *Bookes* are burnt, faire monuments of minde,  
 Here Ignorance doth on all Arts tyrannise,  
 Vertue no other mould but Courage findes,  
 All other beings, in her being dyes;  
     Wisdom of times grows infancy againe,  
     Beasts rule in man, and men doe beastly raigne.

11.

Audit the end: how can Humanity  
 Preserved be in ruine of Mankinde?  
 Both Feare, and Courage feele her cruelty,  
 "The good, and bad, like fatall ruine finde:  
     "Her enemies doe still provide her food,  
     "From those she ruines, she receiues her good.

12.

Was not this *Mars*, then *Mauors* rightly nam'd?  
 That in one instant, all thus ouerthrowes?  
 Or can the Poets heauy doome be blam'd,  
 Who censures, these *Forge-masters of our woes*,  
     "To haue no kinsman, right, or habitation,  
     "But multiply themselues by desolation?

13.

Yet since the Earths first age, brought *Giants* forth,  
 Greatnesse for good, hath so past euery where,  
 As euen this cloud, of *Giant-making* worth,  
 Proudly the stile of Fame, and Honour beares;  
     "Kings are her creatures, so is vertue too,  
     "And beings take, from what the valiant doe.

14.

Thus did vaine *Nimrod*, (that *Man-hunting* beast)  
 Raile vp the first *God-scorning* Monarchy:  
 And from the *warre*, ev'n so sprang vp the rest,  
 That by aduantage, change equality:  
     So as those *Princes*, still most famous are,  
     which staine most earth, with humane blood in *warre*.

15.

The ground which makes most States thus fond of *warre*,  
 Is, that with armes all Empires doe increase:

But



But marke what's next, with armes they ruin'd are :  
 For when Men feele the health, and blisse of *peace*,  
 They cannot rest, nor know they other Art,  
 But that wherein themselves, and others smart.

16.

Now when the policies of great Estates,  
 Doe *Mars* professe, Religion then to *warre*  
 It selfe must fashion, and indure such rates,  
 As to the ends of Conquest proper are ;  
 " This made the *Greeks*, paint al their gods in armes,  
 " As friends, of mans selfe-hazard, to doe harmes.

17.

Such the Religion is of *Mahomet*,  
 His doctrine, onely *warre*, and hazard teaching,  
 His Discipline, not how to vse, but get,  
 His Court, a campe, the Law of Sword his Preaching:  
 Vertues of peace, he holds effeminate,  
 And doth, as vices, banish them his State.

18.

And though the *Christians* Gospell, with them be;  
 Esteem'd the ioyfull *embassie* of *peace*,  
 Yet he that doth pretend *supremacy*,  
 Vpon their Church ; lets not contention cease ;  
 But with opinions stirres vp Kings to *warre*,  
 And names them *Martyrs*, that his *furies* are.

19.

And vnto Armes, to multiply deuotion,  
 Calls that Land holy, which by God is curst ;  
 Disturbs the Churches peace, stirres vp commotion,  
 And as (with drinking Christian blood) a-thirst,  
 From desolation, striues to set that free,  
 Whose seruitude stands fixt in Gods decree.

20.

Thus see we, how these vg'y furious spirits,  
 Of *warre*, are cloth'd, colour'd, and disguis'd,  
 With stiles of Vertue, Honour, Zeale, and Merits,  
 Whose owne complexion, well Anatomis'd,  
 A mixture is of Pride, Rage, Auarice,  
 Ambition, Lust, and euery tragicke vice.

k 2

" Some



21.

“ Some loue no Equals, some Superiours scorne,  
 One seekes more worlds, and he will *Helene* haue,  
 This couets gold, with diuers faces borne,  
 These humours reigne, and lead men to their graue:  
 “ Whereby for bayes, and little wages, we  
 “ Ruine our selues, to raise vp Tyranny.

22.

“ And as when Winds among themselues doe iarre,  
 “ Seas there are tost, and waue with waue must fight:  
 So when powr's restless humours bring forth *Warre*,  
 There people beare the faults, and wounds of Might:  
 “ The error, and diseases of the head  
 “ Descending still, vntill the limmes be dead.

23.

Yet are not Peoples errors, euer free  
 From guilt of wounds they suffer by the *warre*;  
 “ *Newer did any Publike misery*  
 “ *Rise of it selfe*; Gods plagues still grounded are  
 “ On common staines of our Humanity:  
 “ And to the flame, which ruineeth Mankind,  
 “ Man giues the matter, or at least giues wind.

24.

Nor are these people carried into blood  
 Onely, and still with violent giddy passion,  
 But in our Nature, rightly vnderstood,  
 Rebellion liues, still struiuing to disfashion  
 Order, Authority, Lawes, any good,  
 That should restraine our liberty of pleasure,  
 Bound our designes, or giue desire a measure.

25.

So that in Man the humour radicall  
 Of Violence, is a swelling of desire;  
 To get that freedome, captiu'd by his *fall*;  
 Which yet falls more by struiuing to clime higher:  
 “ Men would be Tyrants, Tyrants would be Gods,  
 “ Thus they become our scourges, we their rods.

Now



26.

Now this conclusion, from these grounds we take,  
That by our *fall*, wee did *Gods image* leaue,  
Whose power and nature is to saue and make,  
And from the *Deuils image*, we receiue

“ This spirit, which stirres Mankind with man to *warre*

“ Which *Deuils* doe not ; wherein worse we are.

27.

For prooffe ; this very spirit of the *Deuill*,  
Makes men more prompt, ingenious, earnest, free,  
In all the workes of ruine, with the euill ;  
Than they in sauing with the goodnesse be ;

“ Criticks vpon all writers, there are many ;

“ Planters of truth, or knowledges not any.

28.

How much more precious is the *Satyr pen*,  
*Momus* or *Mimus*, than the *Lyricke vaine*,  
Or *Epicke image* to the hearts of men ?  
And as in Learning, so in Life againe,

“ Of crafty Tyrants store, wise Kings scarce one ;

“ Law-breakers many, and Law-makers none.

29.

Yea euen in *warre*, the perfect type of hell ;  
See we not much more politicke celerity,  
Diligence, courage, constancy excell,  
Than in good Arts of peace or piety ?

So worke we with the *Deuill*, he with vs ;

And makes his haruest by our ruine thus.

30.

Hence grew that *Catapult* in *Sicil* found,  
This counterfeit of thunders fry breath,  
Still multiplying forces to confound ;  
Allaying courage, yet refining death :

Engines of ruine, found out by the *Deuill*,  
*who moues Warre, Fire, and Blood, all like him, euill.*

31.

Yet let us not forget that Hell, and hee,  
Vnder the power of Heauen, both incline ;

And



And if Physitians, in their art did see,  
 " In each disease there was some sparke diuine:  
 Much more let vs the hand of God confesse,  
 In all these sufferings of our guiltinesse,

32.

Hence great diseases, in great bodies bred,  
 Of States, and Kingdomes, often are foretold,  
 By Earthquakes, Comets, Births disfigured,  
 By Visions, Signes, and Prophecies of old: (spake,  
 " Who the foure Monarchs change more clearly  
 " Than *Daniel*, long before they roote did take.

33.

The *Scripture* then assuredly saith true,  
 That *warre* begins, from some offence diuine:  
 That God makes nation nation to subdue,  
 Who led his flocke, to that rich promised Mine;  
 Not for their goodnesse, but euen for the sinne,  
 The *Canaanites* and *Amorites* liu'd in.

34.

Nor by the *warres* doth God reuenge alone,  
 He sometimes tries, and trauelleth the good,  
 Sometimes againe, to haue his honor knowne,  
 He makes corne grow, where *Troy* it selfe once stood:  
 Lets Fate passe from him, on the wheelles of time,  
 And change to make the falling ballance clime.

35.

For if one Kingdome should for euer flourish,  
 And there one family for euer raigne;  
 If Peace for euer should one People nourish;  
 Nobility, Authority, Prosperity, and Gaine,  
 As vnder Nature keepe one fixed state,  
 And not endure vicissitudes of Fate;

36.

God would in time seeme partiall vnto some,  
 To others cruell, and to all vniust;  
 His power despis'd, and Mans owne wit his doome,  
 Chance in his hands, change vnderneath his lust;  
 Superiours, still inferiours tyrannising;  
 Advantage, more advantages deuising.



37.

Till at the length, enormities of vice,  
 Lawes multiplicity, Prides luxuriousnesse,  
 Increase of people, leprous Auarice,  
 Arts sophistication, Traffique in excesse,  
 Opinions freedome, full of preiudice,  
 Curious noueltie ; all faire weeds of *Peace*,  
 “ Would ruine Nature, and Men monsters make,  
 “ Weary the earth, and make her wombe not take.

38.

Needfull it therefore is, and cleerely true,  
 That all great Empires, Cities, Seats of Power  
 Must rise and fall, waxe old, and not renew,  
 Some by disease, that from without deuour,  
 Others euen by disorders in them bred,  
 Seene onely, and discover'd in the dead.

39.

Among which are included secret hates,  
 Reuolts, displeasure, discord, ciuill warre ;  
 All haue their growing, and declining states,  
 Which with time, place, occasion bounded are :  
 “ So as all Crownes now hope for that in vaine,  
 “ Which *Rome* (the Queen of Crowns) could not  
 40. attaine.

This Change by *Warre*, enioyes her changing doome ;  
*Irus* grow's rich, and *Cresus* must wax poore,  
 One from a King shall Schoolemaster become,  
 And he made King, that wrought in Potters Oare ;  
 They who commanded erst must now obey ;  
 And Fame, euen grow infamous in a day.

41.

That by vicissitude of these translations,  
 And change of place, corruption, and excesse ;  
 Craft ouerbuilding all degenerations ;  
 Might be reduced to the first addresse  
 Of Natures Lawes, and Truths simplicity ;  
 These planting worth, and worth authority.



42.

All which best root, and spring in new foundations;  
Of States, or Kingdomes; and againe in age,  
Or height of pride, and power feele declination,  
*Mortality is Changes proper stage:*

*States haue degrees, as humane bodies haue,  
Springs, Summer, Autumne, winter and the graue.*

43.

God then sends *war*, commotion, tumult, strife,  
“ Like windes, and stormes, to purge the ayre and earth;  
Disperse corruption; giue the World new life,  
In the Vicissitude of creatures birth,  
Which could not flourish, nor yeeld fruit againe,  
Without returnes of heate, cold, drought & raine.

44.

But further now the eternall Wisedome showes,  
That though God doe preferue thus for a time,  
This *Equilibrium*, wherein Nature goes,  
By peasing humours, not to ouerclime,  
Yet he both by the cure, and the disease,  
Proues Dissolution; *All at length must cease.*

45.

For surely, if it had beene Gods intent  
To giue Man here eternally possession,  
Earth had beene free from all misgouernment,  
*warre*, Malice, could then haue had progression,  
“ Man (as at first) had bin mans nursing brother,  
“ And not, as since, *One Wolfe unto another.*

46.

For onely this Antipathy of minde  
Hath euer bin the bellows of Sedition;  
Where each man kindling one, inflames Mankind,  
Till on the publike, they inflict perdition,  
“ And as Man vnto Man, so State to State:  
“ Inspired is, with the venime of this hate.

47.

And what doe all these mutinies include,  
But dissolution first of Gouernment?

Then



Then a dispeopling of the earth by feud,  
As if our Maker to destroy vs meant ?

For *States* are made of *Men*, and *Men* of dust,  
The moulds are fraile, disease consume them must.

48.

Now as the *warres* proue mans mortality ;  
So doe the oppositions here below,  
Of Elements, the contrariety ;  
Of Constellations, which aboue doe show,  
Of qualities in flesh, will in the spirits ;  
Principles of discord, not of concord made,  
All proue God meant not Man should here inherit,  
A *time-made* World, which with time should not fade ;  
“ But as *Noes flood* once drown'd woods, hils, & plain,  
“ So should the fire of *Christ* waste all againe.

49.

Thus see we both the *causes* and *effects*  
Of *warre*, and how these attributes to hap,  
Councels of men, power, fame, which all affect,  
Lye close referu'd within th' *Almighties* lap :  
Where fashion'd, order'd, and dispos'd they be,  
To accomplish his infallible decree.

50.

And from these grounds concluding as we doe,  
*Warres* causes diuerse ; so by consequence,  
Diuerse we must conclude their natures too :  
For *warre* proceeding from the Omnipotence,  
No doubt is holy, wise, and without error,  
The sword of iustice, and of sinne the terror.

51.

But *warres* of Men, if we examine these  
By piercing rules, of that steepe narrow way,  
Which *Christian* soules must walke, that hope to raise  
Their bodies from the earth another day :  
“ Their life is death, their warre obedience,  
“ Of crowns, fame, wrongs, they haue no other,

52.

Then till to these God plainely hath exprest,  
By Prophets, Sawes, Wonder, and Angels sound,

1

That



That his Church-rebels hee will haue suppress;  
 Or giue his people other peoples ground;  
 "They must preferue his Temples, not shed blood,  
 "But where the mouer makes the motion good.

52.

Nay, euen these *warres* though built on Piety,  
 They lawlesse hold, vnlesse by lawfull might  
 They vndertaken, and performed be;  
 "For Natures order, euery creatures right,  
 "Hath vnto peace ordain'd, that Princes should,  
 "Of *Warre* the grounds, and execution mould.

53.

Besides, the *manner* must haue charity,  
 First offering peace, which if disease distaste,  
 Yet wisdom guides the cure, not cruelty;  
*Art prunes the earth, confusion leaues it waste*.  
 God would not haue men spoil what they may eat.  
 It feeds the *Warre*, and leaues a ground to treat.

54.

What warrant then for all our *warres* of glory,  
 Where Power and Wit, do multiply their right,  
 By acts recorded, both in fame and story,  
 Are there not due prerogatiues of Might?  
 Or shall we by their dreames examine these,  
 That lose the world, they know not what to please?

55.

Is not euen Age due oddes to euery Father,  
 From whence, we Children owe them reuerence?  
 If he that hath, haue latitude to gather,  
 "Must he not yeeld, that cannot make defence?  
 "Haue Subiects Lawes, to rectifie oppression?  
 "And Princes wrongs no law but intercession?

56.

"Are there by Nature lords, and seruants too?  
 "Was this world made indifferent to man?  
 "Doe Power and Honour follow them that doe?  
 "And yet are Kings restrain'd from what they can?  
 "Gae Nature other bounds of habitation,  
 "Than strength, or weakenesse vnto euery nation?

Haue



58.

Haue we not both of Policy, and Might  
 Pregnant examples, euen in *Israels* seed?  
 First, how the Younger got the Elders right,  
 At easie rates, by well-observing need;  
 Then of his heavenly blessing him bereau'd,  
 Wherein the man, not God, that *Eue* deceiu'd.

59.

Let vs then thus conclude, that onely they  
 Whose end in this World, is the World to come,  
 Whose hearts desire is, that their desires may  
 Measure themselues, by Truths eternall doome,  
 Can in the *war* find nothing that they prise,  
 Who in the world would not be great, or wise.

60.

With these I say, *warre*, Conquest, Honour, Fame,  
 Stand (as the World) neglected, or forsaken;  
 "Like Errors cobwebs, in whose curious frame,  
 She onely ioyes, and mournes; takes, and is taken:  
 "In which these dying, that to God liue thus,  
 "Endure our conquests, would not conquer vs.

61.

Where all States else that stand on Power, not Grace,  
 And gage desire by no such spirituall measure,  
 Make it their end to raigne in euery place;  
 To warre for Honour, for Reuenge and Pleasure; (awe,  
 "Thinking the strong should keepe the weake in  
 "And euery Inequalitie giue Law.

62.

These serue the World to rule her by her Arts,  
 Raile mortall trophies vpon mortall passion;  
 Their wealth, strength, glory growing from those hearts,  
 Which to their ends, they ruine and disfaction;  
 "The more remote from God, the lesse remorse;  
 "Which stil giues Honor power, Occasion force.

63.

These make the Sword their Iudge of wrong, and right,  
 Their story Fame, their laws but Power and Wit;  
 Their endlesse mine, all vanities of Might,  
 Rewards and Paines the mystery of it,

And



*And in this spheare, this wildernesse of evils,  
None prosper higher highly, but the perfect diuels.*

64.

The *Turkish* Empire, thus grew vnto height,  
Which, first in vnity, past others farre,  
Their Church was meere collusion, and deceit;  
Their Court a campe, their discipline a *warre*;  
With martiall hopes, and feares, & shows diuine,  
To hazard onely they did man refine.

65.

Vpon the *Christians* hereby they preuail'd,  
For they diuided stood, in Schisme and Sect,  
Among themselues (assailing or assail'd)  
Their vndertakings mixed with neglect:  
“ Their Doctrine Peace, yet their Ambition *war*,  
“ For to their own true Church they strangers are.

66.

God and the World they worship still together,  
Draw not their lawes to him, but his to theirs,  
Vntrue to both, so prosperous in neither,  
Amid their owne desires still raising feares:  
“ Vnwise, as all distracted Powers be.  
“ Strangers to God, fooles in humanitie.

67.

Too good for great things, and too great for good;  
Their Princes serue their Priest, yet that Priest is  
Growne King, even by the arts of flesh and bloud;  
Blind *Superstition* hauing built vp this,  
“ As knowing no more than it selfe can doe,  
“ Which shop (for words) sels God & Empire too.

68.

Thus waue we *Christians* still betwixt two aires;  
Nor leaue the world for God, nor God for it;  
While these *Turkes* climbing vp vnited staires,  
About the *Superstitions* double wit;  
Leaue vs as to the *Iewish* bondage heires,  
A Saboth rest for selfe-confusion fit:

*Since States will then leaue warre, when men begin  
For Gods sake to abhorre this world of sinne.*

FINIS.

ALAHAM.





# ALAHAM

## THE SPEAKERS NAMES.

<i>The old King.</i>	}	<i>Zophi the eldest Sonne.</i>
<i>Alahams second Son.</i>	}	<i>Hala Alahams wife.</i>
<i>Caine Bassha.</i>	}	<i>Mahomet Bassha.</i>
<i>Priest.</i>	}	<i>Calica the old Kings daughter.</i>
<i>Nantius.</i>	}	<i>Nutrix.</i>

## PROLOGVS.

*The speach of a Ghost, one of the old Kings of Ormus.*



HO V Monster horrible!  
vnder whose vgly doome,  
Downe in Eternities perpetuall night,  
Mans temporall sinnes beare  
torments infinite:  
For change of desolation;  
must I come  
To tempt the earth, and to  
prophane the light;  
From mournesfull silence,

where paine dares not rore  
With libertie; to multiplie it more,  
Nor from the lothsome puddle *Acheron*,  
Made foule with common sinnes, whose filthie dampes  
Feed *Lethes* sinke, forgetting all but mone:

D

Nor



Nor from that fowle infernall shaddowed Lampe,  
 Which lighteth *Sisiphus* to rowle his stone :  
 These be but bodies plagues, the skirts of hell ;  
 I come from whence deathes seate doth death excell.  
 A place there is vpon no centre placed,  
 Deepe vnder depthes, as farre as is the skie  
 About the earth ; darke , infinitely spaced :  
*Pluto* the King, the Kingdome, miserie.  
 The Chrystall may Gods glorious seate resemble ;  
 Horror it selfe these horrors but dissemble.

*Prination* would raigne there, by God not made ;  
 But creature of vncreated sinne,  
 Whose being is all beings to inuade ,  
 To haue no ending though it did beginne :  
 And so of past, things present, and to come,  
 To giue depriuing, not tormenting doome,  
 But horror, in the vnderstanding mixt ;  
 And memorie , by Eternities seale wrought ;  
 Vnto the bodies of the euill fixt,  
 And into reason by our passion brought,  
 Here rackt , torne , and exil'd from vnitie ;  
 Though come from nothing, must for ever be.

The sinnes that enter here are capitall :  
*Atheisme* , where creatures their Creator lose ;  
 Vnthankfull *Pride* , nature , and graces fall ;  
*Mate* of Mankinde, in Man vn naturall ;  
*Hypocrites* , which bodies leaue, and shadowes chose ;  
 The persons, either Kings by fortune blest,  
 Or men by nature made Kings of the rest.  
 Here Tyrants that corrupt authoritie ,  
 Councell'd out of the feares of wickednesse,  
 Cunning in mischief, prowd in crueltie ,  
 Are furies made , to plague the weaker ghosts ;  
 Whose soules, entising pleasure only lost.  
 The weaker Kings, whose more vnconstant vice  
 Their States vnto their humors made a prey ;  
 For suffering more then Kings to Tyrannise,  
 Are damn'd ; though here to be, yet not to stay :  
 For backe they goe, to tempt with euery sinne,



## ALAHAM.

3

As easiest it the world may enter in.

My selfe sometimes was such ; *Ormus* my state.  
I bare the name ; yet did my *Basshas* raigne :  
Trusts to few windowes are vnfortunate ;  
For Subiects growing full is Princes wane.  
Loe ; all misdeeds procure their owne misfate ;  
For by my trusted *Basshas* was I flaine :  
Now sent to teare downe my posteritie ,  
That haue their sinnes inheritance from me.

My first charge is, the ruine of mine owne,  
Hell keeping knowledge still of earthlinesse ,  
None coming there but spirits ouergrowne,  
And more embodied into wickednesse :  
The bodie by the spirit liuing euer ;  
The spirit in the body ioying neuer :  
In heauen perchance no such affections be ;  
Those Angell-soules in flesh imprisoned,  
Like strangers liuing in Mortalitie ,  
Still more, and more, themselues enspirited,  
Refining Nature to Eternity ;  
By being maids in earths adulterous bed :  
And idly forget all here below ,  
Where we our parents , but to plague them, know.

My next charge is , from this darke Regiment  
With wiles to scourge this age effeminate ;  
Not open force , or humors violent :  
Time fashions mindes, mindes manners, manners fate.  
Here rage gives place , wit must rule ill intent.  
Proud honor being an ill for this State  
Too strong ; sleight , must misleade the innocent ;  
Craft , the corrupt. For though none dare be iust,  
Yet coward ill, with care, grow wicked must.

This present King , weake both in good , and ill,  
Louing his trust, and trusting but his ghesse,  
Shall perish in his owne faiths wantonnesse ;  
Betray'd by *Alaham* , whom he know'th ill,  
Yet to beware lackes actiue constantnesse ,  
A destinie of well-beleeuing wit ,  
That hath not strength of iudgement ioynd with it.



*Alaham* his sonne ; fond of the fathers Throne ;  
Desire his idoll ; libertie his might,  
As ouerborne with error infinite,  
Shall finde that fate all secret faults can hit :  
For he , that for himselfe would ruine all,  
Shall perish in his craft vnnaturall.

*Hala* his wife ; diuerse, and strong in lust,  
Liberall out of selfe-loue , of error proud ;  
When shamelesse craft , and rage haue seru'd her turne ;  
In prides vainglorious martyrdome shall burne.

*Zophi* the eldest Sonne ; whose reason is  
With frailty drown'd , and sillinesse confus'd ;  
Borne but to liue, and yet denied this,  
(So well knowes power what spirits may be abus'd)  
Becomes the prey of factious craftie wit,  
Which stirres that ruine vp, which ruines it.

*Caine Bassha* (like the clouds , who liue in ayre ;  
Th'orbe of natures constant inconstancie)  
Now fame, now shame shall in his fortune beare ;  
His vice, and vertue still in infancy :  
Change for his wisdom ; and chance for his ends ;  
Harm'd by his hopes , and ruin'd by his friends.

*Mahomet* , with honor faine would change the tide  
Of times corrupt ; here stopping violence ,  
There contermining craft , and pleading right ;  
But reason sworne in generall to sense  
Makes honor, bondage ; iustice , an offence :  
Till liberty, that faire deceiuing light ,  
Turnes mischief to an humor popular,  
Where good men catch'd in nets of dutie are.

*Calica* (because in flesh no seedes are sowne  
Of heauenly grace, but they must bring vp weedes)  
Death in her fathers murther she affects ,  
Seduc'd by glory ; whose excesse still feedes  
It selfe , vpon the barren steepes of mone.  
For humane wit wants power to diuide ,  
Wherby affections into error slide.

*Heli* the priest ; who teaching from without,  
Corrupted faith , bound vnder lawes of might ;



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## ALAHAM.

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Not feeling God , yet blowing him about,  
In euery shape, and likenesse, but the right ;  
Seeking the world; finds change there ioyn'd with chance,  
To ruine those whom error would advance.

Now marke your charge ! Each fury worke his part,  
In senselesse webs of mischief e ouerthwart.  
You are not now to worke on priuate thoughts,  
One instant is your time to alter all ;  
Corruption vniuersall must be wrought :  
Impossible to you is naturall.

Plots , and effects together must be brought;  
Mischiefe, and shame , at once must spring , and fall.  
Use more than power of man to bring forth that ,  
Which (it is meant) all men shall wonder at.

Craft ! Go thou forth , worke honor into lust.  
Malice ! Sow in selfe-loue vnworthinesse.  
Feare ! Make it safe for no man to be iust.  
Wrong ! Be thou clothed in powers comelinesse.  
Wit ! Play with faith ; take glory in mistrust ;  
Let duty, and Religion goe by ghesse.  
Furies ! Stirre you vp warre ; which follow must,  
When all things are corrupt with doublenesse.  
From vice to vice let error multiply.  
With vncouth sinnes, murthers, adulteries,  
Incorporate all kindes of iniquity.  
Translate the State to forraigne Tyrannies.  
Keepe downe the best , and let the worst haue power,  
That warre, and hell may all at once deuoure.

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### *Actus 1. Scena 1.*

*ALAHAM, HELI.*

**A** *Laham.* Thou coward soule ! Why standst thou  
doubting now ?  
Why to, and fro ? The dice of chance are cast :  
Councells



Counsellis of law , of shame, of loue, are past.  
 Thinke what the worst haue done ; what they enioy ,  
 That plucke downe States to put vp priuate lawes,  
 Whom fame enobles while the would destroy.  
 Honor hath many wings : Chance hath no bookes:  
 Who follow, treade but where men trode before ;  
 Who giue example still are something more.

Beare witnesse yet yee good, and euill spirits !  
 Who in the ayre inuisibly do dwell ;  
 That these strange pathes I walke of vglinesse ,  
 Are forc'd by threatening gulfes of treacherie ,  
 Nourisht by States , and Times iniurious.  
 Nor is it sinne, which men for safety choose ;  
 Nor hath it shame, which men are forc'd to vse.

*Heli.* What be these agonies indefinite ?  
 These sudden changes, secret, violent ,  
 Both argue euill lucke, and ill intent.

*Alah.* That which I most did hate, and least did feare,  
 Is fall'n : Nature cares not for natiue blood.  
 I wickedly must doe , or mischief beare ;  
 I must no more be , or no more be good.

*Heli.* How growes this change? Reueale this secret work:  
 Both cures , and wounds doe oft together lurcke.

*Alah.* *Heli* ! you know the time when this fraile King ,  
 Languish'd, and wanton'd in a powerfull throne,  
 Sent to the gods to learne what should befall ,  
 Hauing but peace ; and wealth to doubt withall.  
 Their answer was : My fathers eldest sonne  
 Must be a sacrifice for this Estate,  
 And with his blood wash out the doome of fate.  
 The *Basshas* , swell'n by vse of ruling Kings,  
 Presume on God : and what by Gods decree  
 Was death ; by theirs must onely exile be.  
 And proud againe with this vniust succeffe,  
 A second error on the first they build ;  
 And he that liues against the heauenly doome,  
 Must now not liue, but raigne : yet only raigne,  
 To put downe me they feare, for him they scorne.  
 Is innocency to no other borne ?

And



And must my right, and Royall blood abide  
Traytors, to be my Lords; the dead, my King?  
Is honor to so many masters tied?  
Shall I not liue, except I scorned liue?  
Well: where the choice is left to kill, or dye;  
The best Estates doe but in hazard lie.

*Heli.* T'is rashnesse to commit our right to chance.

*Alaham.* T'is madnesse at the worst to feare mischance.

*Heli.* Vnfold this factious clowdie mysterie;  
What cannot help, yet will experience be.

*Alaham.* The dayes be fresh, when all the world in hate  
With *Mahomet's* supreme authority,  
The *Basshas* idly liu'd; no forme of State  
Obserr'd; no Councells held; no Maiesty;  
Weake spirits did corrupt; the strong did cast;  
Worth withered vp; craft only was in trust;  
The Court a farme; strange, ominous, ill signe;  
When publike States to priuatenesse encline.  
Such was my fathers frayle simplicity,  
As wanting iudgment how to stand alone;  
He (passion-ledd) could loue, and trust but one.  
The world saw all was nought; yet I saw feare  
Would, while it murmur'd; mischiefs councells keepe;  
So blind are men, or with respects a sleep.  
Enuy wrought more in me, and made me know,  
This passion in the King (which did aduance  
*Mahomet* aboue the reach of ouerthrow)  
Had counter-passions, change, inconstancy;  
For wit, and malice, possibility.  
I stir'd the King with enuies of his slaue;  
For great Estates inlarge not little harts.  
My charge suspitious, which no answer haue;  
Power still concluding all in euill part.  
With Kings not strong in vertue, nor in vice,  
I knew truth was like pillars built on ice.  
Factions besides I in the *Basshas* mou'd,  
And in their diuers witts my malice cast,  
Conspiracy with good successe I prou'd:  
For Kings are easily ledd away with many;

That



That hearing all, want strength to iudge of any,  
 Thus we exil'd him with pretence of State,  
 Whom (it is true) I for my selfe did hate.  
 But now, when *Mahomet* was banisht hence,  
 Histellow *Bassha's*, fond of Gouvernment,  
 To rule their Prince with his name they intend,  
 And ruine heires, yet seeme successions friends.  
 For while I by my brothers exile stood,  
 They hide their mindes to vndermine the more;  
 And much to me in pittie thinges they leaue,  
 That craft in good apparell might deceiue.

*Heli.* Their craft, and power against you thus combui'd  
 How could you shunne? or worke the *Basshas* so,  
 As they might leaue to seeke your ouerthrow?

*Alaham.* I found their crafte, and made my good of all.  
 Some I did winne, the rest I did disgrace,  
 Euen binding them by what they gaue to me:  
 So great the scopes of braue ambition be.  
 Nor staid I here; but as a man in doubt  
 To trust this tickle art of men too farre,  
 Where many witts to one kept subject are:  
 I forthwith sought on fewer heades to lay  
 This wardshippe of the King effeminate.  
 A farre lesse seruile course for me, that meant  
 To steale in change into this Gouvernment.  
 This made me thinke of *Caine*, whose spirits I saw  
 Officious were, already entred grace,  
 Pleasant, and fit to multiplie a place.  
 The scruple that diuided him, and me;  
 Was feare he did too much possesse my wife:  
 With priuate scorne I waigh'd with publike ends;  
 And saw, who will not see, needs no amends.  
 For he, to hide his fault, straight puts on faith,  
 And care of me; a badge of seruile lust,  
 Which euer iniure those it pleaseth must.  
 In him I did accept the sacrifice  
 Of ruling him, that rul'd this wauiing masse:  
 Who cannot beare, what can he bring to passe?  
 Now though by him the present state I gain'd,

Yet



# ALAHAM.

9

Yet to my after-ends this gaue no ayde:  
 For their foundations only were, by fame,  
 On peoples loues, and wonders to be layd.  
 How little Princes fauors help the same  
 They know, that marke what feet men goe withall;  
 Who while they rise in grace, in credit fall.  
 The people then it was that I must seeke,  
 A future, not a present vse of power;  
 Not strength establisht, but a strength to change;  
 To all, but onely those who worke it, strange.  
 With this *Caines* place had no Affinity;  
 It presage being of a Kingdomes fall,  
 When Kings trust any one to gouerne all.  
 His nature lesse, for it Monarchall was,  
 Sharpe, narrow-humor'd, only fit to rise  
 By that, which people hate, *Crowne-flatteries*.  
 Since nature therefore cannot change her face,  
 To thinke one fit, for all were foolishnesse,  
 To force an instrument experience feares;  
 Since wit may take of each the fruit it beares.  
 Of *Mahomet* I then bethought my selfe,  
 Whose absence pittie had. And as in sects,  
 The present errors doe prepare a place  
 For masked change, to shew her pleasing face:  
 So did the hate of present Government  
 Forget his faults, as they forget their wounds.  
 I saw that he alone did fit my ends;  
*Occasion mother is of truest friends.*  
 My ends were not to broyle the present State;  
 Nor leaue obedience in my fathers dayes;  
 But after he was dead, to dispossesse  
 My brother, whom the heauens did depresse.  
 Chance wrought me good: lest it should worke me feare;  
 I meant to goe beyond the wayes of spite,  
 Both stay, and winne the world with *Mahomet*:  
 For who can stirre are fittest meanes to let.  
 My father I did moue, remou'd, and sped;  
 Feare made him pittifull, and folly kinde,  
 In passions *Orbe* most patient to be led;

E

Each



Each argument begat another minde;  
 Doubt had no memory, offence was dead,  
 Distresse seem'd safety, likelineffe did binde:  
 For in these captiue wits, borne to be thrall,  
*who sees one thought beyond them, seeth all.*

*Mahomet* returnes: But whether deeply shrin'd,  
 Within the hollow abstracts of his heart,  
 His malice lay; or that ambitious kinde  
 Be easie, for it selfe, from all to part;  
 Respect to me, and honour, layd behinde;  
 Finding this King to be but humors art,  
 He takes his soule, and miracles he shoves;  
 Restores the lost, th' establish'd ouerthrowes.  
 My elder brother, whom the Gods fore-spake  
 Lawes had depriu'd, exil'd, and men forgot,  
 He straight calls home; and dares to vndertake  
 That which audacity beleeueth not.  
 Ah! Error of good meaning, apt to trust,  
 For want of ill enough, I perish must.  
 And am I borne for duties sacrifice,  
 To watch for change of times, or Gods reuenge?  
 Is patience scorne, and hazard yet vnwise?  
 No, No: Confusion raignes; despaire is it,  
 That now makes chance a God; and danger, wit.  
 Inflam'd, distract, confus'd, put out of feare  
 I am.

Visions I feele of better hopes arise.  
 Malice, and rage, whose heats had barrenesse,  
 Are, with ambition of reuenge, made wise.  
 Birth, chance, occasion, right, good fortunes be  
 To some: and wrong can all these be to me?

*Heli. Alaham!* I grant these trialls be seuer:  
 But know; temptation is misfortunes spie,  
 To worke in resolution change, or feare:  
 Attend your fathers death; still hold you there;  
 Before to vndermine a Monarchy  
 Is hard. Besides, iudge you your own intent:  
 For such your brother is in this to you,  
 As you before vnto your brother were;



He hath his owne, and you liue out of feare.

*Alaham.* Who measures hopes, and losses by the truth,  
Goes euer naked in this world of might:

Mine be the Crowne: my brothers be the right.

*Heli.* Will you exceed his mischiefe whom you blame?

*Alah.* When euill striues, the worst haue greatest name.

*Heli.* Goodnesse is only at the greatest best.

*Alaham.* Those mischietes prosper that exceed the rest.

*Heli.* Thou art but one: for all a sufferer be.

*Alaham.* That one is more than all the world to me.

*Heli.* Faults to the State all priuate faults exceed.

*Alaham.* My wounds then heale, when all the earth doth  
bleed.

*Heli.* Let father moue thee: Pittie thou the State.

*Alaham.* Father descending kindnesse signifies:

Our State is there, where our well-being lies.

*Heli.* Fame euer lines, and euer will defame:

The ruine of thy father, and his Crowne.

*Alaham.* They euer prosper whom the world doth blame;

Shame sees not climbing vp, but falling downe.

*Heli.* Yet feare thy selfe, if fame thou dost not feare;

Reuenge falls heauie, when God doth forbear.

*Alaham.* Men only giddie be that be aboue,

And will looke downe to doubts, when they be there.

Shall name of King o'erthrow a Kings Estate?

Hath publike good no friend? Shall priuate feare

Of one weake man make all vnfortunate?

No, No, deare *Heli*! I Gods Champion am;

And will my father for a while depose,

Lest he the Kingdome, we the Church doe lose.

*Heli.* *Alaham*! If hands you on your father lay  
For priuate ends, and make the Church your stayres;

By which you clime your owne ambitious way;

Your glory will be short, and full of feares:

Since nothing for the Church is done amisse;

And nothing well done that against her is.

*Alaham.* So be the God eternall my beleefe;

As I my father from his State depose,

Only for feare the Church should honor lose.



But *Heli* ! Iudge not things with common eyes;  
 The Church it is one linke of Gouernment,  
 Of noblest Kings the noblest instrument.  
 For while Kings sacred keepe her mysteries,  
 She keepes the world to Kings obedient;  
 Giuing the body to obey the spirit,  
 So carrying power vp to infinite.  
 But here with vs, the discipline is stain'd;  
 Forme lost; truth scandaliz'd with noueltie;  
 Louingnesse with craft; and faith with Atheisme.  
 Honor, and zeale, with curiosity;  
 The worst best vs'd; shame carrying honors face,  
 And Innouation king in every place.  
 Downe must these ruines to be set vpright;  
 Misfortune peec'd growes more vnfortunate;  
 And parents Lawes must yeeld to Lawes of State.

*Heli*. Then see the means: For though the end were good,  
 Yet for a priuate man to change a State,  
 With Monarchs sleights to alter Monarchie;  
 Seemes hard, if not impossible, to me.

*Alaham*. Impossible is but the faith of feare;  
 To make hope easie fetch beliefe elsewhere.  
 Yet lest these sparkes rak'd vp in hollow hearts,  
 Should spread, and burne before their fury show;  
 Keepe on the course which you haue vs'd to goe.  
 Preach you with fire tongue, distinguish might,  
 Tyrants from Kings; duties in question bring  
 Twixt God, and man; where power infinite  
 Compar'd, makes finite power a scornfull thing.  
 Safely so craft may with the truth giue light,  
 To iudge of Crownes without enammelling;  
 And bring contempt vpon the Monarchs State;  
 Where straight unhallowed power hath peoples hate.  
 Glaunce at Prerogatiues indefinite,  
 Taxe customes, warres, and Lawes all gathering;  
 Censure Kings faults, their spies, and fauourites;  
 Holinesse hath a priuiledge to sting.  
 Men be not wise; bitternesse from zeale of spirit,  
 Is hardly iudg'd; the enuy of a King



Makes people like reproofe of Maieſty ;  
Where God ſeemes great in Priests audacity.  
Thus keep a god : For be he true, or no,  
Mixt faith ſo workes on mans idolatrie,  
That minds, in bonds ; bodies , delight in woe.  
Religion carrying men aboue reſpect :  
For what thing elſe can ſtand in ſelfe neglect ?  
And when mens mindes thus tun'd , and tempted are  
To change, with arguments 'gainſt preſent times,  
Then hope awakes, and mans ambition climes.

*Heli.* What hope can blot the feare of Princes power ?

*Alaham.* Taxes , and ſcornes of *Basſhas* gouernment,  
Which vnder Kings make preſent times ſtill ſowre ;  
Hope leades the ill, and they the innocent.

*Heli.* Theſe hopes are poore: For feare is with the mixt.

*Alaham.* All feares are weake, where any hope is fixt.

*Heli.* Diſſolue (tis true) you may with enuy, feare,  
Craſt , treacherie , contempt , neglect ;  
Not build : theſe ſands will no foundation beare :  
Theſe engines are to ruine, not erect.

Will you a father, can you a King throw downe ?

*Alaham.* Or ſuffer that the *Chriſtians* weare his Crowne

*Heli.* The *Chriſtians* with what faith, or policy,  
Can you call in ? Such remedies are ill :

For what they conquer, that enioy they will.

Besides , the force lies in *Caine Baſſhas* hands ,

In *Mahomet* wealth, law, and gouernment :

What way to them? *Alaham.* My wife, their mutuall truſt.

Theſe *Basſhas* with themſelues ſhe ſhall betray ;

Arts of reuenge are written downe in luſt.

What cannot women doe with wit , and play ?

*Heli.* Who would beſtow his wife in works of ſhame ?

*Alaham.* They that thinke ought more deare than honeſt  
name.

Good fortune doth in humors market ſit,

And thoſe that buy, muſt ſell all elſe for it.

*Heli.* The ſhame is ſure ; the good in hazard lies.

*Alaham.* Such ſtaires they clime , that vnto fortune riſe.  
Opinion raignes without, and truth within :

Who



*who others please, against themselves must sin. Exit Heli.*

You spirits then growne subtile by your age!  
 Not you that doe inhabite Paradise,  
 Whose constant ioyes most vnacquainted be  
 With all affections, that should make you wise!  
 No: I inuoke that blacke eternity,  
 As apt to put in action, as deuise!  
 Helpe me, that haue to doe with Princes power,  
 To plucke downe King, with Kings authority;  
 And make men slaues, with show of liberty.  
 Free hope from euill lucke, reuenge from feare;  
 Ruine, and change adorne you euery where.

*Actus Primus : Scena secunda.*

*MAHOMET : ALAHAM.*

*Mahomet.* **M**Y Lord! So oft alone, pulls downe  
 the heart  
 To thoughts, and courses far vnmeet  
 for it.

Princes must show themselves in open sight;  
 Men ioy in them that doe in men delight.  
 Triumphs of common peace, sacrifice, thanks, praise,  
 Prepared are,  
 To solemnize this vniuersall ioy,  
 Wherein your selfe the greatest part enioy.

*Alaham.* If change were currant in Eternity,  
 As here amongst vs in this mortall spheare,  
 Passion might hope for counterpassion there.  
 My brothers doome decreed was from aboue:  
 Truth varies not: Gods pleasure constant is:  
*Time present shewes not all that is amisse.*

*Mahomet.* Ioy opens mindes, and enuy shuts them in:  
 God, by your brothers life, adiournes our sinne.

*Alah.* When God speaks vnto men, and they expound,  
 Truth easily scapes, all threatned woes seeme light;  
 Misprision



Misprision euer giues misfortune might :  
 For power is proud till it looke downe to feare ,  
 Though only safe , by euer looking there.  
 Besides ; if fates be past , what meanes this starre ,  
 Whose glorious taile threatens vnglorious dayes ,  
 Feare vnto Kings , and to the State a warre ?  
 What meane these bloody showers ? These darkned rayes  
 Of Sunne , and Moone , which still eclipsed are ?  
 Are all signes chance ? For if the starres can worke ,  
 These signes that threaten proue their bodies lurke.  
 What added is in honor to the Crowne ,  
 Or what increase of Empire to the King ;  
 That exiles are call'd home to put me downe ?  
 Strange innouation some increase should bring.  
 Kings fondly else tempt God , and trust to chance ,  
 Where change , and hazard nothing doe aduance.

*Mahomet.* Your brothers fault was only Princes feare ;  
 One ill example hurts to many were.

*Alaham.* Gods law it was , wherby he was depriv'd ;  
 My elder brothers right , was but the law.

*Change in Estates* is like vnto a steepe ,  
 Which , but it selfe , can nothing constant keepe.

*Mahomet.* It is no chance to giue the elder place.

*Alah.* The wounds are new that present right deface.

*Mah.* The second borne are not borne to the Crowne.

*Alah.* Hope , which our God sets vp , dare man pull  
 downe ?

*Mahomet.* *Alaham* ! Our Gods decree did not exile  
 Thy brother : It was heavenly mystery ,  
 Which faction construed to impiety.  
 When I return'd , I saw foundations layd  
 In Princes faults , for *Basshas* tyrannie ;  
 Who keeping both the Princes heyres aliue ,  
 The one exil'd , the other enuious ,  
 Would make each plague to other ; both , to vs.  
 I wrought , and ouercame the Princes hate ,  
 Restor'd his sonne , and in his sonne the State.

*Alaham.* And wast thou then call'd into grace by me ,  
 To be the meane that I should ruin'd be ?

No



No *Mahomet*: That *Labyrinth* thy heart,  
 Artisan of craft, great Empire of deceipt,  
 The plague of all inferiors, and the bait;  
 In Princes frailty shall not drowne this State.  
 Sense and thy wrongs alike be generall;  
 A Princes power cannot protect them all.  
*When flattery giues scope to tyrannize,*  
*Extremes then from extremities doe rise.*

*Mahomet*. The giddy head that sees with daz'led sight;  
 Imagines all the world to turne about:  
 And rage, which to your selfe makes you seeme great,  
 Is lesse to me, than if you did entreat.

*Alaham*. Who truth doe only but to hate it know,  
 They nothing feare, but only to be good:  
 Vnthankfulnesse is euer valiant so.

*Mahomet*. To them God thanklesse seemes, not thank-  
 lesse is,  
 That sacrifice for leaue to doe amisse.  
 If wrongfully you had not banish'd me;  
 To whom could my returne thank-worthy be?

*Alaham*. Our gods seem'd wroth; and fame spake  
 strangely ill.  
 That sure my Wife did worse than dote of thee;  
 This was dishonor, wrong, and losse to me.  
 Yet I distract with good beleefe and feare,  
 Detest her could not; loue forbade it me:  
 Loue her I did not, for mistrust was there;  
 While I suspected her, I hated thee.  
 At length ('t is true) I got thee banished;  
 If not reuenge, at least security:  
 Till humorous Time, that blots to print againe,  
 Shew'd me in *Hala's* thoughts *Caine Bassha's* name.  
 I call'd thee home; and though I scorne still beare  
 By fame, who when she lies, recanteth not,  
 Yet I forgau the shame, and pardoned feare;  
 Brought thee good lucke, where good turnes are forgot.  
 And is it a returne of that you owe,  
 For you to worke your Patrones ouerthrow?

*Mahomet*. *Alaham*! Put off this fruitlesse peeuishnesse  
 Of



Of expectation, lost in ill desires.  
For you, in witnesse of my thankfull heart,  
The Gouvernement of old *Ormuz* I got;  
And by possession mans hope loseth not.

*Alaham*! Besides, iudge both your thoughts, and State;  
Kings children are no Kings; Authority  
Goes not by blood; she sets another rate:  
Use, is her kinne; Grace, her affinity,  
Then looke not on desires earnestnesse;  
Impossible is easie there, wishes effect,  
The future great, the present euer lesse:  
Comparison still carying vp the eye  
To make all that we haue but miserie.  
Care, bought with blood; and feare, with treacherie;  
Danger, with wrong; and shame, with venturing;  
Vncertaine hopes, and certaine misery,  
The fortunes be of haste to be a King.

*Alaham*. O God! what's this? Mine inward spirits  
shake;  
Senses doe leaue their worke; thoughts are confus'd;  
Horror and glory now possession take;  
New visions to my darknesse are infus'd:  
Like *Delpho's* mayd, I find a mightie worke;  
My heart with more than it selfe doth resolue;  
What I thinke, speake, or doe, is not mine owne.  
I feele what made me wish my brothers fall,  
And finde *what mischief* gets, *it goes withall*.  
His safety now, I see, my safety is;  
And honor you, that haue procured this.

*Mahomet*. A blessed worke, if it be wrought within.

*Alaham*. It is no worke: it is a heauenly blisse,  
Which perfect be, as soone as they beginne.  
Spite! (thou Impostume of aspiring hearts,  
Whose nature is, that if the bagge remaine,  
The wicked humors straight will fill againe)  
I will lay open thee, and all thy arts:  
It is no shame to say we were amisse,  
Since man doth take his name of that he is.  
Thy life is sought: Nay more, thy death is sworne.



*Mahomet.* By whom? *Alah.* By them that hate, because they loue.

And eithers kindnesse doe in mischiefe proue.

*Mahomet.* What is my fault? *Alah.* That thou of fault are free.

*Mahomet.* What his reward? *Alah.* Their loue that malice thee.

*Mahomet.* Where lies my hope? *Alah.* To kill, or to be kill'd.

*Mahomet.* A wicked choice, where mischief is the best.

Is their delight in shedding guiltlesse blood?

*Alaham.* What moues the wicked else to hate the good?

*Mahomet.* Who be the men? *Alah.* I to my selfe am free;

But faith forbids to tell what others be.

*Mahomet.* Disperse these clouds: Secrecy is euils friend; Neutrality hath neuer noble end.

Tell me their names, that I my foes may know;

And you, with honor, from ill friendship goe.

*Alaham.* I witnesse take of these light-bearing starres;

Wherein the doomes are laid of mans desires;

No lacke of hope, or power, to conceale;

Remorse alone doth them, and me reueale.

My wife hath compass'd *Caine* so cunningly

As he hath sworne you, by his hand, shall dye.

*Mahomet.* Vncredible it is to thinke men neuer change; To thinke they alter easily, is as strange.

Vpon what grounds should this strange malice moue?

*Alaham.* Vpon what grounds doe men beginne to loue?

*Mahomet.* What moued *Caine*? *Alah.* That which I may not see:

For they loue well that doe in hate agree.

*Mah.* Are truth and friendship but ambitious traps; To feed desire with all that she can get?

Are words, and good turnes but hearts counterfeit?

*Alaham.* When enemies bid enemies take heed,

They trust not them, and yet they will beware;

For disadvantage growes of little care.

Resolue



Resolue to die ; or else resolue to feare.

*Mahomet.* Good Angells still protect the innocent :  
Hell would haue all , if harme were ill intent.

*Alah.* Mischiefe still hides her selfe from them she hits ;  
In hopes, and feares of vnresolving wits.

*Mahomet.* I well know *Caine* : his nature to excesse  
Of good, or ill, is forc'd by industrie :  
In others spite lies his impietie.

Appease your wife : for that must lie in you.

*Alaham.* Call vp the dead ; for that is lesse to doe.  
A womans hate is euer dipt in blood ,  
And doth exile all counsells that be good.

*Mahomet.* Reason and truth shall pleade to her for me.

*Alaham.* The eyes of rage it selfe doe only see ;  
And truth serues vnto rage, but for a glasse  
To decke her selfe in, and bring spite to passe.  
Reason to rage is like hands to a sore ,  
Whose often stroking makes the anguish more.

*Mahomet.* Impossible all counsell doth refuse.

*Alaham.* Let *Caine* be kill'd : and then my wife accuse.

*Mahomet.* My heart shall first take counsell with my  
fate :

If it foretell the worst, it teacheth feare ;  
If it diuines no ill, how can it hate ?  
If what shall fall it feesles not, I must beare.  
The time growes on : The King (I know) makes haste  
To sacrifice to God : For common ioyes  
Are made much dearer by the sorrowes past.

## CHORVS PRIMVS, Of good Spirits.

**W**E that are made to guard good men, and  
binde the ill,  
See both miscarried here below, against our  
power, and will.

As if the earth, and hers, were to the worst left free,



And we made subiect, by their curse, to deaths blacke Colonie.

Yet is our Maker strong, and we his first Creation ;  
Wheras the state of that darke Quire is meerly our priuation.

Whence doth this ods then grow, which seemes to master all ;

Since we are more than nature is, they much lesse, by their fall ?

Are we not diligent, or is the good not wise ?

Shoves *Truth* lesse glorious in the earth, than her ill picture *Lies* ?

Then Audit vs in grosse ; at least we equall be :

And if in minutes men seeke out true inequality ;

Compare words with the life, Eternity with time ;

Insulting pride with humble loue, pure innocence with crime :

And if these in their natures equally be weigh'd,

The one liues euer building vp, what others haue decay'd.

So that to make and marre, is our true difference ;

To marre, expressing finite power, to make, omnipotence.

The obiekt then it is, from whence this oddes doth grow,

By which the ill o'weighs the good in euery thing below.

And what is that but Man ? A crazed soule, vnfix'd ;

Made good, yet fall'n, not to extremes, but to a meane betwixt :

Where (like a cloud) with windes he tofs'd is here, and there,

We kindling good hope in his flesh ; they quenching it with feare.

We with our abstract formes, and substance bodilesse ;

Image by glaunces into him our glories, their distresse.

And in prospectiue Maps make ill farre off appeare,

Lest it should worke with too great power, when it approacheth neare.

Beauties againe of *Truth* (which those ill spirits conceale)

With *Optike* glasses we reflect on man to kindle zeale.

But whether idle man, exceeding orders frame,

(As



(As out of heauen iustly cast) must *Vulcan*-like goe lame ;  
Or that those euill spirits so dazle humane eyes ,  
As they thinke foule forbidden things more beautifull ,  
more wise ;

Wee see, though they want power to change our reall  
frame,

Yet in the world they strue to gaine , by changing of our  
name:

Calling the Goodnesse, weake ; Patience, a lacke of sense,  
Or seeming not to feele, because it dares make no defence.

True Pietie in Man, which vpward doth appeale,  
They doe deride , as argument of little strength, much  
zeale.

And as the Painters art , by deeping colors there ,  
Here sleighting o're , and finely casting shadowes euery  
where,

Makes from a flat, a face shew off , as if imboss'd ;  
In which the forme, not matter, is the summe of all his cost :  
So take these Fayries from, or adde vnto our meane,  
With arts fine casting shadows , till they seeme to change  
vs cleane ;

And make a picture which they couet should excell ;  
And which yet, to be like, must lose the life of doing well.  
This image is their wit, and so their Deitie,  
Which though not keeping one shape long , in all would  
worship'd be.

In precept, doctrine , rite , and discipline agree'd,  
That , but prosperity on earth , there is no liuing Creed :

Out of which fatall guide *Alaham* now vndertakes  
The ruine of his King, and father , for ambitions sake ;  
Against the lawes of Nations , power, and natie blood ;  
As if the vttermost of ill a Scepter could make good.  
But marke how Vice still makes example her owne fate ;  
For with like mischiefe *Hala* shakes both him , and his  
Estate.

He in his fathers bowels seeks an earthly Throne ;  
Whence she supplants his heires againe with bastards of  
her owne.

He makes wrong triumph ouer right, and innocence ;  
She



She makes her lust religions lord , confusion her defence.  
 Thus , as that Tyrant who cut off the *Statues* head,  
 Which bare the name of *Iupiter Olympian* christened ;  
 Euen by this scornfull act to what was God in name ,  
 Taught people to encroch vpon the sacred Monarch-frame:  
 So while the o'reswoll'n pride of this *Mahumetan* ,  
 By wounding of his Princely race , playes false with God  
 and man ;

He in it doth disperse those clouds of reuerence,  
 Which betweene man , and Monarchs Seate keep sweet  
 intelligence ;

And while he would be lord of order, nature , right,  
 Brings in disorder, that deuouring enemy of might,  
 Which with her many hands vnweaues what time had  
 wrought,

And proues, what power obtaines by wrong, is euer dearly  
 bought.

So that our grieve and ioy is in this Tragedy ,  
 To see the ill, amongst her owne, act vnprosperity;  
 The corne fall to the ground , the chaffe in siues remaine,  
 Which of the corne was once , and yet cannot be corne a-  
 gaine.

But as their ancient mates the sudden-kindled Windes,  
 Broken out of the watry clouds , wherein they were en-  
 shrin'd;

Afflict the sturdy Oke, are heavy to the Reed;  
 And equally spend out theselues with good or euill speed:  
 So of these windy spirits , which wander in the ayre ,  
 By their malignity to blast , both what is foule , and faire ;  
 Whether they prosper doe , or faile in their intent ,  
 Their vglinessse disclosed is, their violence is spent:  
 While we vphold the world, and were we all but one ,  
 By Legions of those Angels curs'd , could not be ouer-  
 throw'n'd.

Yet among stories, as the Authors winne no praise,  
 Which *truly* write; but they who time with flatteries doe  
 please :

So in mans muddy soule, the meane doth not content,  
 Nor equally the two extremes; but that which fits his bent.  
 This



This makes some soare, and burne; some stoope, and wet  
their wings;

And some againe commit excesse, euen in indifferent  
things.

*For who maintaines one vice to multiply another,  
Incestuously begets more heyres vpon his owne first mother.*

And in *Venerian* acts, as Concubine, and wife,  
Only expresse that difference which pictures do from life;  
The act being all in one, and but the same in all,

Saue that the bondage of the vice delighteth to enthrall:

So in mans choice, suppose this ends indifferent:

The good, and ill, like equall wayes; yet will the worst  
content.

*Actus secundus: Scena prima.*

HALA alone.

**H**ALA. I will no more smother confusedly  
This inward warre, where modesty and shame  
Would subiect sense to duties Tyrannie:

Wronged with doubt I liue; a wife to lust,

A stranger both to honor, loue, and trust.

My friends despis'd, my seruants made my spies;

No way, but by betraying me, to rise.

Is this the only right of womanhood?

Then know base Men, in whom all loue is lost,

*That wit moues wit; power, feare; feare, hate;*

*No farther bondage hath a wifes estate.*

While *Mahomet*, that faithlesse hypocrite,

Canker of loue, All-ill in one, that man

Shew'd loue to me;

*Alaham* was wroth, an husbands honour touch'd;

He vile, I worse: the eyes of Iealousie

Seeing her owne disease in him, and me.

But since this wretch, with his aspiring craft,

To *Alaham* hath falsly sold my shame,



My iniuries and dishonours are his fame :  
 And shall this traffike of ambition thrive,  
 And bury vs in modesty aliue ?  
 No *Caine* : For thy example I resolute  
 To study spite, and practise cruelty :  
*Scorne else will grow their sport, our falls their fame,  
 That glory to deceiue, and ioy in shame.*

But what means this ? *Alaham* hastes to the Crowne ;  
 He tries, moues, breakes all that will not be bowed ;  
 Those only stand which helpe his father downe.  
 Wife is a priuate name: *Ambitions wayes  
 Lie not within the bounds of loue, but vse :*  
 When things are ripe, I must be ouerthrowne.  
 And shall I lose my selfe in idle lust ?  
 Each Vassall is as great as Queenes in it.  
*Princes haue strength, they erre for Empire must.*  
 What feare I then ? *Fame that is great, is good :*  
 Hazard all men behold with reuerent eyes ;  
 And must we only in remorse be wise ?  
 No, no : My heart, and State doe more embrace :  
 Purple shall hide my lust, a Crowne my shame :  
 Passion with passions hath such vnity,  
 As one must euer be anothers frame.  
 Beyond the truth I am in louing *Caine* :  
 The monuments of lust are *secrecy,*  
*Suspition, shame, remorse, aduersity,*  
 If *Caine* be King ; the wayes to that are *change,*  
*wrong, hazard, care, ruine, confusion, blood ;*  
*Poore thoughts, that feare, or rest, haue neuer good.*  
 My partie's strong : I build vpon the vice,  
 Question the yoke of Princes, husband, law ;  
 My good successe breakes all the links of awe.  
 Then Chance ! be thou my friend : Desire ! my guide.  
 My heart extended is to great attempts,  
 Which, if they speed, eternize shall my fame ;  
 If not, 'tis glory to excell in shame.

Loe where my Husband comes ! Now reason must  
 Disguise these passions, lest I lose my end ;  
*who hides his minde is to himselfe a friend.*



*Actus secundus : Scena secunda.*

Hala , Alaham.

**H** Ala. King of my selfe ! Redeemer of our fame !  
What secret clouds doe ouercast your heart ?  
*Counsell*, and *time* doe both worke one effect,  
And either *cure*, or *cleare* what we suspect.

Alah. My wounds can haue no cure; my feares haue cast  
Nature, and truth into afflictions moulds;  
The workes of time , and counsell both are past.  
*When hearts once from themselves are runne astray,*  
*Chance must their guide be, violence their way.*

Hala. Chance is not cast in moulds , like other *Arts*,  
Her counsell is but the hope of rashnesse be ;  
Advice did neuer any man betray :  
*If truth be luckie , counsell is the way.*

Alaham. If counsell be the guide of vndertaking,  
Our powers best with our owne wits doe agree,  
Where both the meanes, and ends together be.

Hala. Who trusts his passion multiplies his care ;  
*All paines within , all cures without vs are.*

Alaham. If you captiued be I speake withall ,  
Then from my passion into yours I fall.

Hala. My state of minde, good will, and homage is ;  
My being, reuerence ; my end, your will ;  
Selfe-loue it selfe payes tribute vnto this.

Alah. If loue haue power to leaue, and breake her vow ;  
How can I trust to that you promise now ?  
If loue change not ; how can I trust , and know ,  
That you loue *Mahomet*, my ouerthrow ?

Hala. His place deseru'd respect, his vertue praise ;  
Our freedome, not inhibited by you,  
Found many things indifferent to doe.

Alaham. *Forbidding* is the prison of the thought ;  
A violence which on themselves they draw ,  
That inwardly of nothing stand in awe.



But marke the end : he first despiseth thee,  
 Then triumphs in thy once forsaken loue;  
 Proclaimes deceit to be thy state of mind,  
 Vncompetible, vnpossible to finde.  
 So as if I should rule this glorious Throne,  
 You ruling me (as he assumes you doe)  
 The State and I at once were ouerthrowne.

*Hala.* Good nature then (I see) is not the art,  
 With which a womans *honor* safe may goe  
 Through hollow seas of mans dissembling heart.  
 His faithlesnesse yet doth this good to me,  
 That I may freely hate all men, but thee.

*Alaham.* Hate is the band of *furie* in the heart,  
 Without reuenge, no more but sense of smart.

*Hala.* Hate is the print of *iniurie* violent,  
 Only in ruine, and reuenge content.

*Alaham.* Reuenges, in your sex, dishonor be;  
 And in your strength, impossibilitie.  
*Impatience only doth with God make warre.*

*Hala.* *Furie findes armes*; wrong hath ill destinie;  
 While God is, it is basenesse to despaire:  
 For *right* more credit hath than *power* there.

*Alaham.* Yet God, and kings vse wisdome in their might;  
 Reward, and grace doe from their *owne* hands part;  
 They *others* vse for instruments of spite.

*Hala.* Whom can we vse? Since he w<sup>h</sup> hate is great,  
 And we disgrac'd: Who hazard will his State  
 With him, that for his owne good must intreat?

*Alaham.* *Aspirers* are not voyd of *riuall* hate:  
 If any enuy him, or loue our right,  
 Reuenge lies there; *their lines desire Art.*

*Hala.* Of God I aske it, and in men will moue,  
 As much as can be wrought with hope, or loue.  
 But *men vncertaine* are, blowne here, and there,  
 With loue, remorse, feares which in frayltie liue;  
*who need forgiuenesse, easily doe forgiue.*

The heart which feeles, most liuely can expresse  
 Reuenge, that picture of his guiltinesse.

*Alaham.* Ruine, the *power* (not *art*) of Princes is:

*Caine*



*Caine* is ingag'd as deep as we in this.

*Hala*. The wounds are mine ; to me belongs reuenge ;  
Sense my aduifer is ; you Sir, my end :

What needs a womans passion more to friend ?

*Alaham*. *Mischiefe* ! now claime thy due. *Malice* ! feare  
not,

To offer all thy sleights to wicked wits ;

*Ruine lights not amisse where ere it hits.*

My engines worke, care is already past ;

My hopes arise out of these *Basshas* blood :

If both , my wish ; if either dye, my good.

*Hala* ! Good fortunes are together linkt ;

Thy faith stirres vp new light within my minde :

Behold , the Throne descends to take me vp.

*Antiquitie* , in her vnenuied wombe ,

Now offers vs the fatall president

Of sixteene Kings , my Predecessors, all

Blinded, and then depos'd by *Basshas* hand :

So tickely vnworthinesse doth stand.

Doth wit, and courage only rest in slaues ?

Hath hazard ought more horrible than scorne ?

Haue I occasions sure, and shall I stay

To giue all, but my miserie, away ?

No *Hala* , No : Thy dowrie shall be fame ;

Thy stile, a Crowne ; thy prospect , reuerences

The East shall doe thee honor in my name.

Out shall my fathers, and my brothers eyes ;

*Authority is only for the wise.*

But since these mighty workes haue many parts ,

And I but one , which one cannot doe all ;

Ile send thee *Caine* : keepe firme vpon your strengths.

*Beauty, and honor, natures Scepters be,*

*And haue on mens desires authority. Exit.*

*Hala*. Now *Hala* , seeke thy sex ; lend scorn'e thy wit ,

To worke new patterns of Reuenges in.

Let rage despise to feed on *private* blood ;

Her honor lies *aboue* , where danger is,

In Thrones of Kings , in vniuersall woe.

Worke that which *Alaham* may enuie at ,



And men with theirs ; that Ill it selfe may tremble.  
 Monstrous, incredible, too great for words.  
 Keepe close, and adde to furie with restraint ;  
 Doe not breake forth vntill thou breakest all.

Is Wrong so proud ? Shall Man once dare to fashion  
 A Womans ruine, in a womans passion ?  
*Husband* ! most odious name : scorne of subiection.  
 Is loue to women but your rage of thoughts ?  
 Are your desires let blood by your enioying ? Ah fooles !  
 We see your lusts relent, you see not ours ;  
 And from that change aduantage hath her powers.  
 But on : Still vse thy craft ; Thy strength lies there.  
*Ignorance* , that sometimes makes the hypocrite,  
 Wants neuer mischiefe ; though it oft want feare :  
 For while thou thinkst faith made to answer wit ,  
 Obserue the iustice that doth follow it.

*Caine* , *Mahomet* , and me thou hat'st alike ;  
 For vnlike cause , and craftie wayes do't take ;  
 That each may ruin'd be for others sake.  
 Shall I , for thee, hazard *Caines* life I loue ?  
 And weigh downe my affection with my hate ?  
*Can highest thoughts haue any thing aboue ?*

Ah ! but perchance my safety in the blood  
 Of *Mahomet* doth rest , the good of *Caine* :  
 Then were it losse to make occasion vaine.

And shall I looke but only to be safe ?  
 Can Iniurie and Malice adde no more ?  
 Ah coward sex ! faint, shallow Passion  
 Farre from me be : A worke that no age dares  
 Allow, yet none conceale, I must attempt.  
*Furie* ! then spurre thy selfe , *embedlam* wit ;  
 Poyson my thoughts, to make my reason see  
 Pleasure in crueltie , Glorie, in spite :  
*Rage to exceed examples doth delight.*

*Thoughts* ! doe you blush ? To *Alaham* what's ill ?  
 His death ? O barren wit , and sandie rage !  
 No marble pillars, no enamells rich,  
 Buried in silence , worne away with age,  
 Are furies that no greater plagues deuise :



*Horrors they be that haue eternities.*

What faith my heart? Grow millions out of one?  
 Both passion leaue her infancie by vse?  
 And shall I, by the death of *Mahomet*,  
 More skill, at least more *crueltie* beget?  
 Then let him die. But can I venture *Caine*,  
 And leaue misfortune power ouer loue?  
 Triumphs to *Alaham*, if both be slaine?

Ah sleepey Sexe! how slow is their progression,  
 That would exactly measure *infinite*,  
 By tender feares, or minutes of delight?

Then *Hala*, leaue this circle of selte-loue.  
 Beginne; goe on: hate must stride ouer feare.  
*who are secure,*

*And nothing venture, all things must endure.*

For *Alaham*, that traytors ouerthrow,  
 My rage is yet too yong to worke vpon:  
 What to resolue of him I dare not thinke,  
 Till this great frame, wherein our fortunes lie,  
 Be surer linkt vnto prosperitie.

Then shall occasion horrors strange deuise;  
*Fooles only lose their ends to tyrannize.*

*Actus secundus; Scena Tertia.*

*Caine Bassha, Hala.*

**C***Aine.* Princessse of me! I finde care in your face,  
 Woe smothered vp; I came to know your will;  
 Nothing which you command me can be ill.

*Hala.* That which I least did feare is fall'n on me,  
 Wrong and mishap; which needing others loue,  
 Makes them vnlouely that vnhappy be.  
 From Kings themselues when fortune turnes her face;  
 Then need they most, yet least may vse their *owne*.  
 So dearly Mans *vnthankfulnesse* is knowne,

*Caine*



*Caine.* What is the cause that makes you thus accuse  
The world of faults, your selfe of inward feare?

*Hala.* The little faith which all the world doth vse;  
The iniuries which strength of heart must beare:  
*Enui'd* of all, if it be set *aboue*;  
If *humble*, then too low for men to *loue*.

*Caine.* Doe not forsake your selfe: For they that doe;  
Offend, and teach the world to leaue them too.

*Mortall* our God shall be; the *truth* shall *lie*;  
*Darkenesse* shall see her selfe; *fame* lose her *voyce*;  
Er'e I will leaue my *loue*, or my *loue* you:

*Afflictions* wounds *affection* doe renew.

*Hala.* Perchance you loue both those I hate, and *me*;  
*Affections* then against *affection* be.

Perchance a vow, good turnes, and good beleefe  
Are mists betweene your *loue*, and my releefe.

*Caine.* You know I loue: speake plaine, and doe not  
feare,

That *reason* other is than *kindnesse* there.

*Hala.* Then heare: and if my iudgement you disproue,  
You shall haue cause to thinke I trust, and loue.

*Mahomet* the faultie is, his faults be these:

*Enuious* of thee, to my loue treacherous;

The King must lose his sight, his Crowne, his Sonne

This wickednesse hath *Mahomet* begunne.

*Caine.* O hell! and is thy seate in fleshly hearts?

Be mans ill *thoughts* his owne ill *spirits* become?

I well can thinke that *Mahomet* aspires;

For *loue* of *greatnesse* may with *goodnesse* goe:

But cannot thinke that he our death conspires.

Perchance he seekes to doe your brother Right,

Which makes our owne desires to doe vs spite.

*Hala.* *Mischiefe* that may be help'd, is hard to know;  
And *danger* going on still multiplies.

*Caine.* Let care as fast then adde vnto her eyes.

*Hala.* Where harme hath many wings, care armes too late:

*Caine.* *Hastie* attempts make chance precipitate.

What shall I doe? *Hal.* Go forward in thy feare:

*Danger* doth giue thee choice to doe, or beare.

*Caine.*



*Caine.* My loue of him , and truth, doe make me loth  
To thinke them wrong'd: And shall I wrong them both?

*Hala.* The good beleefe of mankinde is a sea  
Where honor drownes , iniquitie goes free ;  
Whose thoughts (like failes) for euery weather be.

*Caine.* With shaking thoughts no hands can draw a  
right :

*True hearts , to doe vnnobly, haue no sp'rit.*

*Hala.* The feare of some , is guilt with honestie ;  
Others, with loue ; thine, with false noblenesse.  
Yet thinke not (Coward) wit can hide the shame  
Of hearts, which while they dare not strike for feare,  
Would make it vertue in them to forbear.

No *Caine* : In men we women, when we loue,  
Aske faith , and heart. Our selues haue feare, and wit.  
In loue how can thy soule , and mine agree ?  
I seeke reuenge , thou preachest pietie.

*Caine.* More easie motions gentle hearts receiue :  
His fault was grear ; yet you may haue redresse  
In State, and honor, without such excesse.

*Hala.* Excesse the reason is , and meane of loue ;  
And in the same excesse is malice ioy'd :  
I would be safe , and yet haue him destroy'd.

*Caine.* If leaue , or lest the fate of kindnesse be ,  
By his example, what becomes of me ?

*Hala.* If blinde to all, but to it selfe, be loue ;  
Whence doe your vowe, or whence this question moue?  
Since the true state of true affection is  
Wonder, at others worth ; Faith, without hire,  
Vnwearied Paine ; vnrecompens'd Desire.

*Caine.* Great hearts thus giuen away, in prison are ;  
Their strength, their bands, and good beleefe, their smart:  
*Loue neuer seuers reason from the heart.*

*Hala.* My shame againe then unto me impart ;  
Restore my faith ; and I doe render thee  
Those faithlesse vowe, which thou hast made to me.  
For since , I see, the spungie hearts of men  
Their hollowes gladly fill with womens loue,  
And nothing yeeld to them vn-crush't againe :



*What nature workes 'tis folly to complaine.*

*Mahomet*, that wretch, hath done me iniurie;

He left my loue, and he my life hath fought:

*Caine*! Live at ease; fame is an idle breath;

My body is enough 'twixt thee, and death.

*Caine*. Distract I am: my reason (like a cloud;  
Before a winters storme) rides here, and there:

Like reedes, my thoughts are straight and crooked too;

With diuers breaths, which diuers passions blow.

Against the streame of truth must loue still goe?

Resolv'd I am that *Mahomet* shall die.

*Hala*. Shame spake this word: danger appeares not yet?

Time, like a medicine, will assuage this paine;

And feare perchance bring backe good will againe.

*Caine*. It is not I that live in me, but you;

Whose will hath fashion'd all my thoughts anew.

*Hala*. Then on: when thoughts vnite all care is ceas'd;

The heart, unfetter'd and the hope increas'd.

Out of his death I see occasion borne,

To greater power than needs to couer scorne.

For he the Iustice rules, you rule the Warre;

His death diuided powers will vnite:

And in a broken course where dangers be,

Only the Crowne can put off miserie.

*Caine*. Farre be it off, our hopes should be so vaine;

Our secret loue already tempteth God;

Towarre him more with infidelity;

Would hasten vengeance, and make sharpe his rod.

*Hala*. God made strict lawes for vertues exercise;

An idle word, a wish transgresseth them:

Yet in a Throne remorse hath glorious eyes.

*Alaham* doth vndermine the present State:

When he corrupted hath the peoples faith,

Thou hast the sword: authority makes way,

Her hand is next when Crownes become a prey.

*Caine*. We God and man will first trie with the death

Of *Mahomet*: If that doe passe for good,

Hope easily makes occasion vnderstood.

*Hala*. The end agree'd, the meane is yet in doubt.

*Caine*, By



*Caine.* By sword. *Hala.* That will be easie to delerie;  
Danger to misse; and hard to doe without.

*Caine.* By poyson then; wherof though doubts may  
grow,  
*What one alone may doe, is hard to know.*

*Hala.* It often failes: For instruments are base;  
*Slaves haue too slavish hearts; a Basshas name*  
Is like a superstitious hallowed place.  
Men must be forc'd, or wise that force the same.

*Caine.* By these two hands, that will not faile their heart,  
It shall be wrought.  
If poyson misse, the sword shall compasse it:  
*When chances often scape, at last they hit.*

*Hala.* Fortune, and Love! Both Gods of humane might,  
You like aduent' re, see it rightly plac'd:  
You liue in kindnesse, see it not disgrac'd. *Exit.*

*Caine.* What I haue vow'd, both God, and Nature hate;  
My heart misgiues; my soule doth prophecie,  
That *euill thoughts procure an euill fate.*  
But ah! my loue I gaue, and it gaue me.  
The choice is past: Thoughts now must thinke to doe  
Not what I freely am, but forc'd vnto.

*Actus secundus: Scena quarta.*

Mahomet; Caine.

**M**ahomet. Who euer haue obseru'd the worke of  
spirits  
May see how easily men slide downe to ill.  
The world hath strange examples, false delights,  
Which make our senses nets to catch our will.  
*Who then with men for every fault falls out,*  
*Must hate himsele, and all the world about.*  
Behold! the man I speake of doth appeare:  
Retire aside, stand close, marke what succeeds:  
His owne destruction, or else mine he breeds.

H

*Caine!*



*Caine* ! what is it , that thus your minde distracts ?  
*Counsell*s of *honour* alter not the face ;  
 Hearts only thinke with paine of doubtfull acts .

*Caine* . In care they liue that must for many care ;  
 And such the best , and greatest euer are .

*Mah* . They purchase care vnto themselues , that know  
 The weight of care ; and yet will it imbrace .  
 If care be grieuous , why vsurpe you so ?

*Caine* . I liue but to obey the Princes will .

*Mahomet* . That is , to cherish Prince in their ill :  
 For they must flatter good , and euill too ,  
 That vnder Princes all alone will doe .

*Caine* . As sweetest vapors couet to the skie :  
 So faith , and dutie after Princes runne ;  
*Ill nature neuer can indure a Sunne* .

*Mahomet* . Flatterie so like in all to dutie showes ;  
 But finelier drest in diligence , and care ,  
 As Kings best plea'd , that most deceiu'd , are .

*Caine* . Harsh spirit hates them , that do not hate with it ,  
 Miscensures all the world to seeme seuerer ;  
 Bindes honestie and truth to haue now wit ;  
 These ill-fac'd vertues not of nature be ,  
 But peeuishnesse , true honors enemy .

*Mahomet* . A iust , seuerer , and vniuersall care  
 Of people , shorne by Princes favorites ,  
 To spies of Tyrannie vnpleasing is ;  
 Which euer , like ambitious *Adamants* ,  
 So fast from people draw to Princes States ,  
 As in the end they must draw vp their hares .

*Caine* ! then take heed of your selfe-seeking plot ,  
 Engrossing offices , aspiring all ;  
 For it offends euen those it toucheth not .  
 Nor is it only this that hazards you ;  
*Ill neuer goes alone , if fame say true* .

*Caine* . Is fame to censure vs that liue aboue ,  
 And must sell iustice , if we purchase loue ?

*Mahomet* . Fame is the peoples voyce , to tell their grieve ;  
 Appealing from inferiors to the chiefe .  
 If falsely you , and *Hala* , fame abuse ;



Infamie for nothing men vnwisely chuse:  
If fame speake truth, which you would not haue knowne,  
Griene to deserue, but not to beare your owne.

*Caine.* What doe I, that the world can well reprove?

*Mahomet.* Vniustly suffer, or vniustly loue.

*Caine.* Suffer I doe; for infamie is there,  
Where either malice, enuie is, or feare.

*Loue* I confesse I doe; And what is it,  
But *natures taxe*, layd vpon good intent,  
For right, and honor vnto excellent?

*Mahomet.* Reason must iudge of loue, not loue of it;  
Else shall loue ground of euery mischiete be:

For *murther, theft, adultery, and spite,*  
Are but *loue of reuenge*, and *others right*.

Ah *Caine!* my heart is rackt with inward grieffe,  
Iustice hath partie there, and so hath loue:  
They both haue wounds, and yet they both haue life;  
The one suppressing what the other moues.

I will speake plaine: *Hala*, thou do'st abuse,  
And stayn'st the Princes line with seruile lust:  
Wherin proud courage, match'd with guiltinesse,  
Adds wrong to wrong; and to or'e-build complaint,  
Affects that greatnesse which makes faults seeme lesse.

*Caine!* weigh thy course: „ Ambitions gilded spheres  
„ Are like to painted hells, which please the eyes,  
„ Euen while they shew the heart where horror lies,  
Her gilded Throne built on the ruine is  
Of Fame, of true Religion, and of Law:

*The labor's great that all the world must draw.*  
The second place, which with this King you hold,  
Yeelds feare vnfearefull, greatnesse well secur'd:

*who stand, or fall with Kings, stand well assur'd.*  
*where men that wrongfully aspire a Crowne,*  
*while they looke upward euer tumble downe.*

Besides, thy bloudy plots discover'd be  
To worke my death; did not the Powers aboue  
Restraine both ill mens malice, and their loue.

*Caine.* Let this beare witnesse: No false prophets know,  
The time, or manner of their ouerthrow.



*Mahomet.* Nay let thy life, in his power thou wouldst kill,

*Proue, God gives seldome good successe to ill.*  
Behold! Euen Natures iust accusing spies  
Now make thy face blush forth thy guiltinesse;  
*Remorse begets strange contrarieties:*

Confusions warre of good, and ill, I see,  
At once contending for the victorie.

But *Caine!* hold fast these sparks, they be of truth.  
These smokes will passe, and light appeare againe;  
*Shame past, is honor; Error is vertues booke,*  
*where knowledge doth aboue temptation looke:*

*Caine.* What vgly musicke inward discords make?  
Thoughts layd asleepe of long doe now appeare;  
Euen halfe my power coniures me for his sake.  
What's this? Me hinkes I feele my shame grow deare.  
Hate of my selfe, and desolation breed,  
Where ioy, and pleasure I was wont to feed.

*Mahomet.* who lose their euils, lose their owne despaire;  
Out of which losse new hopes of honor rise,  
To show the world desire with better eyes.

*Caine.* What can I hope? My fruit of better wit  
Is but to know I fayl'd for lacke of it.  
Shame is in that I leaue, and that I doe:  
The fault is only mine; and onely I,  
A sacrifice vnto you all, will die.

*Mahomet.* Fauour thy selfe: Passions are desperate;  
And tempt with vncouth woe, as well as ioy.  
*It euill is that glories to destroy;*  
Her, and her counsells kill, and I agree;  
For she is foe alike to thee, and me.

*Caine.* That is destroy my selfe; and I consent:  
For all any thoughts to thee were euill bent.

*Mahomet.* *Caine!* credit not those visions of the ill.  
*Faults are in flesh, as moles be in the Sunne,*  
Where light doth shew each little thing amisse.  
*Presumption, and despaire liue opposite,*  
As times false glasses, wherein frailties see,  
Their faults too great, or else too little be.



But iudge the man from whom these motions grow.

*Alaham* ambitious is, light, violent;  
His end but to surprise his fathers state:  
Vnto which end, no lets there are but we;  
Who wonne, remou'd, or ruined must be.  
He first tried me with riualle ielousie,  
Shewing me hope, and honour in the start  
Besides reuenge, by thy death offering me,  
Of our diuided powers an vnitie.

But I stood firme. While he no whit dismay'd,  
Tempts thee more strongly, whom he hateth more;  
Resolu'd *who euer kills, shall killed be*:  
So much the faithlesse ioy in cruelty.

*Caine.* „ Mischiefe o'reflowes my thoughts, & like a sea;  
„ Deuoures the dewes, the raine, the snow, the springs;  
„ And all their sweetnesse to his saltnesse brings.  
How should I ground a faith, that faithlesse know  
My selfe to be? Or *why should he mistrust,*  
*On whom the worst that can befall is iust?*

*Mahomet.* Who liue distrusting, yet haue time to friend;  
But who mistrusting die, make haste to goe  
To that internall Monarchie of feare,  
Where worse things come to passe, than doubted were.

*Caine.* *Mahomet!* Thou hast o'recome: I yeeld, by thee  
To hold my life, as sentence of my fall;  
Thy worths example, no life naturall.

Yet grant me thus-much more; to keepe thee close,  
Till I thy death to *Alaham* impart;  
*Conceit it selfe doth ease a broken heart.*

*Mahomet.* Grant me againe, while secretly I liue,  
You guard your selfe from *Alahams* treacherie;  
Lest you haue harme; he, ioy; I, infamie. *Exit.*

*Caine.* Behold my state! bound to my enemies;  
Of friends in doubt. To me euengood, and ill,  
The one despayre, the other cowardize.

*Hala I loue:* O word beyond the right,  
On which is built that false thought, *Libertie*,  
Which makes great hearts in greatest ills delight.  
I sought her loue through all the arts of lust;

Where



Where will, is faith; and honour, Tyrannie;  
 Mischiefe, affections prooffe; and shame, her trust.  
*Hard, backe from ill, the way to goodnesse is,*  
 By scorne, remorse, patience, and broken heart,  
 Impossible to them that doe amisse.  
 Then on: walke in this path of death, or shame;  
*Alaham* is false, or *Mahomet*, or I;  
 Resolu'd I am, that one of vs shall die.

CHORVS SECVNDVS,  
 Of Furies:

Malice. Crafte. Pride. Corrupt rea-  
 son. Euill Spirit.

**M** Alice. Whence growes this fatall stay of our pro-  
 gression?

*who haue no friends are deafe to intercession?*  
 What can withstand our power? Our ends are euill;  
 And so need feare no let from any Diuell.

*Craft.* We diuerse are in works, though not in ends;  
 And thereby euery *Furie* findes some friends.  
 Besides, we ouer-act, and therein foyle  
 The ruine of Mankinde, wherein we toyle.

*Malice.* Giue me one instance: wherein doe we fayle?

*Craft.* In that we mankind vnto fame entayle.

*Malice.* That breakes Religions bounds, and makes him  
 ours;  
 By forming his God out of his owne powers:  
 For if by Conscience he did leaue, or take;  
 On that smooth face we could no wrinkle make.

*Craft.* Yet fame keepes outward order, and supports:  
 For shame and honour are strong humane forts.  
 Whereas Confusion is an engine fit



For vs , at once to swallow man with it.

*Malice.* Nay *Craft* ! it is thy faint hypocrisie ,  
That mankinde is so long proteſted by.  
Thy often changes many times appeaſe  
Thoſe *Furies* , which would elſe deſtroy at eaſe.

*Craft.* Fye *Malice* ! It is you that vs deceiue,  
Whobut with violence only can bereaue.  
For which you finde not many natures fit ,  
And ſo adde little to our Throne by it.  
Where I paſſe thorough all the orbes of vice,  
And forme in each mould Natures preiudice.  
The *Chriſtian Church* from me is not exempt ;  
Lawes haue by me both honour and contempt ;  
By me the *warre* vpholds her reputation ;  
And *luſt* , which leaues no certaine generation ;  
*Enuy* , that hates all difference of degree ;  
And *ſeſe-loue* , which hath no affinity ;  
Euen you , without me , cannot prosper well :  
I am the mould , and Maieſty of hell.

*Pride.* *Craft* , peace ! thou cutteſt euery threed ſo thin ;  
As it deſtroyes thy works ere they beginne.  
Thy cobwebs , like th' *Aſtologers* thinne line ,  
Fit for diſcourſe , for uſe are ouer-fine.  
Thy ſtate is nothing elſe but *change* and *feare* ,  
Weeds that no *fruit* , but *fading bloſſomes* beare ,  
Cloth'd with pied colours of *hypocrisie* ,  
Which like to all is , yet can nothing be.  
In you no ſoule findes ſtayres to riſe withall ,  
Deſcent to craft , change , feare , being naturall.  
When I propound in groſſe , you minutes play ,  
Which is the cauſe our Tragicke works thus ſtay.  
My wheelles goe on at once , thine reſtleſſe pauſe ;  
Of little works , with much adoe , the cauſe.  
You euen in *Hala* ſometimes breed remorse ,  
At leaſt a doubt that euill hath no force.  
Thou makeſt *Caine* in vndertaking ſlow ,  
Who muſt , to ſerue thy turne , like goodneſſe ſhow :  
Thoſe Scenes ſtill tedious are , thoſe Acts too long ,  
Where thy vnreſolute Images be ſtrong.

For



For while you feare your true tormentor, *Shame*,  
I swallow all at once, with honors name.

Then glory not : since where thy links excell,  
There we enlarge not, but contract our hell.

*Corrupt reason.* Peace you base *Subalterns* ! and strive  
no more,

That but the *Carriers* be of my rich store.

Perchance you thinke me th' obiect of you all,  
And so no *Furie*, but the *Furies* thrall :

Where I giue forme, and stufte to make you worse ;

And so become your Lord, and not your Nurse.

I breake the banks of dutie, honor, fairh ;

And subiect am to no power, but to death :

Charge me ; I grant, Delayes grow out of wit :

And are not all your false webs wrought by it ?

To time I haue respect, to person, place ;

I crosse my selfe to giue my owne acts grace.

I am *Base* to you all, and so the chiefe,

Equall with truth, where I finde good beleefe.

I beare the weight of feare, the rage of lust,

With selfe-loue, enuy, malice, left in trust.

I calme Mans windy pride, distempered rage,

Giuing to each a shape for euery age.

Wrong I attire in purple robes of might,

That State may helpe it to be infinite.

And who is fitter here to rule you all,

Than I, that giue you being, by my fall ?

Know therefore all you shadow-louing *Spirits* !

Who haue no being, but in mans demerits,

That infinite desires, and finite power,

At once, can neuer all mankind deuoure.

Though men be all ours, and all we but one ;

The vice yet cannot build, or stand alone.

Be it mans weaknesse that doth interrupt,

Or some power else that cannot be corrupt ;

Or be there what there may be else aboue,

Which may, and will maintaine her owne by loue :

Yet haue we scope enough to marre this State ;

And to the euer being, what is late ?



As men in your names image vglynesse,  
 To checke beloued childrens wantonnesse,  
 When they would haue them doe things, or forbear;  
 And call you when they know you are not there:  
 So I enammell your deformity,  
 Making all your excesses like to me.

And that you may belecue this to be true;  
 We are not like: For what am I, but you?

*Euill Spirits. Reason!* You marre our Mart, by coueting  
 Not to be equall with vs, but our King.

For though you now like *Romane Augurs* be,  
 Who, but your staffe, haue no true myserie;  
 Yet doe you strue to rule, adde, or diminish;  
 And idly so protract what we could finish.

Else how could *Alaham*, or *Hala* stay  
 So long; from making to our ends a way?  
*Lusts open face* this Age will easily beare,  
 And hope here currant is to all, but feare.  
 Wrong needs no veile, where times doe tyrannize;  
 And what, but lacke of heart, is then vnwise;  
 Age hath descri'd those toyes to be but name,  
 Which in the worlds youth did beare reall fame;  
*Iustice, Religion, Honour, Humblenesse;*  
*Shaddowes*, which not well mixt, make beauty lesse.  
 They helpe to smother, not inlarge our fire,  
 By putting painted maskes on mans desire;  
 And giue time to vnactiue *Theorie*,  
 Which rage it selfe would not doe, were it free:  
 So that we, *Circe-like*, change men to beasts,  
 Which beasts turne men againe: Too base a crest  
 For vs, that would quite banish doing well;  
 And so at once change heauen and earth, to hell.

In which course, who doth well obserue each part,  
 Shall finde mankind to haue so strange a heart;  
 As being all ill, yet no one ill serues  
 To worke him to that mischiefe he deserues:  
 Feare, hope, desire, loue, courage being mixt  
 So nicely in him, as none can be fixt.  
 Which is our glorie: as for euery state



To haue a Tempter fitted, and a fate.  
*A feare* in Great men still, to lose their might;  
 And in the meane, *ambition* infinite;  
*Truth*, in the witty held but as a notion;  
*Honor*, the Old mans God; the Youths promotion.  
 All which opposing powers, yet doe agree  
 To werke corruption in humanity.  
 Then on: This time is ours: What need we haste?  
 Since till time ends, our raigne is sure to last.

*Actus tertius: Scena prima.*

ALAHAM alone.

**A** *Laham.* I march about the wits, and hearts of  
 men;  
 Chance at my feet, and power in my hand.  
 Now King indeed. *Obedience doth become*  
*Men, that can strength by wisdom overcome.*  
 It honour was, even worthy more than Crownes;  
 To passe the *Basshas* in aduenturing:  
 They were possesse, I dispossesse of all,  
 But liberty to liue, or dye a thrall.  
 Truth was in vaine; no peeing vp with might  
 For me I saw; I had too good a cause:  
*Counsell is slow, each minute infinite,*  
*when resolution to her ripenesse drawes.*

I saw corruption was the way to rise,  
 And with that shot I pierc'd their tyrannies.  
 Their guard I did corrupt. Base seruile spirits,  
 (I knew) lackt wit to see, or heart to beare  
 Temptation: For desire is infinite  
 In them, that wanting honour cannot feare.

Triall is made: The King I doe possesse:  
 My right is more; why should my hope be lesse?  
 And am I King? And doe my foes still liue?  
 Can wounded Greatnesse slumber in a Throne?  
 Or that be glory which I feele alone?



No, No: Let rigour speake, which all men heare:  
Life, is the worke of Nature; death, of Kings:  
Ruine it is, that reputation brings.

My Guard is strong; their first imployment is  
The murther of those men my father trusts;  
Not all; for that were cruelty, not wit:  
Some simple being, some indifferent sp'rits:  
Their ends, and honours being but delights.  
Others ambitious, rash, and violent,  
No inward strength of nature: or of grace;  
Of present power the noblest instruments.  
Transforme, and vse: *wit vertue doth exceed:*  
For it is all, or none, as men haue need.

Only my care is how the Plot should proue;  
Which for the *Basshas* now in ambush lies:  
My wife hath art and rage, which iointly moue  
Her head-strong spirits vnto cruelties.  
But if her craft serue not to plucke them downe,  
The sword wants not pretences for the Crowne.

My friends, and Mates! (You! vpon whom I lay  
My life, and honour, with this State, in trust)  
Be resolute; For *scruple doth betray*;  
Since all great works haue great examples must.  
Take *Assen*, *Zeraphus*, and *Velladoue*:  
*Blood asketh blood:* with rauine they did spoyle  
The people first; and now betray the Crowne.  
Reuenge your parents, Countrey-men, and kin:  
Blood here is iust, true honor, and no sinne.

The cancred *Calchas*, scourge of Tyrannies,  
Great master of deceit, Artisan of spoyle,  
The spie of faults, and spring of subsidies;  
Naked deliuer him into the Sea,  
To plague those faults it cannot wash away.

The rest to bonds, who though they want no spite;  
Their frailty yet for innocence shall stand.  
All else exile. Obey in euery thing:  
*They happy are that serue a rising King.*



*Actus tertius: Scena secunda.*

Caine, Alaham.

**C**aine. Plac'd in a Throne? Guarded? Ador'd?  
and Crown'd?

What meanes this change? These signes of Ma-  
iestie?

Goodnesse gets not so soone a great Estate:

*Mischiefe's foule way to Soueraignty:*

This secret haste is sure: all is imbound.

What shall I do? Hold on the course I meant? Why not?

The death of *Mahomet* will still content.

Thy will is done; and *Mahomet* is slaine.

*Alaham.* My minde misgaue it selfe; my thoughts did  
feare;

Yet knew I they of nothing guilty were.

By fate, or malice is the *Bassha* slaine?

*Caine.* By fate I thinke: for *Iustice* fatall is;

*As Gods bequest to them that doe amisse.*

*Alaham.* By suddaine death, by thunder, lightning, fire,  
Or by what other anger of the skie?

I pray thee shew how *Mahomet* did die.

*Caine.* By these hands that owe seruice to the State,

And by his blood haue made it fortunate.

*Alaham.* What execration did he dying vse

Against this violence of broken faith;

Which wounds good soules more than the bodies death?

*Caine.* In falling downe, these only words he spake:

„ Helpe people! helpe: My death your bondage brings:

„ Behold! these wounds receiue I for your sake;

„ Reward of them that friend you vnder Kings.

„ Vile *Caine*! that (like the Axe) do'st goe about,

„ To cut thy selfe an helue to weare thee out.

*Alaham.* Most wicked act! Could neither faith, nor law,

Reuerence of State, remorse of doing ill,

The paines of iustice, nor the hopes withdraw

Thy



Thy raging hand ?

And do'st thou thinke the world can suffer this ;  
That thou should'st glory to haue done amisse ?

*Caine.* Is thy desire growne wanton in her ioy ?  
Or do'st thou seeme to say thy wishes nay,  
More kindly in the end with them to play ?

*Alaham.* By fires of hell, which burne, and haue no light ;  
By those foule spirits which ill men only see ;  
I sweare thy death shall *Mahomet's* requite :

*Caine.* Vnto the world although I guilty be ;  
I did thy will : let me be cleare to thee.

*Alaham.* In vaine I should command his death by  
fleights,

That placed am vpon the fathers seat ;  
Where power can easlier doe things , than intreat.

*Caine.* *The State of Kings is large ; yet lacks in this ,  
That easie each thing, but not lawfull is.*

Besides , you then a second brother were ;  
Nor knew I , when this plot we did deuise ,  
You should see clearer by your father eyes.

*Alaham.* Rumor , complaints, and scornfull thoughts of  
power,

Are wayes of priuate hearts , that from below  
Misiudge those higher powers, they doe not know.

But now borne vp into a Princes Throne,  
Beneath I see that world of discontent ,  
Where error teacheth vse of punishment.

Away with him. Entreatie is in vaine :  
Thy death to him is due, whom thou hast flaine.

*Caine.* „ Ah fearefull friendships with superior powers !  
„ Whose two parts , they themselves , and their Estates,  
„ Diuide, or ioyne like nets ; and be the snare,  
„ Where loue , and feare to power entrapped are.

*Alaham!* aduow thy deed.

To constant wickednesse men honour beare,  
Where truth it selfe hath iniurie by feare.

*Alaham.* I say ; Let him be flaine. His fault is this,  
That *Mahomet* most trayterously he slew.

*Caine.* Stay Sir ! I say that he still lining is,

And



And my confession of my selfe vntrue.

*Alaham.* Traytor vnto thy selfe ! and false to me !  
 What riddles of contempt , and wicke nesse  
 Are these , which of thy selfe confessed be ?  
 If *Mahomet* be dead ; then shalt thou die :  
 For murther of thy friend deserues no lesse.  
 If *Mahomet* do liue ; yet shalt thou die:  
 For if no murther, scorne thou do'st confesse.  
 Away with him.

*Actus tertius: Scena tertia.*

Hala. Alaham.

**H** *Ala.* What tumult's this my Lord ? *Alah.* The  
 play of *Chance*,  
 Which without mischief nothing can aduance.

*Hala.* Yet good Sir ! tell me what this tumult is.

*Alaham.* The fall of him whose heart hath done amisse.

*Hala.* His name, and crime (sweet Lord) I long to know.

*Alaham.* *Report of mischief doth infect the heart,*  
 And wisdom bids they should in silence goe ;  
 For nature feeleth euery bodies smart.

*Hala.* Women , belike , are still in *infancy*.

That must not feare, or prouocation see.

The glasse of horror is not fact , but feare :

*Opinion is a Tyrant euery where.*

*Alaham.* If I shall tell you what you long to know,  
 What boots it ? If you thinke it is not so.

*Hala.* What leades your reason, leades my reason too ;  
 That all your words conceiue in kindnesse doe.

*Alaham.* The man that was , and is not now , is he  
 That neuer was the man he seem'd to be.

*Caine :* What need more to shew ? with him are dead  
 His fault , and our goodwills to him mislead.

*Hala.* What heare I now ? O false and weake estate  
 Of good beleefe ! Wherin shall peace be found ?

Since



Since Godsbe not , and mankinde made to hate.

*Caine* dead ? Euen *Caine*, whom now weloued best,  
In instants both growne wicked , and opprest ?

*Caine* slaine by you ! Hath *Caine* deserued this ?

O God ! Like strange his crime , and killing is.

Perchance not dead my Lord ! how was he slaine ?

*Alaham*. By sword. *Hala*. Wounds let forth spirits , yet  
liue againe.

*Alaham*. Nay, dead he is. These eyes did see his breath  
Beare all his spirits into the world of death.

*Hala*. Necessity , that from infernall night  
Fatally linked art vnto the skies !

Beare thee we cannot, yet we beare thee must.

Now hopes appeare: euen now my heart resolues  
Reuenge ; and *silence is the way to it*.

Did he confesse his fault ? What spake he last ?

*Alaham*. Ah *Mahomet* ! whose hopes were on me plac'd.

*Hala*. *Hasty beleefe* (my Lord) *hath hasty deeds*,  
And with their wounds, oft *truth*, and *wisdome* bleeds.

*Alaham*. When wickednesse is ripe, a minute shoves  
What chance the dice of Innocency throwes.

*Hala*. Pardon me Lord ! *Good thoughts doe liue aboue* ;  
*In highest region of vnfeined loue* :

Doubt and reuenge, Nature hath plac'd below  
Meaning the space should make the passage flow.

*Alaham*. God , meaning we should rule, and you obey,  
Gaue men cleare sight, and women good affection :  
In vs, not in your selues, lies your election.

*Hala*. My Lord ! 'Tis true : Our frayle, and weake Estate  
Doth labor in excesse: *A womans heart*  
*still in the feuer is of loue , or hate*.

Hardly the loue which I did beare to *Caine*,  
Could thinke he err'd ; much lesse approue him slaine.  
But now his falls approu'd by heavenly doome,  
Our losse in him foretells our gainé to come.

Then Sir ! Take care his death be not in vaine.  
Your fillie Sire is blinde ; if he were dead,  
This reeling State by you might stand againe :  
True ioy is onely hope put out of feare,

And



*And honour hideth error every where.*

A forme the world expects in worldly things :  
*Caine* was a man, a *Bassha*, and our friend ;  
 Sepulture, as a man ; honor, to his estate ;  
*Teares* doe become a guilty friendships end :  
 Excesse of honour, done to them that die ,  
 Makes liuing men see our humanity.

Besides, thought-feeding rumor forth will goe ,  
 And occupie vnquiet peoples spirits ,  
 While in this pile for *Caine* you may bestow  
 Their blinded weaknesse , which with-hold your right.  
 People doe *power*, not *persons* apprehend ;  
 Strength shoues like truth ; Mankinde loues policie :  
 Defended Kings, but not reuenged be.

*Alaham.* Enuy will rise, and both wayes fall on vs ;  
 Either as hauing flaine an innocent,  
 Or highly err'd by burying treason thus.  
*In penall iustice silence best contents.*

*Hala.* Rumor must needs be borne of doing mindes :  
*Enuy is but the smoke of low estate ,*  
*Ascending still against the fortunate.*

*Alaham.* I feare the cariage : it hath many parts.  
 And Hazards courses may finde ouerthwarts.

*Hala.* My shame is equally engag'd with yours.  
 Intents ill carried are that men may know ;  
 When things are done, let rumor freely goe.

*Alaham.* Great works doe oft yeeld grieuous accidents,  
 Which stirre vp peoples rage beyond intents.

*Hala.* People are superstitious, caught with shoues :  
 To power why doe they else their freedome giue,  
 But that in others pompe these *shadowes* liue ?

*Alaham.* O blessed yoke ! that vnder reason drawes  
 The pleasant load of well-vnited loue :

Thy counsell (as mine owne) I doe approue.

*Hala.* Then send the Priest. To me bequeath the rest.  
*For superstition hides ill meaning best.*



*Actus Tertius ; Scena Quarta.**Hala : Nutrix.*

**H** *Ala.* And is he gone ? Rage then vnprisoned be !  
 I like thee well ! While *Alaham* was there,  
 Thou then didst vse thy violence on me.

Now prey abroad ; swell about all respect ;  
 Feare nothing, if notorious thou wilt raigne :  
 Thy glories shine, when euery one complaine,

What now ? A child ? And do'st thou idly walke  
 The beaten pathes of common cruelty ?

A iudge, and no reuenger then am I,  
 If thou no more than his offences be.

While *Caine* did liue thou thought'st of more than this :  
 Shall death, desire, hope, fame, and fortunes lost  
 Such fading Trophies haue ?

Can thankfulness abound ? And shall offense  
 Not feele, Reuenge hath her magnificence ?

Rage ! now thou art about the Orbe of doubt ;  
 Where danger dangerlesse appeares to thee ;  
 Diuine (I pray thee) what shall fall to me ?

Must I be slaine ?

*Nutrix.* Monstrous I know, this womans nature is.  
 The worst she still ; her selfe she now exceeds,  
 That dares scarce trust her selfe with that she breeds.

*Hala.* Well ! now I feele thee rise, when I admire ;  
 When hills haue clouds, let all the vallies feare.

Scorn'st thou to make examples out of him ?

Hast thou found out his children ? They are mine ;

Proud horror ! Do'st thou chuse the innocent ?

False conqueror of nature ! do'st thou moue

A womans spite to spoyle a mothers loue ?

Rage ! shall we strue which shall giue other place ?

*Nutrix.* *Hala* ! suppress ; you need not kindle Rage.



*Hala.* Well ! On. So that (like ruine) I may fall ,  
And ruine him ; take children, me, and all.

*Nutrix.* *Hala* ! distract ? haue senses lost their vse ?

*Hala.* Is there a third that traffiketh abuse ?

*Nutrix.* I bring you *pietie, dutie, reason, loue,*  
Water, to quench these flames that passions moue.

*Hala.* Throw on enough. No Sea can quench this flame ;  
And then, what cannot quench doth but inflame.

*Nutrix.* For whom doe you this sumptuous storme pre-  
pare ?

*Hala.* For whom are wiues estates inioyn'd to care ?

*Nutrix.* Is malice currant where respect is due ?

*Hala.* Power doth what likes in her inferiors moue ;  
As we are sels'd , so pay we ; hate , or loue.

*Nutrix.* What fault in him mou'd these effects in you ?

*Hala.* Thoughts are too strict , much lesse can words  
containe ;

The venome of his malice is too deepe  
For any power, but Reuenge to keepe.

*Nutrix.* Then Rage is lost : For there is nought in man,  
That equall paine with such offenses can.

*Hala.* Be that the gage. *Mans senses barren were ;*  
*If they could apprehend, but what they feele.*

*Ills doe with place (like Numbers) multiply :*

The liuing , dead, malice, affection, feare,  
My wombe, and I doe his affliction beare.

*Nutrix.* Will you destroy your owne ? *Hala.* My owne  
are his.

*Nutrix.* Infamous act ! *Hala.* Rage doth but now begin.

*Nutrix.* Canst thou doe worse ? *Hala.* Else to my selfe I  
sinne

Life is too short ; *horroure exceeds not faith ;*  
*That cannot plague offences after death.*

*Nutrix.* Ah ! Calme this storme ; these vgly torrents  
shunne.

Of Rage , which drowne thy selfe, and all besides.

*Hala.* Furies ! no more irregularly runne,  
But *arted* : Teach confusion to diuide.

*Nutrix.* If kinde be disinherited in thee,



Yet haue compassion of this Orphane State.

*Hala.* That is the worke, which men shall wonder at:  
For while his ruin'd are, yet mine shall raigne;  
His heires, but yet true issue vnto *Caine*.

*Nutrix.* These works on Princes ruines must be built.

*Hala.* For my reuenge no baser blood is spilt.

*Nutrix.* What force can Princes forces ouer-beare?

*Hala.* That force, which makes their pride it cannot  
feare.

*Nutrix.* How enters malice where there is mistrust?

*Hala.* With tribute into State: to Kings with lust.

*Nutrix.* What way to these? *Hala.* Prosperity, successe.

*Nutrix.* These adde more power: *Hala.* So much sus-  
pect the lesse.

*Nutrix.* What can you adde? *Hala.* Presents, obedience,  
praise.

*They need not knocke to enter in that please.*

*Nutrix.* Flatteries are plaine. *Hala.* To Kings that see  
their ill.

*Nut.* Kings icalous are. *Hala.* Of truth, not of their will.

*Nutrix.* Vsurpers feare. *Hala.* Worth, not humilitie.

Kings errors are our Agents in their hearts;

Their priuate passions wound their publike States;

*Time hath her arguments, and place her Arts.*

This day he doth consummate all his ioy:

Glory now at the Full is not suspitious;

And what addes to his pompe shall him destroy.

A Crowne, and Mantle of most curious worke

I haue prepar'd, euen with *Egyptian* skill;

And poyson him in pleasing him I will.

*Nutrix.* My spirits fayle. *Hala.* Till *Alahams* ills doe  
tremble;

Horroure is faint; Rage doth but Rage resemble.

Depart; keep secret, and be not dismayd:

*Unperfect works cannot their glories shew;*

This goodly World did from a *Chaos* grow. *Exit. Nutrix.*

Now *Caine*! For whose reuenge I only liue,

Inspire thy ghost, to multiply in me

More sense, to make my senses more enrag'd;



More *loue*, to make loues losses more in thee ;  
 Double my wit beyond my strength engag'd ;  
 Open all lights of possibility ;  
 Let grieve, which yet keeps companie with death ;  
 Breake forth, and poyson all things with her breath.

*Actus tertius : Scena quinta.*

Priest. *Hala :*

**P**riest. *Madame !* whom men obey , and God doth  
 heare :

What zeale, remorse, or charity doth moue  
 Your heart ? The King leaues all things to your loue.

*Hala. Caine*, who of late did liue to both vs deare,  
 'Tis true, did fayle ; and for his fault is slaine :  
 Our hearts are eas'd, as hauing lost their feare,  
 The rites of humane duties yet remaine.

A Kings belou'd he was ; sometimes our friend ;  
 Which must appeare in honour of his end.

Such royall Piles, as for the Princely race  
 Are made a sacrifice vnto the skie,  
 In honor of that God, which gaue them place :  
 Such sumptuous Piles make : But more cost bestow ;  
 Because both iust Reuenge, and Loue they show.

Summon the *Musti*, and Soothsayers all,  
 The Persian *Magi*, Christian *Starre-Diuines*,  
 The first, to sing alike his faith, and fall ;  
 The last, to tell how higher power inclines.  
 In short ; Reuenge, and Loue shine in those fires ;  
 Powre on all pompe that magnifies desires :  
 As if at once by crosse mortality,  
 The Prince, and Princely line were dead in one ;  
 Let mourning and deuotion to the skie  
 Be offred vp in pompe, and publike mone.

*Magnificence is Princely mystery ;*



*All great Estates by great expence are knowne.*

Prepare excesse : Let no cost be forgot ;

*It makes men wonder, though they honour not.*

Musicke to fix the wandring spirits race,

And sweeten Enuies thoughts in vnity ;

That sorrow and deuotion may haue place ;

Remorse and pittie flow, and multiply.

*Lights of all kindes the light of day shut out ;*

*For darknesse so enammeld is deuout.*

*Exit.*

*Priest.* Vnhappy state of *Priesthood* here below ,

Who haue to doe with curious *Atheisme*,

With sinne in flesh, and in the Church with schisme.

Our office is an holy mystery ,

To teach Kings, *God* ; and euery Subiect , *King* ;

How one obedience doth another bring.

But what boots truth to flesh, or lawes to might ?

Beleeue a wonder is, Obedience woe.

And shall we *Priests* , that vnder Princes liue,

Striue in our selues with vice , abroad with might ?

*And like the hands which winnow rich mens gaine,*

*Grow poore in all, but only woe, and paine ?*

No, No : The eyes of *Priests* looke euer low ,

To finde the key of power, that is aboue ;

When that is found, all faults beneath we know ;

But *Maiesty* hides faults, as well as loue.

And though these rites of Princely funerall ,

By lawes diuine , should not prophaned be,

With lesse, than with descents of *Maiesty* ;

Yet *Caine* ! more Princely, by thy Princes grace,

Shall be thy tombe, than euer Princes was.

## CHORVS TERTIVS ;

A Dialogue, of Good, and Euill Spirits.

**T**He Good. What is your scope vaine *Ghosts* ? would  
you o'rebuild the skie ?

Were not mens Many tongues , and minds their  
*Babel*-destinie ?

Your



Your beings *discords* are ; and *what can they create* ,  
*But disproportion* , which is *still the fairest marke of fate* ?

*The Ill.* Are you afraid poore *Soules* ? Else why doe you  
 descend

To question , or conferre with vs , to whom you are no  
 friends ?

*Who feare their owne Estates doe commonly first speake* ,  
*As they againe put goodnesse on, who find their party weake.*

We doe but what we did, which is increase our might ;  
 And as on earth , so in the ayre, cry downe your borrowed  
 light.

*The Good.* What can you winne of vs, that must be as we  
 were ?

Whereas you , *exiles out of heauen* , can hope for nothing  
 there.

*The Ill.* We, that were as you are, know well what you  
 can be ;

Where you , that neuer were like vs , what can you in vs  
 see ?

*The Good.* That you haue first destroyed your selues, and  
 are ordain'd

To scourge, curse, and corrupt that earth, which you boast  
 to haue gain'd.

*The Ill.* Why did not you defend that which was once  
 your owne ?

Betweene vs two , the odds of worth, by odds of power is  
 knowne.

Besides , *Mappè* clearly out your infinite extent,  
 Euen in the infancy of time , when much was innocent ;  
 Could this world then yeeld ought to enuie, or desire,  
 Where pride of courage made men fall , and basenesse  
 rais'd them higher ?

Where they that would be great , to be so , must be least ?  
 And where to beare , and suffer wrong , was vertues na-  
 tiue crest ?

Mans skinne, was then his filke; the worlds wild fruit, his  
 food ;

His wisdom, poore simplicity ; his *Trophies* inward  
 good.



No Maieſty, for power ; nor glories, for mans worth ;  
Nor any end, but (as the plants) to bring each other forth.  
*Temples, and veſſells fit for outward ſacrifice,*  
*As they came in, ſo go they out, with that which you count Vice.*

The *Prieſthood* ſew, and poore ; No Throne, but open  
ayre :

For that which you call good, allowes of nothing that is  
faire.

No *Pyramis* rais'd vp about the force of Thunder,  
Nor *Babel*-walles by *Greatneſſe* built, for *Littleneſſe* a won-  
der.

No Conqueſt testiſying wit, with courage mixt ;  
As wheelles whereon the world muſt runne, and neuer can  
be fixt.

No Arts, or Characters to read the great God in ;  
Nor ſtorieſ of actſ done ; for *theſe all entred with the ſinne.*  
*A laſy calme, wherein each ſoule a pilot is :*

*The glory of the ſkilfull ſhines, where men may go amiſſe.*

Till we came in, there was no triall of your might ;  
And ſince we were ; in men, your ſelues preſume of little  
right.

Then ceaſe to blaſt the earth with your abſtracted dreames  
And ſtrive no more to carry men againſt affectionſ  
ſtreames.

Nay rather tempt, and proue, if long life make them wiſe ;  
That muſt, to haue their beautieſ ſcene, put out all fleſhly  
eyeſ.

Or when they be no more, Eternall then to be ;  
Neglect the ioy, and glorious uſe of timeſ felicity.  
Caſt out theſe thinne-weau'd lineſ, and catch ſome little  
flyeſ ;

The greater ſpiritſ, which are ourſ, feele not theſe nimble  
tyeſ.

In *Alaham* for inſtance, plead your power, or right ;  
Entiſe him from a mortall Crowne, with your Crowne in-  
finite.

Proue if he will forbear vnnaturall *Parricide* ;  
To ſee who in the ſea of humorſ ſhall the Scepter guide.  
Trie if proud *Hala* will forget the death of *Caine* ;

And



And reconcil'd , in dutie , with her owne Lord liue , and  
raigne.

Moue *Celica* , that spirit reputed for your owne ,  
To see if she , to saue her life , would haue her fame vn-  
knowne.

Worke *Zophi* (that poore soule) though blinde , to leaue  
his breath :

We only make things cheape , or deare , as *Lords* of life ,  
and death.

Lastly, perswade the *King* to liue, and saue his Crowne;  
And all the world shall see we rayse, and wee pull Princes  
downe.

So that your beings here are but a tincture cast  
(Like crests vpon the *Egypt Pharos*) to disguise, not last.

Besides ; take from the world that which you reckon  
*Sinne*;

And she must be, as at the first , for euer to beginne.

A glorious, spacious wombe fram'd to containe but one ;

Since he, that in it will be yours, is sure to be alone.

Keepe therefore where you are ; descend not , but ascend :

For, *underneath the Sun*, be sure no braue State is your friend.

*The Good*. What haue you wonne by this , but that curst  
vnder *Sinne*,

You make, and marre ; throw downe, and raise ; as euer to  
beginne ;

Like *Meteors* in the ayre, you blaze but to burne out ;

And change your shapes (like *Phantom'd* clouds) to leaue  
weake eyes in doubt.

Not truth, but truth-like grounds is that you worke vpon,

Varying in all but this, *that you can neuer long be one* ,

Then play here with your art ; false miracles deuise ;

Deceiue, and be deceiued still ; be foolish, and seeme wise ;

In peace erect your Thrones ; your delicacie spread ,

*The flowers of time corrupt soone spring, and are as quickly dead*.

Let warre , which (tempest-like) all with it selfe o're-  
throwes,

Make of this diuerse world a stage for blood-enammeld  
showes.

Successiuelly both these yet this fate follow will,

That



That all their glories be no more than change from ill, to ill.

So as with peace, or warre, if you adorne one realme,  
In both, through other Climes againe, you runne with  
barren streame.

Rest no where therefore, but still wander, as you doe;  
And restlesse be they, as you are, that shall receiue you too.  
Giue *Alaham* more scope to multiply his error,  
With parents blood adorne his Throne; *more guilt still adds  
more terrour.*

Let *Hala's* wicked heart (for all ill births a wombe)  
By violence of passion, make for many vices roome.

Let ill example in to staine the *Christian* Nation;  
*The same excesse destroyes at last, which first gaue reputation.*

Conspire against the truth, you haue an easie foe:

*For in the world all that are hers can neuer currant goe.*

Vnder the next good, shaddow your deform'd excesse;  
Yet shall your masked arts, and hornes, your clouen feet ex-  
presse.

Wherby your beauties be so priz'd among your owne;  
As they will blush for yours, by name, or nature to be  
knowne.

Againe, take all the world, if it one soule content;  
Then freely let Mankinde belecue you are omnipotent.

But if your *Legions* here doe in their glories rane,  
Tormented while they liue on earth, and much more in  
the graue;

If to be nothing be the best that could befall;  
Your subtile *Orbes*, to reall beings, then must needs be  
thrall.

And so proue to the good but like those *showres of raine*,  
*which, while they wet the husbandman, yet multiply his gaine.*



*Actus quartus: Scena prima.*

King. Celica,

**K***ing.* Celica! thou only child, whom I repent  
Not yet to haue begot! thy worke is vaine:  
Thou run'st against my Destinies intent.

Feare not my fall; the steepe is fayrest plaine,  
And *error safest guide vnto his end*,  
Who nothing but mischance can haue to friend.

We parents are but *Natures nursery*,  
When our succession springs then ripe to fall;  
*Prination vnto age is naturall.*

Age there is also in a Princes State,  
Which is *contempt*, growne of misgouernment;  
Where loue of change begetteth Princes hate:  
For hopes must wither, or grow violent,  
If fortune binde desires to one Estate.

Then marke: Blinde, as a Man: Scorn'd, as a King:  
A Fathers kindnesse loath'd, and desolate:  
Life without ioy, or light: what can it bring,  
But inward horror vnto outward hate?  
O safety! thou art then a hatefull thing,  
When childrens death assures the fathers State.  
No; Safe I am not, though my sonne were slaine;  
My frailty would beget such sonnes againe.

Besides, if fatall be the heauens will,  
Repining adds more force to destinie,  
Whose *iron* wheelles stay not on fleshly wit;  
But headlong runne downe steep Necessity.  
And as in danger, we doe catch at it  
That comes to helpe; and vnaduisedly  
Oft doe our friends to our misfortune knit:  
So with the harme of those who would vs good,  
Is Destinie impossibly withstood.

Celica then cease; importune me no more:  
My sonne, my age, the state where things are now

Require



Require my death. *who would consent to liue,  
where loue cannot reuenge, nor truth forgieue?*

*Celica.* Though feare see nothing but extremity,  
Yet danger is no deep sea, but a Ford,  
Where they that yeeld can only drowned be.  
In wrongs, and wounds, Sir, you are to remisse.  
*To Thrones a paffiue nature fatale is.*

*King.* Occasion to my sonne hath turn'd her face;  
My inward wants all outward strengths betray;  
And so make that impossible I may.

*Celica.* Yet liue:  
Liue for the State. *King.* Whose ruines glasses are,  
Wherin see errors of my selfe I must,  
And hold my life of danger, shame, and care.

*Celica.* *when feare propounds, with losse men euer choose.*

*King.* Nothing is left me, but my selfe, to lose.

*Celica.* And is it nothing then to lose the State?

*King.* *Where chance is ripe, there counsell comes too late:*

*Celica!* by all thou ow'st the Gods, and me,  
I doe coniure thee; Leaue me to my chance.

What's past was errors way; the truth it is,  
Wherein I wretch can only goe amisse.

„ If Nature saw no cause of suddaine ends;  
„ She; that but one way made to draw our breath;  
„ Would not haue left so many doores to death.

*Celica.* Yet Sir! if weaknesse be not such a sande,  
As neither wrong, nor counsell can manure;  
Choose, and resolute what death you will endure.

*King.* This sword, thy hands, may offer vp my breath;  
And plague my lifes remissenesse in my death.

*Celica.* Vnto that dutie if these hands be borne,  
I must thinke God, and Truth, but names of scorne.  
Againe, this iustice were, if life were lou'd;  
Now meerly grace; since death doth, but forgieue  
A life to you, which is a death to liue.

*Paine must displease that satisfies offence.*

*King.* Chance hath left death no more to spoile, but sense.

*Celica.* Then sword! doe Iustice office thorough me;  
I offer more than that he hates to thee.



*King.* Ah! Stay thy hand. My State no equall hath;  
And much more matchlesse my strange vices be:  
One kinde of death becomes not thee, and me.  
Kings plagues by chance, or destinie should fall;  
*Headlong he perish must that ruines all.*

*Celica.* No cliffe, or rocke is so precipitate;  
But downe it eyes can leade the blinde a way;  
Without me liue, or with me dye you may.

*King.* *Celica!* and wilt thou *Alaham* exceed?  
His crueltie is death, you torments vse;  
He takes my Crowne, you take my selte from me;  
A Prince of this false Empire let me be.

*Celica.* Then be a King, no Tyrant of thy selfe:  
Be: and be what you will: *what nature lent*  
*Is still in hers, and not our government.*

*King.* If disobedience, and obedience both  
Still doe me hurt; in what strange state am I?  
But hold thy course: It well becomes my blood;  
To doe their parents mischief with their good.

*Celica.* Yet Sir! harke to the poore oppressed teares;  
The iust mens moane, that suffer by your fall;  
A Princes charge is to prote&t them all.  
And shall it nothing be that I am yours?  
The world without, my heart within doth know,  
I neuer had vnkinde, vnreuerent powers.  
If thus you yeeld to *Alahams* treacherie;  
He ruines you; 'tis you, Sir, ruine me.

*King.* *Celica!* Call vp the dead; awake the blinde;  
Turne backe the time; bid windes tell whence they  
come;

As vainly strength speakes to a broken minde.  
Fly from me *Celica!* hate all I doe:  
*Misfortunes haue in blood successions too.*

*Celica.* Will you doe that which *Alaham* can not?  
He hath no good: you haue no ill, but he:  
This *Marre-right* yeelding's honors Tyranny.

*King.* Haue I not done amisse? Am I not ill;  
That ruin'd haue a Kings authority?  
And not one King alone; since *Princes all*



Feele part of those scornes , wherby one doth fall.

Treason against me cannot treason be :

All lawes haue lost authority in me.

*Celica.* „ The lawes of power chain'd to mens humors be.

„ The good haue conscience ; the ill (like instruments)

„ Are , in the hands of wise authority ,

„ Moued , diuided , vsed , or layd downe ;

„ Still , with desire , kept subiect to a Crowne.

„ Stirre vp all States , all spirits : hope , and feare ,

Wrong , and reuenge , are currant euery where.

*King.* Put downe my sonne : For that must be the way ;

A fathers shame , a Princes Tyrannie :

The Scepter euer shall misjudged be.

*Celica.* Let them feare rumor that doe worke amisse ;

Blood , torments , death , horrors of Cruelty ,

Haue time , and place . Looke through these skinnes of

feare ,

Which still perswade the better side to beare .

And since thy sonne thus trayterously conspires ,

Let him not prey on all thy race , and thee :

Keepe ill example from posterity .

*King.* Danger is come : and must I now vnarme ?

And let in hope to weaken resolution ?

*Passion!* be thou my Legacie , and Will ;

To thee I giue my life , Crowne , reputation ;

My pompes to clouds ; and (as forlorne with men)

My strength to women ; hoping this alone ,

Though fear'd , sought , and a King , to liue vnknowne .

*Celica!* all these to thee : doe thou bestow

This liuing darknesse , wherein I doe goe .

*Celica.* My soule now ioyes . Doing breathes horreur out .

Absence must be our first sleppe : Let vs fly :

A pawse in rage makes *Alaham* to doubt ;

Which doubt may stirre in people hope , and feare ,

With loue , or hate , to seeke you euery where .

For *Princes liues are fortunes miserie ;*

„ As dainty sparks , which till men dead doe know ,

„ To kindle for himselte each man doth blow .

But harke ! What's this ? Malice doth neuer sleepe :

I heare



I heare the Spies of power drawing neere.  
 Sir ! follow me : Misfortunes worst is come ;  
 Her strength is change ; and change yeelds better doome :  
 Choice now is past. Hard by there is a pile  
 Built, vnder colour of a sacrifice ;  
 If God doe grant, it is a place to saue ;  
 If God denies, it is a ready graue.

*Actus quartus : Scena secunda.*  
 Zophi. Celica.

**Z**ophi. Where am I now ? All things are silent here.  
 What shall I doe ? Goe on from place, to place,  
 Not knowing what to trust, or whom to feare ?  
 Yet what should I not feare, that liue to know  
 Rights, Kingdomes, parents, all, my ouerthrow ?  
 Are these the specious hopes of Princes heires ;  
 Is Right still subiect to aspiring wit ?  
 Haue they that stand by Princes, more despaires ;  
 Than they that doe supplant annoynted heires !  
 Is expectation nothing else in me,  
 But woes fore-runner, to make deepe impression,  
 By these surprises, of aduersity ?  
 Are these the glorious triumphs of this day ?  
 Absent, in presence ; banisht, in recalling ;  
 A Throne, a tombe ; a Prince become a prey.  
 Ah cruell, false, ambitious thirst of State !  
 Bloody-like rage ! but more reuengefull still,  
 Because their ends doe more inflame their will.  
 My rights, and hopes I giue, and doe forgiue :  
*wrong* ! take the world, let me enioy my selfe.  
 Scorn'd, blind, I cannot harme. Ah ! let me liue.  
 Let power despise  
 My needlesse, guiltlesse blood. *The strength of feare*  
*The losse of all things, but of life, can beare.*

*Celica.*



*Celica.* What see I here ! More spectacles of woe ?  
And are my kinred only made to be  
Agents, and Patients in iniquity ?  
Ah forlorne wretch ! ruines example right !  
Lost to thy selfe, not to thy enemy,  
Whose hand, euen while thou fliest, thou fall'st into,  
And with thy fall, thy father do'st vndoe.  
Saue one I may: Nature would saue them both;  
But Chance hath many wheelles; Rage many eyes;

What shall I then abandon innocents ?  
Not helpe a helpleffe brother throwne on me ?  
Is nature narrow to aduersity ?  
No, No. Our God left duty for a law;  
*Pittie, at large; Loue, in authority;*  
*Despaire, in bonds; feare, of it selfe in awe:*  
That rage of time, and powers strange liberty,  
Oppressing good men might resistance finde:  
Nor can I to a brother be lesse kinde.  
Do'st thou, that canst not see, hope to escape ?  
Disgrace, can haue no friend; contempt, no guide;  
Right, is thy guilt; thy Iudge, iniquity;  
Which desolation casts on them that see.

*Zophi.* Make calme thy rage: pittie a ghost distressed:  
My right, my liberty, I freely giue:  
Giue him, that neuer harm'd thee, leaue to liue.

*Celica.* Nay; God, the World, thy Parents it denie;  
A brothers iealous heart, vsurped might  
Growes friends with all the world, except thy right.

*Zophi.* Secure thy selfe. Exile me from this coast:  
My fault, suspicion is; my Iudge, is feare;  
Occasion, with my selfe, away I beare.

*Celica.* Fly vnto God: For in humanity  
Hope there is none. Reach me thy fearfull hand:  
I am thy sister; neither fiend, nor spie  
Of Tyrants rage; but one that feesles despaire  
Of thy Estate, which thou do'st only feare.  
Kneele downe; embrace this holy mystery,  
A refuge to the worst for rape, and blood;  
And yet, I feare, not hallowed for the good.

*Zophi.*



*Zophi.* Helpe God! defend thine Altar! since thy might,  
In earth, leaues Innocence no other right.

*Celica.* Eternall God! that seest thy selfe in vs!  
It vowes be more than sacrifice of lust,  
Rays'd from the smokes of hope, and feare in vs;  
Protect this innocent; calme *Alahams* rage;  
*By miracles faith goes from age, to age.*  
Affection trembles; reason is oppress'd;  
Nature, methinkes, doth her owne entrayles teare:  
*In resolution ominous is feare.*

*Actus quartus: Scena tertia.*  
*Alaham. Celica.*

**A** *Laham.* Sirs! seeke the City; examine, torture,  
racke:  
Sanctuaries none let there be: make darknesse  
knowne:

Pull downe the roofes, digge, burne, put all to wracke:  
And let the guiltlesse for the guilty grone.  
Change, shame, misfortune in their scaping, lie;  
And in their finding our prosperity.

Good fortune Welcome! we haue lost our care,  
And found our losse: *Celica* distract I see;  
The King is neere: She is her fathers eyes.  
Behold! the forlorne wretch, halfe of my feare;  
Takes Sanctuary at holy Altars feet:

Lead him apart, examine, force, and try;  
These binde the subiect, not the Monarchy.  
*Celica*! awake: that God of whom you craue  
Is deafe, and only giues men what they haue.

*Celica.* Ah cruell wretch! guilty of parents blood!  
Might I, poore innocent, my father free,  
My murther yet were lesse impiety.  
But on; deuoure: feare only to be good:



Let vs not scape : thy glory then doth rise ,  
When thou at once thy house do'st sacrifice.

*Alaham.* Tell me where thy Father is. *Celica.* O bloody  
scorne ?

Must he be kill'd againe that gaue thee breath ?  
Is duty nothing else in thee but death ?

*Alaham.* Leaue off this maske ; deceit is neuer wise ;  
Though he be blind, *a King hath many eyes*

*Celica.* O twofold scorne. God be reueng'd for me.  
Yet since my Father is destroy'd by thee,  
Adde still more scorne, it sorrow multiplies.

*Alaham.* Passions are learn'd, not borne within the heart ;  
That method keepe : *Order is quiets art.*

Tell where he is : For looke what loue conceales,  
Paine out of Natures *Labyrinths* reueales.

*Celica.* This is reward which thou do'st threaten me :  
If terrour thou wilt threaten, promise ioyes.

*Alah.* Smart cooles these boyling stiles of vanity.

*Celica.* And if my Father I no more shall see,  
Helpe me vnto the place where he remaines ;  
To hell below, or to the skie aboue :

*The way is easie, where the guide is loue.*

*Alah.* Confesse : where is he hid ? *Celica.* Racke not my  
woe.

Thy glorious pride of this vnglorious deed  
Doth mischief, ripe ; and therefore falling, show.

*Alah.* Bodies haue place, and blindnesse must be led :  
Graues be the Thrones of Kings, when they be dead.

*Celica.* He was (Vnhappy) cause that thou art now ;  
Thou art, ah wicked ! cause that he is not ;  
And fear'st thou *Parricide* can be forgot ?

Beare witnesse, Thou Almighty God on high !  
And you blacke Powers inhabiting below !  
That for his life my selfe would yeeld to die.

*Alah.* Well Sirs ! Goe seeke the darke, and secret caues,  
The holy Temples, sanctified Cells,  
All parts wherein a liuing corps may dwell.

*Celica.* Seeke him amongst the dead, you plac'd him  
there :



Yet lose no paines, good Soules! goe not to hell;  
 And, but to heauen, you may goe euery where.  
 Guilty, with you, of his blood let me be,  
 If any more I of my Father know,  
 Than that he is where you would haue him goe.

*Alah.* Teare vp the vaults: behold her agonies!  
 „ Sorrow subtracts, and multiplies the spirits;  
 „ Care, and desire doe vnder anguish cease!  
 „ Doubt curious is, affecting piety;  
 „ Woe, loues it selfe; feare from it selfe would flic.  
 Doe not these trembling motions witnesse beare,  
 That all these protestations be of feare?

*Celica.* If ought be quicke in me, moue it with scorne:  
*Nothing can come amisse to thoughts forlorne.*

*Alah.* Confesse in time. *Reuenge is mercilesse.*

*Celica.* Reward, and paine; feare, and desire too;  
 Are vaine, in things impossible to doe.

*Alah.* Tell yet where thou thy Father last didst see.

*Celica.* Euen where he by his losse of eyes hath wonne;  
 That he no more shall see his monstrous Sonne.  
 First, in perpetuall night thou mad'st him goe;  
 His flesh the graue, his life the stage, where sense  
 Playes all the Tragedies of paine, and woe.  
 And wouldst thou trayterously thy selfe exceed,  
 By seeking thus to make his Ghost to bleed?

*Alah.* Beare her away: deuise; adde to the racke  
 Torments, that both call death, and turne it backe.

*Celica.* The flattering glasse of Power is others paine.  
 Perfect thy worke, that heauen, and hell may know,  
 To worse I cannot, going from thee, goe.

„ Eternall life, that euer liu'st aboue!  
 „ If sense there be with thee of hate, or loue;  
 „ Reuenge my King, and Fathers ouerthrow.  
 „ O Father! if that name reach vp so high,  
 „ And be more than a proper word of Art,  
 „ To teach respects in our humanity;  
 „ Accept these paines, wherof you feele no smart.



*Actus quartus: Scena Quarta.*

King. Alaham.

**K**ing. What sound is this of *Celica's* distresse?

*Alaham!* wrong not a silly sisters faith.

'Tis plague enough that she is innocent;

My child, thy sister, borne (by thee, and me)

With shame, and sinne to haue affinity.

Breake me; I am the prison of thy thought:

*Crownes deare enough, with fathers blood, are bought.*

*Alah.* Now feele thou shalt, thou ghost vnnaturall!

Those wounds which thou to my heart then didst giue;

When, in despite of God, this State, and me,

Thou did'st from death mine elder brother free.

*The smart of Kings oppression doth not die:*

*Time, rusteth malice; rust, wounds cruelly.*

King. Flatter thy wickednesse; adorne thy rage;

To weare a Crowne teare vp thy Fathers age.

Kill not thy sister: *It is lacke of wit,*

*To doe an ill that brings no good with it.*

*Alah.* Goe, lead them hence. Prepare the funerall;

Hasten the sacrifice, and pompe of woe.

Where she did hide him, thither let them goe.

King. „ O God! who mad'st those lawes which this

„ Wretch breaks,

„ Let parents blood this curse vpon him bring;

„ That he, who of a child breakes all respect,

„ May, in his children, finde the same neglect.

CHORVS QVARTVS,  
of People:

**L**ike as strong windes doe worke vpon the Sea,  
Stirring, and tossing waues to warre each other:  
So Princes doe with *Peoples* humors play,



As if Confusion were the Scepters mother.

But Crownes! take heed: *when humble things mount high,*  
*The windes oft calme before those billowes lie.*

When we are all wrong'd, had we all one minde;  
 Whom could you punish? what could you reserue?  
 Againe, as hope, and feare distract mankinde;  
 Knew Kings their strength, our freedome were to serue.  
 But Fate doth to her selfe reserue both these,  
 With each to punish other, when it please.

Grant that we be the stuffe for Princes art,  
 By, and on it, to build their Thrones aboue vs:  
 Yet if Kings be the *head*, we be the *heart*;  
 And know we *loue* no soule, that doth not *loue* vs.  
*Mens many passions iudge the worst at length,*  
 And they that doe so, easily know their strength:

With bruit, and rumor, as with hope, and feare,  
 You lay vs low, or lift vs from our earth;  
 You trie what nature, what our States can beare;  
 By law you bind the liberties of birth;  
 Making the *People* bellowes vnto Fame,  
 Which vs hers heavy doomes with euill name:

Kings gouerne *People*, ouer-racke them not:  
 Fleece vs; but doe not clippe vs to the quicke.  
 Thinke not with good, and ill, to write, and blot:  
 The good doth vanish, where the ill doth sticke.  
 Hope not with trifles to grow popular;  
*wounds that are heal'd for euer leaue a scarre.*

To offer *People* shewes makes vs too great:  
 Princes descend not, keep your sekies aboue.  
 The Sunne drawes not our browes vp, but our sweat:  
 Your safest racke to winde vs vp is *Loue*.  
 To maske your vice in pompes is vainly done:  
*Motes lie not hidden in beames of a Sunne.*

The stampe of Soueraignty makes currant



Home brasse to buy, or sell, as well as gold :  
 Yet marke ! the *Peoples* standard is the warrant  
 What man ought not to doe, and what he should.  
 Of words we are the Grammar, and of deeds  
 The haruest both is ours, and eke the seeds.

We are the glasse of Power, and doe reflect  
 That Image backe, which it to vs presents :  
 If Princes flatter, straight we doe neglect ;  
 If they be fine, we see, yet seeme content.  
*Nor can the Throne, which Monarchs doe line in,  
 Shaddow Kings faults, or sanctifye their sinne.*

Make not the Church to vs an instrument  
 Of bondage, to your selues of libertie :  
 Obedience there confirmes your Gouvernement ;  
 Our *Soueraignes*, Gods *Subalternes* you be :  
 Else while Kings fashion God in humane light,  
 Men see, and skorne what is not *Infinite*.

Make not the end of Iustice, *Checquer-gaine*,  
 It is the Liberality of Kings :  
 Oppression, and Extortion euer raigne,  
 When Lawes looke more on Scepters, than on things.  
 Make crooked that line which you measure by ;  
 And marre the fashion straight of Monarchie.

Why doe you then prophane your Royall line,  
 Which we hold sacred, and dare not approach ?  
 Their wounds, and wrongs proue you are not diuine,  
 And we learne, by example, to encroch.  
 Your Fathers losse of eyes foretells his end :  
*By craft, which lets downe Princes, we ascend.*

How shall the *People* hope ? how stay their feare,  
 When old foundations daily are made new ?  
*Vncertaine is a heauy load to beare ;  
 What is not constant sure was neuer true.*  
*Excesse in one makes all indefinite :  
 where nothing is our owne, there what delight ?*



Kings then take heed ! Men are the *bookes of fate* ,  
 Wherein your vices deep engraue[n] lye ,  
 To shew our God the griefe of euery State.  
 And though great bodies do not straightwaies die ;  
 Yet know , *Your errors haue this proper doome* ,  
*Euen in our ruine to prepare your tombe.*

*Actus Quintus : Scena Prima.*

*Alaham alone.*

**A** *Laham.* Chance now congratulates. This is indeed  
 A Princely worke, and fashions nature new,  
 To sacrifice the liuing to the dead ;  
 And with reuenge be to a Kingdome led.  
 My father, brother, sister, and my King ;  
 All flaine for me ? Obedience ! Duty ! Loue !  
 Your followers to such height when do you bring ?  
 Now *Hala's* Present, this Triumphant Robe  
 Shewes all Estates, things reall, humors, lawes,  
 Yea Wiues themselues owe homage vnto might :  
*Iustice in Kings cannot be definite.*  
*Hala*, who stroue, by strength of wit, and passion,  
 To change, inforce, deceiue, or vndermine  
 Me, as a Man ; yet to a Princes place  
 Humbles her pride, and striues to purchase grace.  
 When I ordain'd this maske, and first decreed  
 A specious death for Prince, and Parent too ;  
 I felt once tenderesse, that euill weed,  
 Which some call Dutie ; others, Natures Lawes :  
 Should I haue lost a Crowne for such applause ?  
 No, No : Each State peculiar wisdomes hath,  
*The way of Princes is to hide their mindes :*  
 For else each slaue will suddenly descrie  
 Our inward passions, which they trafficke by.  
 Remisnesse did in me no sooner moue,  
 And only by a pawse it selfe expresse ;  
 But straightway they diuin'd remorse, or loue ;

*And*



And instantly drew arguments from both ;  
 As if distraction to resolute were loth.  
 But, like a *Sultan*, mixing power with art ;  
 When I made good my will, and only said ;  
 Sirs, doe your charge. This intermittent passion  
 Is but the print of naturall affection ;  
*The seat of Iustice is above compassion :*  
 Straight, as if Furies breath had filld these bladders,  
 With cruell hearts their charge they vndertooke ;  
 And euer after made my will their booke.  
*who gouerne men, if they will stay above ;*  
*Must see, and scorne the downfalls of selfe-loue.*

Nay, marke againe what glory Order yeelds,  
 Where euery spirit is fitted to his roome.  
 Did not distresse these weake Ghosts well become ?  
 At which fine playes of Chance, and intercession,  
 Did I relent ? Or had I any sense,  
 But in the glories of Omnipotence ?  
 These Scepter-mysteries Kings must obserue,  
 Or not be Kings. Are priuate vertues such ?  
 „ Want great Estates no other strengths but those,  
 „ Which make them, for good words, good fortune lose ?  
 As Dogges their kennels, these their graues did frame :  
 Twas crafty power that gaue such lawes to fame.  
 Away they went, rich in selfe-pitties smoke,  
 No hope of praise, but by their forme of death ;  
 Nor of reuenge, but in the Peoples breath.  
 While I ascending roame to looke about,  
 And in the strength of confidence, and power,  
 Behold the vnprosperities of doubt.

But harke ! What mournfull harmonie is this ?  
 In dole my Triumphs are. What sounds are these ;  
*Change !* is thy nature both to grieve, and please ?  
 Confused *Echo's* ! whither doe you flye ?  
 Or whence proceed ? From grudge ? or from applause ?  
 Except my will, craves Mankinde any lawes ?  
 Solemnity inferres the worke is ended :  
 Yet heare I noyse that shoves vnquiet motion ;  
 As from their ashes some new worke intended.

Now



Now shall we know: Behold! I see one come,  
Whose looks bring woe, and horreur from that Tombe.

*Actus quintus: Scena secunda.*  
Nuntius. Alaham.

**N***untius.* Distract, confus'd, are all my inward spi-  
rits:  
Griefe would complaine, yet dares not speake for  
feare.

Horreur the place of wonder disinherits,  
*Caines* next of kinne so willingly to die,  
For pompe, and honor to his funerall;  
The flesh to couet that which flesh doth fly;  
This wonder went I to the Pile to see:  
As costly glories of the vanity.

In stead of these; I saw the veyles of Power,  
Practise, and pompe, specious hypocrisie,  
Rent from her face, even while she did deuoure:  
I saw those glorious stiles of Gouernment,  
God, Lawes, Religion (wherein Tyrants hide  
The wrongs they doe, and all the woes we bide)  
Wounded, prophan'd, destroy'd. *Power is unwise,*  
*That thinkes in pompe to maske her Tyrannies.*

Looke where he stands! a Monster growne within,  
Still thirsty, and yet full with Parents blood:  
Both man, and Tyrant dearly vnderstood.

*Alaham.* Hath meeke deuotion finished her worke?  
Tell what their manner was; and how they died;  
That to the dead would thus be crucified.

*Nuntius.* The fire, though mercilesse, yet sometimes iust,  
Hath done his part; deuoured, but refin'd;  
Perform'd thy will, and yet deceiu'd thy trust.

*Alaham.* Speake plaine: What threatning mysteries be  
these?

*Nuntius.*



*Nuntius.* Echos they be of murmurs, which possesse  
The hearts of men against Powers wickednesse.  
The first which burnt, as *Caine* his next of kinne,  
In blood your Brother, and your Prince in State,  
Drew wonder from mens hearts brought horror in.  
This innocent, this soule too-meeke for sinne,  
Yet made for others to doe harme withall,  
With his selfe-pitty teares, drew teares from vs;  
His blood, compassion had; his wrong, stirr'd hate:  
*Deceit is odious in a Kings Estate.*

Repiningly he goes vnto his end:  
Strange Visions rise; strange Furies haunt the flame;  
People crie out; *Echo* repeats his name.  
These words he spake, euen breathing out his breath:

„ Vnhappy weaknesse! neuer innocent!  
„ If in a Crowne, yet but an instrument.  
„ People! obserue; this fact may make you see:  
„ Excesse hath ruin'd what it selfe did build:  
„ But ah! *the more opprest, the more you yeeld.*

The next was he, whose age had reuerence;  
His gesture something more than priuatenesse;  
Guided by one, whose stately grace did moue  
Compassion, euen in hearts that could not loue.  
As soone as these approched neare the flame,  
The winde, the steame, or furies, rays'd their vayles;  
And in their lookes this image did appeare:  
Each, vnto other; life, to neither deare.

These words he spake: „ Behold one that hath lost  
„ Himselfe within; and so the world without;  
„ A King that brings authority in doubt:  
„ This is the fruit of Powers misgouernment.  
„ People! my fall is iust; yet strange your fate,  
„ That, vnder worst, will hope for better State.

Griefe roares alowd. Your Sister yet remain'd,  
Helping in death to him in whom she died,  
Then going to her owne, as if she gain'd,  
These mild words spake with lookes to heauen bent:

„ O God! 'Tis thou that suffrest here, not we:  
„ Wrong doth but like it selfe in working thus:



„ At thy will, Lord ! Reuenge thy selfe, not vs.  
 The fire straight vpward beares the soules in breath :  
 Visions of horror circle in the flame,  
 With shapes, and figures like to that of death;  
 But lighter-tongu'd, and nimbler-wing'd than fame:  
 Some to the Church ; some to the People fly :  
 A voyce cries out ; *Reuenge, and Liberty.*  
 Princes ! Take heed ; *Your glory is your care ;*  
*And Powers foundations, Strengths, not Vices, are.*

*Alaham.* What change is this, that now I feele within ?  
 Is it disease that workes this fall of spirits ?  
 Or workes this fall of spirits my disease ?  
 Things seeme not as they did ; horror appeares ?  
 What sinne imbodyed, what strange sight is this ?  
 Doth sense bring backe but what within me is ?  
 Or doe I see those shapes which haunt the flame ?  
 What summons vp remorse ? Shall Conscience rate  
 Kings deeds, to make them lesse than their Estate ?  
 Ah silly ghost ! is't you that swarme about ?  
 Would'st thou, that art not now, a father be ?  
 These body lawes doe with the life goe out.

What thoughts be these that doe my entrailes teare ?  
 You wandring spirits frame in me your hell ;  
 I feele my brother, and my sister there.  
 Where is my wife ? There lacks no more but shee :  
 Let all my owne together dwell with me.

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*Actus quintus : Scena tertia.*

Hala. Alaham.

**H** *Ala. wife !* Is that name but stile of thy remorse ?  
 Must I goe where thy silly parents be ?  
 Thou yet but feel'st thy selfe : thou shalt feele  
 me.

A King ? And in a Throne built out of blood :

The



The ashes of your owne must giue you power.

*Glutton* Ambition! now thy selfe deuoure.

Looke in thy Conscience, that vnflattering glasse;  
See there the wounds of *Caine*, thy wrongs to me;  
Death triumphs now; And I doe giue it thee.

*Caine* here beginnes to liue, whilst thou do'st feed  
Vpon the poyson, that thy wife deuise'd:

Thy debter yet; but stay I will exceed.

Now warre thy selfe; a *King*, with *Kings* must warre:

We are too base for friends, or enemies:

For *lusts* vse, not for *loue*, we women are.

All paines of death my selfe in *Caine* did feelee;

And shall my rage aspire but to be iust?

*What is but once, be long in doing must.*

*Alaham.* Infernall wombe! receiue thy right. Of old  
This body was thine owne, before I was.

Obeey my father, brother, sister, me:

I gaue their ghosts; they must giue mine to thee.

They call; I come. It was my sinne alone,

That gloried many wayes to tyrannize:

For all the doomes of ill let me suffice.

*Hala.* My Griefe doth yet but roame it selfe in sense:

*Hala* is more: *Rage multiplies with vse:*

These doe but mourne; I must reuenge abuse.

Euen through thy sense will I send in thine owne:

This child, that by thee liu'd shall in thee die;

In this will *Caine*, and I possesse thy Throne.

*Alaham.* Ah powerfull God! why do'st thou Thunders  
spend

(By chance, or without vengeance) on the plants;

Since it is Man, not Trees, that doth offend?

Sirs! teare the rooffe; perfect the worke of Power:

I haue no being, while she there doth sit,

Subiect in sexe, but King, in rage of wit.

*Hala.* Women! Behold, our sex I now improue:

*Malice were vaine, if Kings could it subdue:*

This rage reuiues the dead; restores my loue.

*Alaham.* Is this *Ormus*? Or is *Ormus* my hell,

Where only Furies, and not Men, doe dwell?



The poyson works ; I feele my spirits faint ;  
I must beseech ; my Power is but complaint.

Yet Wit ! thou know'st what euery Power can doe ;  
Be Strength to me. Can Mothers kill their owne ?  
Selfe-loue will spare them. Why should I request ?  
Words doe inflame. But ah ! it *Hala* is :

I must intreat. Her malice keepes no fashion :  
Though she haue all, that *all* is but one Passion.  
If I intreat ; doth sense show where to wound ?  
I owe it mine ; doth that giue malice Power ?

Ah God !

What shall I doe, that both within, and out,  
Authority haue lost ? Vnused to request,  
Yet must, and will : Yet, euen in doing, know,  
*Impossible, addes but more scorne to mee.*

*Hala* ! I doe, with Nature, begge for thine.  
Harme me alone thy Husband, and thy King.  
*Horror hath her degrees : there is excesse  
In all Reuenge, that may be done with lesse.*

*Hala*. Beyond the rule of *Law*, but not of *Loue*;  
This child was borne ; this not in *Loue*, but *Law*.  
Before thy wrongs I had my passions free :  
And in reuenge shall ought else limit me ?

*Alaham*. Innocent, thine owne, too yong for hate, or  
feare :

His death doth only execration beare.

*Hala*. In him thou art : in him I plague my lust,  
Where Sense, and Law, were traytors to affection.  
Beare children only but to *Caine* I must.

*Alaham*. Disease, or Griefe (I know not which) or  
both :

Languish my powers : *Hala* ! some respite giue ;  
Spare him a while : I haue not long to liue.

*Hala*. *Hala* ! make haste to multiply this wretch ;  
I must haue both his sense, and iudgement free :  
'Tis horror, not disease, that honors me.

„ All you superiour Powers, which from about  
„ Behold this earth, and earthly mischiefes rod !  
„ Cast hence your eyes. These works are but for two :

„ For



For him, that suffers; and for me, that doe.

*Hala!* then on: that *Alaham* may enrage,  
Enrage thou first. New married now am I:  
Remorse doth but for men in ambush lie.

*She mistaking, kills Caines childe.*

*Alaham.* Earth! Stand'st thou fast vnder this vglinesse?  
And fall'st not downe to that infernall deepe,  
Which feares (perchance) worse than it selfe to keepe?  
Eyes! close your liddes: There is no more to doe:  
Yet know, you haue seene that before you die,  
Which no Age will beleue; *One worse than I.*

*Hala.* Ah curst Mortality! So soone put out?  
And haue I lost the glory of Reuenge,  
If Fame find greater, as she goes about?  
This blood, that bloody throte should haue deuour'd:  
Rage lack'd in this. Where is the place for scorne;  
Since woes be dead in him, as soone as borne?  
*Flesh is too brittle mould for braue excessse.*  
Yet let these scraps giue nourishment to Fame;  
Since Loue, and Rage this modell may expresse.

*She findes her error.*

But what is this? Wake I, or doe I dreame?  
If chang'd; with whom, or into whom am I?  
Doth Horror dazell sense, or multiply?  
What world is this? Where's *Alaham*? where my  
Sonne?

*Caine!* rise, and tell what Furies raised be.  
Do'st Thou remaine aliue? And art Thou dead?  
Who did this deed? None answers. It was I.

*Verses here doe lengthen:*

And am I thus misled to lose Child, Husband, Fame,  
Honor,



Honor, Reuenge, my *Caine*, my Harmes, and Fury  
too?

And cannot harme my selfe, that those harmes to me  
doe.

Must I forgiue thee, *Hala*! that none else forgiue?  
Scarce trembling doth my heart conceiue this hatefull  
deed?

Doe eyes behold this worke, and neither weepe, nor  
bleed?

Shall I complaine of Heauen, where fooles lay selfe-de-  
spaire?

Or Hell shall I inuoke, *which ill bath euery where*?

Shall I remaine aliue, and turne my rage to woe?

Shall I distinguish Guilt, where Chance doth ouer-  
throw?

Is *Caine* no more? Is it no more to loue?

Hath *Hala's* hate made many hearts to bleed,

Vpon the ruines of her loue to feed?

Furie! art thou so long in getting vp

About the mists of poore selfe-pittie Teares?

Shall Rage be still a prisoner vnder feares?

Looke! here is death: Return'st thou me remorse?

Heere my belou'd: Can sighs recall him backe?

Here him I loath: Can scorne become his wracker?

My selfe yet liue: Must Fury burne without?

These were in me: May Nature liue in one?

What's due to death? Euen Rage that growes to doubt.

Come Infant! Here is Empire. Let vs liue.

This worke is mine: Hell thanks, and enuies me;

And loe! her Spirits, before I come, I see.

Discord, Sedition, Rage, you Furies all!

Possesse againe the State, where you beganne:

The Woman you; 'Tis we deceiue the Man.

Enter vpon this large infernall wombe;

Repay your selues; this mould did make you all!

Why doe you stay? Leade me the way: I come.

Flesh is too weake, *it hath satietie*;

Lust, intermittent here; and Furie, poore;

Rage, hath respects; Desires, here weary be.

Leaue



Leaue Man this meane : Let vs liue in exceſſe ;  
 Where power is more, although the ioyes be leſſe.  
 This Child is none of mine : I had no part :  
 Beare him I did with loathing, not deſire :  
 My wombe perchance did yeeld, but not my heart.  
 With *Alaham* his father he muſt dwell :  
 I will goe downe, and change this Ghoſt with hell.

*This Tragedy, called Alaham, may bee  
 printed, this 23. of June, 1632.  
 Henry Herbert.*



THE





# THE SPEAKERS NAMES.

SOLIMAN.	ROSSA.
MVSTAPHA.	ZANGER.
ROSTEN.	CAMENA.
ACHMAT.	BEGLARBY NVNTIVS.

PRIEST.





# MVSTAPHA

*Actus Primus : Scena prima.*

SOLIMAN. ROSSA.



OLIMAN. *Rossa!* Th'e-  
ternall wisdome doth not  
couet

Of man, his strength, or rea-  
son, but his loue.

And not in vaine: Since loue,  
of all the powres,

*Is it which gouernes every  
thought of ours.*

I speake by *Mustapha*: For as  
a Father,

How often deem'd I those light-iudging praises  
Of multitudes, whom my loue taught to flatter,  
Truths oracles; and *Mustapha's* true stories?

So dearely Nature bids our owne be lou'd:

So ill a Iudge is loue of things belou'd.

But is contempt the fruit of Parents care?

Doth kindnesse lessen Kings authority,

Teaching our Children pride, our Vassalls wile,

To subiect vs, that subiect are to it?

This frailty in my selfe I conquer must,

And stay the false vntimely hopes it workes,

Threatning the Fathers ruine in the Sonne:

*Many with trust, with doubt few are undone.*



Sent for he is: Nor shall the painted shewes  
Of fame, or kindnesse longer seele mine eyes?  
For since he striues to vndermine my Crowne,  
I will as firmly watch to keepe him downe.

*Rossa. Solyman* my Lord! The knowledge who was  
Father

To *Mustapha*, made me (poore silly woman)  
Thinke worth in blood had naturall succession:  
But now, I see, Ambitions mixtures may  
The gold of Natures elements allay.  
His Fame vntimely borne: Strength strangely gather'd,  
Honor wonne with honoring, Greatnesse with humble-  
nesse,

(A Monarchs heire in courtes popular.)

Make me diuine some strange aspiring minde;  
Yet doubtfull; for it might be Art, or Kinde.  
But looke into him by his outward wayes:

*Persia*, our old imbrued enemy,

Treats of peace with the Sonne, without the Father;

A Course in all Estates to Princes nice;

But here much more; where he that *Monarch* is,

*Must* (like the Sunne) haue no light shine, but his.

The Offers; reall Crownes, or hopes of Kingdomes?

What suddaine knot hath bound vp our diuisions?

Made them that only fear'd our greater growing,

Offer such proiects for our greater growing?

„ 'Tis true, that priuate thoughts may easily change:

„ But States, whose wayes are Time; Occasion, Seate;

„ Haue other ends, then Chance, in all they treat.

Yet be it, all the world would vs obey;

In Monarchies: which surfet, more than pine;

The King should iudge: *Strength knowes what strength can  
weld:*

The best foundation, else may ouer-build.

No, no: vpon the pitch of high attempts

I see him stand, sporting with Wrong, and Feare:

For Law, and Duty, both are captiues there.

His hopes, the hopes of all; for all aspire:

His meanes, that proud, rebellious Discontent,

Which



Which scornes both Gouernors, and Gouernment.

*Solyman!* Feare is broke loose within me.

What will, or may, mee-thinkes already happens;

His power thus great, will fixt, occasion ready,

Shaddowes of ruine to my heart deliuer.

Confused noyse within my eares doth thunder

Of multitudes, that with obeying threaten.

*Solyman!* while feare, to lose thee, wisheth death;

My feare againe, to leaue thee, wisheth breath.

*Solyman. Rossa!* I scorne there should be cause of feares

In one mans rage; for hard then were our state,

That reynes of all the world desire to beare:

Yet thy disquiet shall increase my hate.

Thy wishes vaine to thee yet neuer were:

*For loue, and Empire, both alike take pleasure,*

*Part of themselues vpon deserts to measure.*

And, but that all my ioyes haue sorrowes image,

I could say; I take pride in thine affection:

For Power may be fear'd; Empire ador'd;

Rewards may make knees bow; and selfe-loue humble;

*But loue is onely that which Princes couet;*

*And for they haue it least, they most doe loue it.*

Care therefore for thy selfe; I hold thee deare;

And as for mee!

Though Fortune be of glasse, and apt to breake;

Kings life kept but in flesh, and easily pierc'd;

Kings Crownes no higher than priuate armes may reach;

*Yet these all-daring spirits are rarely knowne,*

*That vpon Princes graues dare rayse a Throne.*

*Rossa. Sir!* few in number or Time presents children;

*where man ends, there ends discontentments empire;*

*Nouelty in flesh hath alwaies had a dwelling;*

Then tell me Lord; what man would choose his roome;

That must expect in wickednesse a meane,

Orelse be sure to feele a fatall doome?

Can that stay in the midst whose center's lowest?

*Old age is Natures Pouerty, and scorne;*

*Desires riches liue in Princes children;*

*Their youths are Comets, within whose corruption*



Men prophesie new hopes of better fortunes.

Ah Sir ! *Corrupt occasion still preferreth  
The wisdom, that for selfe-advantage erreth.*

*Soliman.* Wisdom is not vnto it selfe in debt,  
That leaueth nothing, but a God, aboue it.  
Will he returne from death vnto the liuing ?

*Rossa.* No Sir ! But much may hap before his death ;  
Who thinking nothing worse, and nothing after,  
Knowes thought of wrong is death , if Princes liue ;  
Where dead, all heires their owne good doe forgiue.

*Solyman.* I sent, he comes ; and come is in my power.

*Rossa.* Before he comes, who knowes your fatall hower ?  
*The wicked wrestle both with Might , and Slight :*

„ While Princes liue, each mans life guardeth theirs ;  
„ When they are dead, mens loues goe with their feare.  
Slaine by the way lesse grudge, more safety were.

*Solyman.* *Wrong is not Princely ; and much lesse is feare.*

*Rossa.* These glorious hazards tempt, and hasten fate ;  
They well become a Man , but not a State.

*Solyman.* This feare in women shewes a kindnesse too ;  
And is for men to thanke, but not to doe.

*Rossa.* Is Prouidence of no more vse to Power ?

*Solyman.* Than to preserue the Fame of Power entire,  
Which often vndermined is by feare.

I doe suspect, yet is there nothing done ;  
I lose my Fame, if I so kill my Sonne.

Though I yet know not he hath done amisse,  
I doubt ; and *heauy Princes doubting is.*

Though I resolute I will not kill him there ;  
*It mortall is if Kings see cause to feare.*

When *Mustapha* returnes my iealous care  
Will very hardly danger ouersee :

*Order alone holds States in Vnity.*



*Actus Primus : Scena secunda.*

Beglerbie *Nuntius*. Solyman. Rossa:

**B**eglerbie. Fond *Man*! distract with diuers thoughts  
on foot,

That rack'st thy selfe, & Natures peace do'st breake;  
Iudge not the Gods aboue: it doth not boot,  
Nor doe thou see that which thou dar'st not speake.

Power hath great scope; she walkes not in the wayes  
Of private truth: Vertues of common men

Are not the same which shine in Kings aboue;

And doe make feare bring forth the workes of loue.

Admit that *Mustapha* not guilty bee;

*Who by his Prince will rise, his Prince must please;*

And they that pleate iudge with humility.

Yonder they are, whose charge must be discharged.

In *Rossa's* face behold desire speaketh,

*He keepes the lawes, that all lawes forme breaketh.*

*Solyman.* Is *Mustapha* in health, and coming?

*Beg.* My Lord! already come: For what can stay,  
Where Loue, and Dutie both teach to obey?

*Sol.* In what strange ballance are mans humors peised?  
Since each light change within vs, or without.

Turnes feare to hope, and hope againe to doubt.

If thus it worke in Man, much more in Thrones,

Whose tender heights feele all thinne aires that moue,

And worke that change below they vse aboue.

For on the *Axis* of our humors turne

Church-rites, and Lawes; Subiects desire, and wit;

All which, in all men, come, and goe with it.

*Rossa!* a King ought therefore to suspect

Feares, fearefull counsells which incline to blood,

Wherein, but truths, no Influence is good.

Else will inferior practise euer cast

Such glassy shaddowes vpon all our errors,



As he that sees not ruine , shall see terrors.  
 Power therefore should affect the Peoples stampe,  
 „ Whose good, or ill thoughts, euer proue to Kings,  
 „ Like aire, which either health, or sicknesse brings,  
 Now *Rossa* ! by these straight lines , if we found  
 The hollow depths of *Rostens* mysterie ;  
 He will the canker of this State be found.  
 Long hath he wau'd betwixt my sonne, and me,  
 Making succession sacred , whilst he felt  
 Practise could not diuide the barke, and tree :  
 His end being not to finde, or cherish truth,  
 But rather vices , where his Art works ruth.  
 Long hath he weigh'd our humors with his ends ;  
 To finde which nature was the fittest mould  
 For him, to bring to passe in , what he would.  
 And though his power be on my old age built ,  
 Yet that , as slow to ruine , he dislikes :  
 Guilt seeking shields for euery blow it strikes.  
 Now in my Sonne though actiue powers he finde,  
 Yet what he cannot gouerne, giues offence ;  
 From birth, or worth, still fearing competence.  
 He grounds this worke on iealousie of Kings,  
 „ Where hopefull goodnesse oft in Successors  
 „ Seeme not strengths, as they bee, but strong oppressors.  
 And when this Art could not procure his fall,  
 Nor shape our humors like *Procrustes* bed ,  
 Where all that fit him not , are ruined :  
 Straight then he offers vp vnto my Sonne  
 My life, my Crowne, and all that I haue wonne.  
 Such slender props are *Princes* *Bauorites*,  
 „ Who like good fortunes children, loue their mother,  
 „ And neuer can be true to any other.  
 In these nets shall he then catch him , and me,  
 And so this high, and soueraigne Scepter-power  
 Sinke into slaues by my infirmity ?  
 No, No : when Princes, by defect of minde ;  
 A pronesse feele, to sinke into their slaues ;  
 Wherein they make their Creatures their graues :  
 By Nature haue they not a *Phenix*-fire,



From their owne ashes to reuiue againe,  
 And in their childrens honor, liue, and raigne ?  
 Then *Rossa* ! iudge : My loue hath made vs one ;  
 And who can iudge these humorists, but we ;  
 Since hope, and feare below lacke eyes to see ?  
*Mustapha* is through misprision hither come,  
 Brought to the practise of this crafty slaue,  
 Carelesse in which he make the others tombe :  
 His netts are layd ; our thoughts for stales pitch'd downe,  
 To catch our selues in, and in vs , the Crowne.  
 But Natures lawes haue conquered Princes doubts ;  
 And betweene King, and man, what was begonne,  
 Concludes betwixt a Father and a Sonne.

*Rossa*. Behold ! these sandy hearts haue no foundation :  
 Yet hence must I , with hazard, worke my will ,  
 That haue to doe with thought, nor good, nor ill ;  
 My Lord ! your doubts from arguments did rise  
 Of wanton pride, ambitious seeking loue :  
 „ And can remissions be in Nature wise,  
 „ While States vpon the steepe of danger moue ?  
 No : thinke what pregnant grounds of his ambition  
 Resolu'd you first, his Greatnesse was your danger :  
 And shall a Father waue a Kings suspition ?  
 Since Mischiefe , whilst her head shewes in a clowd,  
 In *Pluto's* Kingdome doth her body shrowd.

*Solyman*. Suspition may enquire, but not conclude ;  
 Both hope , and feare ; doe with excessse delude.  
 Tell *Beglerbie* ! how did he welcome thee ?  
 In your accessse what found you ; pompe , or pride ?  
 Was he reseru'd ; or else did he descend ?  
 Appear'd I as his Soueraigne ; or his friend ?

*Beglerbie*. His Court was great ; and that which adds to  
 you  
 Is that all Princes had their Agents there  
 Confessing , in the Sonne, the Fathers due :  
 And from them all the honnor done him such ,  
 As if none thought the World for him too much.  
 Yet I no sooner to his presence came ,  
 But he paid all their homages to me ,



The rest look'd on, as when men wonders see.

*Solyman.* What was his cheere? Did'st thou obserue his eyes,

When thou declared'st my will to haue him come?

*Beglerbie.* First, at your name he bow'd in humble wise;  
The rest appear'd to be a ioyfull doome.

Onely the *Persian* spake (it seemes) with care:

God make these fauors good; for they be rare.

*Rossa.* This is the glasse which Father looks not in;

The Workman hides, the instruments discover:

See how it fitts a King to be a louer?

Sir! marke these words: whence should their wonder grow?

His scorne, and grudge, he worshippes, and obeyes:

In him, or for him, what strange works are these?

*Solyman.* Tell me his manner. How, did he dispose  
His followers, and affayres till his returne?

The newes of warre against our *Persian* foes,

I am sure, made not his vndertakers mourne.

*Beglerbie.* The *Persian* Agent some distraction shew'd;

All else their eys to their Sunne rising turne.

*Solyman.* What's the discourse of Court? and what the face?

His carriage is it Royally seuere;

Referu'd, like vs, by attributes of place,

Or popular, as power in people were?

Shapes he his course to rule, or gaine a State?

Is our course chang'd, or doth he imitate?

*Beglerbie.* He windes not spirits vp with Power, or Feare:

The antient forme he keepes, where it is good;

His proiects reformation every where:

His care to haue diseases vnderstood:

Reuerend vnto your Throne; more to your deeds:

*It is no imitation which exceeds.*

*Solyman.* What doth he in our Church, or law reprove?

What error in our discipline of warre?

*Beglerbie.* With zeale he doth adore the Powers aboue;

With zeale inferior duties paid him are:

And



And, for his ends on publike centers moue,  
His ends are seru'd with euery bodies loue.  
His Court, like yours, the image of a Campe:  
In yours, your Power; in his, Himselfe the Lampe.  
He sees (men say) but only what he shoues,  
I meane examples both of Power, and Loue:  
You see againe what from within you growes,  
Such humble feare, as fearefull power moues.  
His Campe, in rest and action both, content;  
Assiduous order workes this frame in either:  
Your discipline now loose, now ouerbent;  
Forc'd to vse feare in both, contents in neither.  
This freedome Sir! makes them you two compare,  
Of whom, both he and they, but shadowes are.

*Solym.* What be his troopes? An armie, or a Traine?  
Come they to dwell, or to goe backe againe?

*Beglerb.* His will was to depart immediately;  
With no traine, but the *Basha*, *Priest*, and I.  
Your honor only ministred debate;  
Princes (some thought) stood fast by keeping state:  
His Pompe gaue lustre to your Power, some said,  
*For Princes should be gloriously obeyed.*

At this gappe entred Loue, and Intercession,  
The Multitude all liberties approu'd,  
The Wise to giue them way held it discretion;  
Where it gaue honor to your selfe aboue.  
Thus to the Coast number and order come,  
Where *Mustapha* leaues all to bide your doome.

*Solym.* Within the Port, or where doth he attend?  
What's the aspect betweene his owne, and ours?  
Gaines he, or waines he by approching power?

*Beglerb.* His foot on land, straight to the Church he goes;  
Applause, and wonder follow to that place,  
Greater he, by your Influence, still growes,  
Your *Trophies* vpon him the people place.  
Vnto the State men prophecy progression,  
And see your age, 'tis true, in your Succession.  
Your Power, and Loue both, in his Pompe appeare;  
For euen the *Basha's* next you I did meet



Hastning to honor him, whom you hold deare.  
 What greater Triumph to a glorious Father,  
 Than such a Sonne for age to leane vnto,  
 Whence declination may more forces gather,  
 And impotence retaine ability to doe?  
 Goodnesse exiling iealousie of State,  
 From him whose dutie sets his power a rate.

Now by the way a paper vp I tooke,  
 Spread by the *Musti*, as it should appeare,  
 Fore-telling with authority of booke,  
 What those times wrap'd in clouds, and these make cleare.  
 Wherein these Prophet-spirits did foreshow  
 The progresse of this Empire to the heighth;  
 Vnder what Princes humors it should grow,  
 Vnder whose weakenesse fall againe by weight;  
 Inferring this; that where declining spirits  
 To governe mighty Scepters God ordaines,  
 Order no *Basis* findes; Honor must fall:  
*where man is nothing, Place cannot doe all.*

Againe where worth, and wisdoms soueraigne be,  
 And he that's King of Place, is King of Men,  
 Change, Chance, or Ruine cannot enter then.  
 And such a King must sit vpon this Throne;  
 Vnperfect times (they say) are fully runne,  
 And this perfection present in your Sonne.

*Solym.* Change hath prepar'd her moulds for Innovation;  
 I see inferior wheelles of practice moue,  
 Yet they preuaile not on the Powers aboue.  
 His worth rests constant, and yet works this motion,  
 They to him, for him, sacrifice at randome  
 All which they haue, and haue not, in deuotion;  
 He is the Glasse, in which their light affections  
 Come to behold what image they shall take:  
 If *libertie* they finde, then *Anarchie* they make.  
 On time, place, truth, these spirits neuer rest.  
 His worth, thus innocent, how can I feare?  
 Their thoughts, thus violent, can Power digest?  
 Then *Gouernment*! thy hand must cut betweene  
 My fearefull dangers, and his fearelesse praise.



*In all States, Power, which oppresseth spirits,  
Imprisons Nature, Empire disinherits.  
This Throne grew not by delicate alliance,  
Combining State with State, all States to Lawes;  
Of idle Princes, and base subiects cause.  
We grew by curious improving all;  
Our selues to people, people vnto vs;  
Worth, through our selues, in them we planted thus!  
And shall I helpe to make succession lesse,  
Blasting the births of Nature and Example,  
In narrow feares of selfe-vnworthinesse?  
No, No: The art of Monarchie is more:  
Princes must strength by such succession gather,  
*with future hopes all present smarts are eased;*  
Age hath a veyle, and Maiestie is pleased.  
*Who makes, can marre. Honor, reward, and feare;  
Are reynes of Power: The ends inherent there.**

*Ross.* Behold! I stand amaz'd: Sir! ease my heart.  
A King lesse than a man! more than a God!  
I know not where to stay, nor how to part.  
*God hath ordain'd that wickednesse shall die:*  
Sir! who is guiltie? *Mustapha*, or I?

*Solym.* He now is in the hands of Power, and Time.  
His danger is to come, and ours is past;  
Lets see into what moulds our owne are cast.

*Ross.* Who will endure the sentence he may giue;  
Betweene you two? He must be King that liues.  
Your graue prepared is among your owne:  
Neighbours, Church, People, Souldiers, made the Stage;  
Where Hope, and Youth shall ruine Feare, and Age.  
Most wretched I, rais'd to be ouerthrowne.  
If you will die, then am I lost in you;  
And die you must, if you belecue your owne.  
If he shall liue; then am I prou'd vntrue,  
Hated by him, whom you haue plac'd aboue,  
Lost vnto you, and ruin'd by my loue.

„ Ah Confidence! thou Glorie of the ill!  
„ How safely do'st thou blinded Power assayle,  
„ That hauing all, yet knowes not what it will?



*Solym. Rossa!* you moue me ; yet remoue I not.  
*Man comprehends a man, but not a King.*  
 I feele my selfe ( 'tis true ) and I feele you ;  
 How to it selfe can Power then proue vnttrue ;  
 Succession on the present neuer winnes,  
 But by the death of body, or of spirit :  
 All heires by our mortality runne in.  
 Let not misprision wound me in thy loue :  
 Great inequality of worth you yeeld  
 To them, you thinke can on my ruines build.

CHORVS PRIMVS  
 Of  
*Basha's, or Caddies.*

**L**Ike as mixt *Humors*, drawne vp from the ground,  
 Are vnto many formes, and functions bound;  
 Partly out of their natiue Propertie,  
 Partly the Climes, through which their iourneyes be;  
 Some into *Meteors*, that amaze below;  
 Others to *Comets*, which fore-threaten woe;  
 Some into *Hailestones*, that afflict the earth;  
 Others to *Raine*, which hastens euery birth;  
*Lightning*, and *Thunder* onely made of those,  
 Which the cold *Regions* double heats inclose:  
 So is fraile *Mankind*, though in other fashion,  
 Rais'd, and let fall with his owne earthly passion;  
 Formed, transformed, and made instruments  
 In many shapes, to serue Powers many bents:  
 Feeding Superiours, euen as Vapors doe,  
 Which spending themselves, scourge their Parents too.  
 Some in mishaped *Meteors*, terrifying,  
 All constant spirits, vnder Tyrants lying;  
 Others like *windes*, which *Aeolus* makes blow,  
 To breathe themselves out, while they ouerthrow;

Some



Some like sweet *Dewes*, that nourish where they touch;  
 Like *Exhalations*, some inflame too much;  
 Bondage, and ruine, only wrought by those,  
 That Kings with seruile Flattery inclose,  
 Hatching, in double heats of Power, and Will;  
*Thunder*, and *Lightning*, to amaze, and kill.  
 Thus Tyrants deale with Peoples liberty,  
 The nether Region cannot long liue free.  
 Thus Tyrants deale with vs of higher place,  
 As drawne vp onely to disperse disgrace.  
*Ecchos* of Power, that pleasingly resound  
 Those heauy Taxes, wherewith Princes wound.  
 Exhausters of fraile Mankind by our place,  
 To make them poore, and consequently base.  
 With *Colonies* we eat the *Natiue* downe,  
 And, to increase the Person, waine the Crowne.  
 With idle visions trafficking mens mindes  
 To humble moderation, in all kindes  
 Till vnder false stiles of Obedience,  
 We take from Mankinde all, but suffering sence,  
 Yet euen by these sailes, which for Scepters moue,  
 We forced are with modest breath to proue,  
 Which way these *People-tides* will passe with ease;  
*Crownes* wounding deepely, when they striue to please.  
 Whence, as we dare not blow them vp to rage;  
 So againe, if we quit this *People-stage*,  
 Thrones know not where to act those fancie-playes,  
 Which catch the lookers on so many wayes.  
 For we, like *Dewes*, drawne to be clouds aboue,  
 Straight grow with that attracting Sunne in loue;  
 Which euer raiseth light things vp to fall,  
 In crafty Power Creation naturall.  
 Wrapt in which *Crowne-mists*, men cannot discern  
 How dearely they her glittering tinctures earne,  
 Till, thorough glassie Time, these Cage-birds see,  
 That *Honor is the badge of Tyrannie*.

Lames the next pillars be, with which we deale,  
 As *Sophistries* of euery Common-weale;  
 Or rather *Nets*, which people doe aske leaue,

That



That they , to catch their Freedomes in , may weaue,  
 And still adde more vnto the *Sultans* power,  
 By making their owne frames themselues deuoure.  
 These *Lesbian* rules, with shew of reall grounds,  
 Giuing Right, narrow; Will, transcendent bounds.  
 The *Mufti* , and their spirituall iurisdctions,  
 By course succeed these other guilt-inflctions :  
 Conscience annexing to our Crescent starre  
 All freedoms; that in Mans fraile Nature are;  
 By making doctrines large , strict milde , seuerer;  
 As Power intends to stirre, vp hope, or feare :  
 Which heavenly shaddow, with earth-centers fixt,  
 Racke men , by truth, and vntruths, strangely mixt;  
 And proue to Thrones such a supporting cause,  
 As finely giues Law to all other Lawes.  
 Thus like the *wood* that yeelds helues for the *Axe*;  
 Vpon it selfe to lay an heauy taxe:  
 We silly *Bassha's* helpe Power to confound,  
 With our owne strength exhausting our owne ground.  
 An Art of *Tyrannie* ; which workes with men,  
 To make them beasts , and high-rais'd Thrones their  
 denne,  
 Where they , that mischief others, may retire  
 Safe with their prey, as lifting Tyrants higher.  
 By which enthralling of our selues , with others,  
 Proue we not both Confusions heires, and mothers?  
 Farre vnlike *Adam*, putting Ciuil names  
 Vpon those errors, which the whole world blames.  
 For if Power rauine more than is her owne;  
 People, we say, are *Chequers* to a Throne.  
 Againe, if she to rise vp, will pull downe;  
 Creation, we say, still inheres the Crowne.  
 If good men chance to interrupt this way;  
 Too much in vertue oft there is , we say :  
 Since each inferior limbe must from the Head  
 Receiue his Standard and be ballanced.  
 If People grudge their freedome, thus made thrall;  
 Power is their body , they but shadowes all.  
 If God himselfe by Law , or Influence,

Seemes



Seemes but to limit this Omnipotence ;  
 Euen as in Christian Courts of *Chancerie*,  
 Though land, or Titles cannot settled be ;  
 Yet where the Person dares to disobey,  
 Through him, his Title they imprison may :  
 So though with Tyrants God transcendent be,  
 Yet plague they his for too much pietie.  
 And, by distinctions from the Pulpits doome,  
 Leaue still for *Crowne-impiety* a roome.  
 This is our office vnder Tyrannie,  
 Where Power, and Passion only currant be.

But where the Better rules the Greater part,  
 And reason onely is the Princes Art ;  
 There, as in Margents of great volum'd Bookes,  
 The little notes, whereon the Reader lookes,  
 Oft aide his ouerpressed memory,  
 Vnto the Authors sense where he would be :  
 So doe true Counsellors assist good Kings,  
 And helpe their Greatnesse on, with little things.  
 Honor, in chiefe, our Oath is to vphold,  
 That by no trafficke it be bought, or sold.  
 Else looke what brings that dainty *Throne-worke* downe,  
 Addes not, but still takes something from a Crowne.  
 Proffit, and her true Mine, Frugality,  
 Incident likewise to our Office be :  
 As husbanding the Scepters spreading right,  
 To stretch it selfe, yet not grow infinite ;  
 Or with Prerogative to Tyrannize,  
*whose workes proue oft more absolute, than wise.*  
 Not mastering Lawes, which freedome interrupts ;  
 Nor moulding Pulpits, which is to corrupt,  
 And helpe *Change* in ; *whose vanity still tends*  
*To worke immortall things to mortall ends.*  
 But our part is to keepe the Iustice free,  
 As equall peising liberality ;  
 Which both contents the People that receiues,  
 And Princely giuer more enabled leaues.  
 Likewise with *forraigne States* we keepe respect  
 By diligence, which seldome findes neglect.



In Treaties still concluding mutuall good,  
 Since *no one byas'd Contracteuer stood.*  
 In *Complements* we strue to hold such measure,  
 That outward forme consume not inward treasure.  
 For betwixt Man, and Man; 'twixt King and Kings;  
 Our place should offer well-digested things.  
 Else as those Crudities, which doe remaine  
 Within the body, all Complexions staine:  
*So doth aduantage betweene State, and State,*  
*Though finely got, yet proue vnfortunate:*  
 And oft Disorder like in gouernment,  
 Leaue euen those that prosper, discontent.

But is our great Lords Character like these?  
 Are disproportion'd humors made to please?  
 Can *Parricide*, euen vnto Nature treason,  
 Draw any true line from, *Mans Zenith*, Reason?  
 Then how can Vice, in this confus'd estate,  
 Long scape the doome of neuer-sparing Fate?  
 For, as we see, when sicknesse deeply roots,  
 Meat, drinke, and drugges alike doe little boot;  
 Because all what should either nurse, or cure,  
 As master'd by diseases, grow impure:  
 So when *Excesse* (*the maladie of Might*)  
 Hath (*Dropsy-like*) drown'd all the stiles of right,  
 Then doth *Obedience* (*else the food of Power*)  
 Helpe on that dropsie Canker to deuoure.  
 In which craz'd times, woe worth foreseeing wit,  
 Which marre it selfe may, cannot helpe with it.  
 For as those Kings that conquer neighbour Nations,  
 First by the sword make *Chaos* of Creations;  
 Then, *Spider-like* a curious netting spinne,  
 Inuisible, to catch Inferiors in:  
 So when the Art of powerfull Tyrannie  
 Hath vndermin'd mans natieue libertie;  
 Then, like Lords absolute of words, and deeds,  
 They soone change weeds to herbs, and herbs to weeds!  
 Which ouer-winding while the People feare,  
 Can Tyrants hope of Sanctuarie there?  
 Or, when this feare hath tied Mens mindes together,

Proues



Proues this a storme , or constant Winter-weather ?  
 Againe, when Selfenesse hath mens hearts estrang'd,  
 Is not one Soueraigne soone to many chang'd ?  
 Lastly, where absolute seemes only wise,  
 Is not one , enuious there , in many eyes ?  
 Disease thus growne , the *Crisis* , and the *Doom* ,  
 Shew *Princes must be ours, or we their Tombe*.  
 For as the *Ocean* , which is euer deepe,  
 Vnder her smooth face , doth in secret keepe  
 The vast content of deaths deuouring wombe,  
 Where those desires which venture finde a tombe ;  
*Aeolus* , with sweet breath, making all things faire,  
 Till he hath bound hope Prentise to his aire ;  
 Then adding more breath to that breath they spend ,  
 Makes tide with tide, and waue with waue contend ?  
 Enforcing men, for taxe, to throw their goods  
 Into his mercilesse, entising floods ;  
 Where swallowing some in sight of those he spares ,  
 Euen they that prosper best must swarme with cares :  
 So doth vast Power, at first , spread out her flights  
 Of Grace, and Honor ; *smooth bewitching bayts* ;  
 And when mens Liues, their Goods, and Libertie,  
 Are left in trust once with her Tyrannie ;  
 Then , *Ocean-like*, blowne vp with stormes of passion ;  
 Which, but excesse, makes all seeme out of fashion,  
 It takes aduange to deuoure the Iust,  
 Because to *Lames*, that *limit Thrones*, they trust  
 Ruines the Wise, whose eye discernes too much ,  
 And thereby brings Powers errors to the touch ;  
 Discards the Learned , for the difference  
 They make betweene the truth, and Princes sense ;  
 Staines the Religious, as if they withstood  
*Powers will, the stampe of all that's currant good* :  
 Yet saues it some, that they may witnesse beare,  
*where Power raignes, there Worth must line in feare*.

Thus are we Soothers, as all shaddowes be,  
 Sworne to the bodies of Authority.  
 Thus doe Inferiors, catch'd with their owne ends,  
 Pay double vse for all the Scepter lends ;



Not seeing, while *Man* strives to stand by Grace,  
 He offers *Natures* freedome vp to Place;  
 Whose true relation, betweene Men, and Might,  
 Assures vs, *Thrones* should not be infinite,  
 Lastly, thus doe we suffer God to wayne,  
 Vnder the Humors of a *Sultans* raigne.  
 And in the fatall ruine of his Sonne,  
 Cut off our owne liues, on a lesse threed spunne.

*Actus secundus: Scena prima.*  
*Achmat solus.*

**W**Ho, standing in the shade of humble vallies;  
 Lookes vp, and wonders at the state of hils;  
 When he with toyle of weary limbes ascends;  
 And feels his spirits melt with *Phabus* glories,  
 Or sinewes starke with *Aeolus* bitter breathing;  
 Or thunder-blasts, which comming from the skie,  
 Doe fall most heauy on the places high:  
 Then knowes (though farther scene, and farther seeing  
 From hills aboue, than from the humble vallies)  
*They multiply in woes, that adde in glories.*  
 Who weary is of *Natures* quiet Plaines;  
 A meane estate, with poore, and chaste desires;  
 Whose Vertue longs for knees, Blisse for opinion;  
 Who iudgeth pleasures Paradise in purple;  
 Let him see me: No *Gouernor* of *Castile*,  
 No petty Princes choice, whose weake dominions  
 Make weake, vnnoble Counsels to be currant:  
 But *Bassha* vnto *Solyman*; whose scepter,  
 Nay seruants, haue dominion ouer Princes:  
 Vnder whose feete, the foure forgotten Monarches;  
 The footstooles lie of his eternall glorie:  
 Euen I thus rais'd, this *Solymans* belou'd,  
 Thus caried vp by fortune to be tempt'd,  
 Must, for my Princes sake, destroy Succession;



Or suffer ruine to preserve Succession.  
 Oh happy Men ! that know not, or else feare  
 This second slippery place of Honors steepe,  
 Which we with *envy* get, and *danger* keepe.  
 Vnhappy state of ours ! wherein we liue,  
 Where doubts giue lawes, which neuer can forgiue :  
 Where Rage of Kings not only ruines be,  
 But where their very loue workes miserie.  
 For Princes humors are not like the *Glasse*,  
 Which in it shewes what shapes without remaine,  
 And with the body goe, and come againe :  
 But like the *waxe*, which first beares but his owne,  
 Till it the scale in easy mould receiue,  
 And by th'impresion onely then is knowne.  
 In this soft weaknesse *Rossa* prints her art,  
 And leekes to tosse the Crowne from hand to hand;  
*Kings are not safe whom any vnderstand.*  
 First, of her selfe, she durst send *Rosten* forth  
 To murder *Mustapha*, his dearest Sonne :  
 He found him only guarded with his worth,  
 Suspecting nothing, and yet nothing done.  
*Rosten* is now return'd : For wicked feare  
 Did euen make him wickednesse forbear.  
 A *Beglerbie* goes since to call him hither ;  
 The Colour, warre against the *Persian* King ;  
 The Truth, to suffer force of Tyrannie,  
 From his enforced Fathers lealousie.  
 Who vtters this, is to his Prince a Traytor :  
 Who keepes this, Guilty is ; his life is ruth,  
 And dying liues, euer denying truth.  
 Thus hath the *Fancy-law* of Power ordain'd,  
 That whobetrayes it most, is most esteem'd :  
 Who saith it is betray'd, is Traytor deem'd.  
 I sworne am to my King, and to his Honor :  
 His Humors ? No : which they, that follow most,  
 Wade in a Sea, wherein themselves are lost.  
 Yet *Achmat* stay ! For who doth wrest Kings mindes,  
 Wrestles his faith vpon the stage of Chance ;  
 Where vertue, to the world by fortune knowne,



Is oft misjudg'd, because shee's ouerthrowne.  
 Nay *Achmat* stay not ! For who truth enuiron  
 With circumstances of Mans fayling wit,  
 By feare , by hope , by loue , by malice erreth ;  
 Nature to natures banckrupts he engageth :  
*And while none dare shew Kings they goe amisse ,  
 Euen base Obedience their Corruption is .*

Then Feare ! dwell with the ill ; Truth is assur'd :  
 Opinion ! be , and raigne with Fortunes Princes .  
 Policie ! goe peece the faults of Mortall Kingdomes :  
 Death ! threaten them that liue to die for euer ,  
 I first am Natures subiect , then my Princes ;  
 I will not serue to Innocencies ruine .  
*whose Heauen is Earth , let them beleue in Princes .*

My God is not the God of subtile murder :  
*Solyman* shall know the truth : I looke no further .

Behold ! he comes like Maiestie confus'd ;  
 Horror , Reuenge , Rage lighten in his eyes .  
*All Lawes giue place where Power is ioynd with these ;  
 And he must goe beyond that will appease .*

## *Actus secundus : Scena secunda.*

*Solyman. Achmat.*

**S**olyman. Mercie, and Loue ! you Phrases popular ;  
 Which vndermine, and limit Princes Thrones,  
 Goe , seeke the regions of Equality.  
*Greatnesse must keepe those Arts by which it grew ,  
 And euer what it wills , or feares , make true .*

*Achmat.* My Lord ! what moues these vndermining  
 words ,

Which shewing feare in you, stirre feare in vs ?  
 Cruelty, and Dissolution enter thus .

*Solyman.* Doth Kings restraint of wrath appeare like feare ?  
 Shall our remissenesse suffer more than this ?



Can horror onely, adoration beare ?  
 Behold, the World layes Homage at my feet,  
 To them by sword, and fire I am knowne :  
 Must Kings that change this likenesse lose their owne ?  
 Two States I beare ; his Father , and his King ;  
 These two , being Relatiues , haue mutuall bonds ;  
 Neglect in either, all in question brings.  
 My Sonne climes vp with wings of seeming Merit ;  
 His course, Applause ; and mine, the scale of Order ;  
 By Dissolution, he builds vp Content ;  
 And I displease, by planting Gouernment.  
 My Age spends on the stocke of Honor wonne ;  
 Flesh hath her buds, her flowers, her fruit, her fall ;  
 Worke hath his time, and Rest is naturall ;  
 His Youth hath hope for right ; and Fame for end ;  
 Time for a stage ; for riual Expectation ;  
 Ascending by the ballance we descend.  
 Let Youth affect goodwill, praise , reputation,  
 Fashion it selfe to Times, or Times to it,  
 Grow strong, and rich in mans imagination:  
 But when her Fame reflects scorne vpon Kings,  
 Her glory vndermines, or else confounds  
 Of Place, Time, Nature, all the reuerend bounds.  
 These crooked shadowes no straight bodies haue ;  
 Practise , Ambition , Pride , are here disguised.  
 And shall Loue be achaine, tyed to my Crowne,  
 Either to helpe him vp, or pull me downe ?  
 No , No : This *Father*-language fits not Kings,  
 „ Whose publike, vniuersall prouidence  
 „ Of *Things*, not *Persons*, alwayes must haue sense.  
 With Iustice I these misty doubts will cleare.  
 And he that breakes diuine, and humane Law ,  
 Shall no protection out of either draw.

*Achm.* Sir ! where corrupted limbes Art doth diuide,  
 It hath no name of torment, but of cure:  
 Let many perisb , so the State be sure.

*Solym.* Then *Achmat* ! Bid the Eunuchs do their charge.  
 I wound my selfe in wounding of my Sonne ;  
 A Kings estates hath of a Fathers wonne.

*Aduanta*



Aduantageous Ambition ! hast thou learn't  
 That present Government still giues offenses ;  
 And long life in the best Kings discontenteth ?  
 That discontentments hopes liue in succession ?  
 Well ! False desires (which in false Glasses shew  
 That Princes Thrones are like enchanted fires,  
 Mighty to see, and easie to passe ouer : )  
 By *Mustapha's* example, learne to know ;  
*No priuate thoughts can sound Authoritie.*  
*Achmat ! I meane that Mustapha shall die.*

*Achmat.* My Lord ! Good Fortune doth me witnesse  
 beare ,

That my hopes need not stand vpon Succession ,  
 Where life is poore in all , but woe , and feare :  
 Then Sir ! doubt not my faith , though I withstand  
 This fearefull Counsell, which you haue in hand.

*Solym.* Resolu'd I am. The forme alone I doubt,  
 Enuie , and Murmur I desire to shunne,  
 With which yet great Examples must be done.

*Ach.* The forme of prooffe precedes the forme of death ;  
 Kings honors, and their safeties liue in both :  
 Against these to giue counsell I am loth.

*Solym.* *Thought is with God an Art : Kings cannot see  
 Th'intents of mischiefe, but with Iealousie.*

*Ach.* In what protection then liues Innocence ?

*Solym.* Below the danger of Omnipotence.

*Ach.* Are thoughts, and deeds confounded any where ?

*Solym.* In Princes liues, that may not suffer feare.  
*where Place vnequall equally is weigh'd,  
 There Power supreme is ballanc'd, not obey'd.*

*Ach.* This is the way to make Accusers proud ;  
 And feed vp starued Spite with guiltlesse blood :

*Solym.* A iust aduantage vnto Kings allow'd,  
 Whose safeties doe include a common good.

*Ach.* Sir ! I confesse, where one man ruleth all ;  
 There feare, and care are secret wayes of wit ;  
*where All may rise, and only One must fall ;  
 There Pride aspires, and Power must master it :*

For worlds repine at those, whom Birth, or Chance ;

Above



Above all men, and yet but Men, aduance.  
 I know when easie hopes doe nurse desire,  
 The Deadmen onely of the Wise are trusted:  
 And though crook'd Feare doe seldome rightly measure,  
 As thinking all things, but it selfe, dissembled:  
 Yet *Solyman*! let Feare awake Kings counsells.  
 But feare not Natures lawes, which seldome alter,  
 Nor rare examples of iniquity,  
 Which, but with age, of time deliuered be:  
 Feare false Stepmothers rage, Womans ambition,  
 Whereof each Age to other is a Glasse;  
 Feare them that feare not, for desire, shame;  
 Selling their faiths to bring their ends to passe.  
 Establish *Rossa's* children for your heires;  
 Let *Mustapha's* hopes fall; translate his right:  
 And when her proud Ambitions gluttred be,  
 Straight Enuie dies; Feare will appeare no more:  
 Nature takes on the shape it had before.

*Soly.* Shall Error scape by Art? And shall a bare  
 Stepmothers name, in her that speaketh truth,  
 Disguise, and shadow Parricide from blame?  
*Intents are seeds, and actions they include.*

*Princes, whose Scepters must be fear'd of many,  
 Are neuer safe that liue in feare of any*

*Ach.* Tyrants they are that punish out of feare,  
 States wiser than the truth decline, and weare.

*Soly.* Thou art but one. The rest, in whom I trust,  
 Discerne his fault, and vrge me to be iust.

*Ach.* Though Factions strength be great, her sleight is  
 more;

Her plots, and instruments inlay'd with Art:  
*Lesse care hath Truth than hath the euill part.*

*Soly.* Traytor! Must I doubt all to credit thee?

*Ach.* No lesse is Truth, where Kings deceiu'd will be.

*Soly.* The greater number holds the safest parts.

*Ach.* That one is but the least of Factions arts.

*Soly.* Thy counsell hazards all: Their course but one.

*Ach.* That painted hazard is but made the Gate,  
 For ruine of your Sonne to enter at.

*Truth*



*Truth must the measure be to slaue, and King.*

*Solym.* Shall Power then lose her oddes in any thing?

*Ach.* God, euen to himselfe, hath made a law.

*Solym.* He doth for Fame, what Kings doe but for awe.  
What, but Desert, makes those that praise accuse?

*Ach.* The Vertue they admire, and cannot vse.

*Solym.* Dare ought, but Truth, assaile a Princes childe?

*Ach.* On Princes frailties Factions euer build.

*Solym.* Speake plaine, and free my soule from this disease,

That with the ruine of mine owne would please.

*Ach.* That which you will not feele, how can you see?

For in your loue these workes were all inweau'd;

With which most worthy men are most deceiu'd.

*Solym.* What King, or Man, loues feare, wrong, treacherie?

These be the things that now in question be.

*Ach.* Sir! where Kings doubt, Wisdome, and Lawes prouide,

Due triall, and restraint of libertie;

And vnto Caution their estate is tied;

But where Kings Rage becomes superlatiue;

There people doe forbear, but not forgiue.

My Lord! then stay: *Delays are wisdome, where*

*Time may more easy wayes of safetie show.*

Selfe-murther is an vgly worke of feare;

And little lesse is Childrens ouerthrow.

*Mustapha* is yours; more Sir! euen he

Is not, for whom you *Mustapha* or'ethrow.

*Suspicious common to Successions be;*

*Honor, and Feare together euer goe.*

Who must kill all they feare, feare all they see,

Nor Subiects, Sonnes, nor Neighbourhood can beare:

So infinite the limits be of Feare.

*Solym.* Well *Achmat*! Stay. I strue to rest my thoughts,  
Words rather stirre, than quiet fixt impressions.

*Kings hearts must iudge what Subiects hearts haue wrought,*

Not your calme heart vnthreat'ned, and vpright.

Such Bees fetch home from the selfe same Flower;

Whence



Whence Spiders draw their deepe enuenom'd power.  
 No, No: *Experience wounded is the Schoole,*  
*where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart;*  
 Innocence includes the serpent, not the foole.  
 The wager's great of being, or not being.  
 These Crudities let me within digest;  
 My Power shall take vpon it all the rest.

*Actus secundus: Scena tertia.*  
 Camena. Solyman. Achmat.

**C** *Amena.* They that from youth doe sucke at For-  
 tunes brest,  
 And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,  
 Like Dropsie-fedde, their thirst doth neuer rest;  
 For still, by getting, they beget desire:  
 Till thoughts, like Wood, while they maintaine the  
 Flame  
 Of high desires, grow Ashes in the same.  
 But *Vertue*! Those that can behold thy beauties,  
 Those that sucke, from their youth, thy milke of Good-  
 nesse,  
 Their minds grow strong against the stormes of fortune,  
 And stand, like rockes, in Winter gusts vnshaken;  
 Not with the blindness of desire mistaken.  
 O *Vertue* therefore! whose thrall I thinke fortune,  
 Thou who despisest not the sex of Women,  
 Helpe me out of these Riddles of my fortune,  
 Wherein (meethinks) you with your selfe doe pose me:  
 Let Fates goe on: sweet *Vertue*! doe not lose me.  
 My Mother, and my Husband haue conspired,  
 For Brothers good, the ruine of my Brother:  
 My Father by my Mother is inspired,  
 For one childe to seeke ruine of another.  
 I that to helpe by Nature am required,  
 While I doe helpe, must needs still hurt a Brother.  
 While I see who conspire, I seeme conspired

R

Against



Against a Husband, Father, and a Mother,  
 Truth bids me runne, by Truth I am retired;  
 Shame leads me both the one way, and the other.  
 In what a *Labyrinth* is Honor cast,  
 Drawne diuerse wayes with Sex, with Time, with State?  
 In all which, Errors course is infinite,  
 By hope, by feare, by spite, by loue, and hate;  
 And but one only way vnto the right.  
 A thorny way: where Paine must be the guide;  
 Danger the light; Offence of Power the praise:  
 Such are the golden hopes of *Iron* dayes.

Yet *Vertue*, I am thine, for thy sake grieued  
 (Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,  
 In shame, in danger, death, and torment glory)  
 That I cannot with more paines write thy story.  
 Chance therefore! if thou scornest those that scorne thee;  
 Fame! if thou hatest those that force thy Trumpet  
 To sound aloud, and yet despise thy sounding;  
 Lawes! if you loue not those that be examples  
 Of Natures lawes, whence you are fall'n corrupted;  
 Conspire that I, against you all conspired,  
 Ioin'd with Tyrant *Vertue*, as you call her,  
 That I, by your reuenges may be named,  
 For *Vertue*, to be ruin'd, and defamed,  
 My mother oft, and diuersly I warn'd,  
 What Fortunes were vpon such courses builded:  
 That fortune still must be with ill maintained,  
 Which at the first with any ill is gained.  
 I Rosten warn'd, that mans selfe-louing thought  
 Still creepeth to the rude embracing might  
 Of Princes grace: a Lease of glories let,  
 Which shining burnes; breeds *Serens* when 'tis set.  
 And, by this creature of my mothers making,  
 This messenger, I *Mustapha* haue warn'd,  
 That *Innocence* is not enough to saue,  
 where Good, and Greatnesse, Feare, and Enuie haue.  
 Till now, in reuerence I haue forborne  
 To aske, or to presume to ghesse, or know  
 My Fathers thoughts; whereof he might thinke scorne:



*For dreadfull is that Power that all may doe;  
Yet they, that all men feare, are fearefull too.  
Loe where he sits ! Vertue ! worke thou in me,  
That what thou seekest may accomplit be.*

*Solym. Ah Death ! Is not thy selfe sufficient anguish;  
But thou must borrow Feare, that threatening Glasse,  
Which, while it goodnesse hides, and mischiefe showes,  
Doth lighten Wit to honors ouerthrowes ?  
But hush ! Meethinks away Camena steales :  
Murther, belike, in me it selfe reueales.*

*Camena ! Whither now ? Why haste you from me ?  
Is it so strange a thing to be a Father ?  
Or is it I that am so strange a Father ?*

*Camena. My Lord ! Meethought, nay, sure I saw you busie :*

*Your Childe presumes, vncall'd, that comes vnto you.*

*Solym. Who may presume with Fathers, but their own,  
Whom Natures law hath euer in protection,  
And guilds in good beleefe of deare affection ?*

*Cam. Nay, Reuerence, Sir ! so Childrens worth doth hide,  
As of the Fathers it is least espide.*

*Solym. I thinke its true : who know their children least,  
Haue greatest reason to esteeme them best.*

*Cam. How so my Lord ? Since Loue in Knowledge liues,  
Which vnto strangers therefore no man giues.*

*Solym. The life we gaue them soone they doe forget,  
While they thinke our liues doe their fortunes let.*

*Cam. The tenderesse of life it is so great,  
As any signe of death we hate too much  
And vnto Parents Sonnes, perchance, are such.  
Yet Nature meant her strongest vnity,  
Twixt Sonnes, and Fathers ; making Parents cause  
Vnto the Sonnes, of their humanity ;  
And Children pledge of their eternitie.*

*Fathers should loue this Image in their Sonnes.*

*Solym. But streames backe to their springs doe neuer runne.*

*Cam. Pardon my Lord ! Doubt is Successions foe :  
Let not her mists poore Children ouerthrow.*

*Though streames from springs doe seeme to runne away,*



'Tis Nature leades them to their Mother Sea.

*Solym.* Doth Nature teach them, in Ambitions strife,  
To seeke his death, by whom they haue their life ?

*Cam.* Things easie, to desire impossible doe seeme :  
Why should feare make impossible seeme easie ?

*Solym.* Monsters yet be ; and being are beleeued.

*Cam.* Incredible hath some inordinate progression :  
Blood, Doctrine, Age, corrupting Libertie ,  
Doe all concur, where men such monsters be.  
Pardon me Sir ! if Dutie doe seeme angry :  
Affection must breathe out afflicted breath ,  
Where imputation hath such easie faith.

*Solym.* *Mustapha* is he that hath defil'd his nest ;  
The wrong the greater , for I lou'd him best.  
He hath deuised that all at once should die,  
*Rosten*, and *Rossa*, *Zanger* , thou, and I.

*Cam.* Fall none but Angels suddainely to hell ?  
Are Kinde, and Order growne precipitate ?  
Did euer any other man , but he,  
In instant lose the vse of doing well ?

Sir ! these be mists of Greatnesse. Looke againe :  
*For Kings, that, in their fearefull icie State,*  
*Behold their children , as their winding sheet,*  
*Doe easily doubt ; and what they doubt, they hate.*

*Solym.* *Camena* ! Thy sweet Youth , that knowes no ill,  
Cannot beleue thine Elders, when they say,  
That good beleefe is great *Estates* decay.  
Let it suffice, that I , and *Rossa* too,  
Are priuy what your Brother meanes to doe.

*Cam.* Sir ! Pardon me : and nobly as a Father,  
What I shall say , and say of holy Mother,  
Know I shall say it , but to right a Brother.  
My Mother is your Wife : Dutie in her  
Is loue : She loues ; which not well gouern'd, beares  
The euill Angell of misgiuing Feares ;  
Whose many eyes , whilst but it selfe they see,  
Still make the worst of possibility :

Out of this Feare she *Mustapha* accuseth :  
Vnto this Feare , perchance , she ioynes the Lotie ,

Which



Which doth in Mothers , for their Children moue.  
Perchance, when Feare hath shew'd her yours must fall;  
In Loue she sees that hers must rise withall.

Sir! *Feare a frailtie is, and may haue grace,*  
And ouer-care of you cannot be blamed;

*Care of our owne in Nature hath a place;*  
*Passions are oft mistaken, and misnamed;*  
*Things simply good grow euill with misplacing.*

Though lawes cut off, and doe not care to fashion;  
*Humanity of error hath compassion.*

Yet God forbid, that either Feare, or Care,  
Should ruine those that true, and faultlesse are.

*Solym.* Is it no fault , or fault I may forgiue,  
For Sonne to seeke the Father should not liue?

*Cam.* Is it a fault , or fault for you to know ,  
My Mother doubts a thing that is not so?  
These vgly workes of monstrous Parricide,  
Marke from what hearts they rise, and where they bide.  
Violent, despayr'd, where honor broken is;  
Feare lord; Time Death; where Hope is Misery;  
Doubt hauing stopt all honest wayes to blisse,  
And Custome shut the windowes vp of shame,  
That Craft may take vpon her Wisdomes name.

Compare now *Mustapha* with this despaire:  
Sweet Youth, sure Hopes, Honor, a Fathers loue;  
No infamie to moue, or banish feare,  
Honor to stay, hazard to hasten fate:

Can horrors worke in such a Childes estate?  
Besides , the Gods, whom Kings should imitate;  
Haue plac'd you high to rule, not ouerthrow;

*For vs, not for your selues, is your Estate:*

*Mercie must hand in hand with Power goe.*

Your Scepter should not strike with armes of feare,  
Which fathoms all mens imbecillitie,  
And Mischiefe doth, lest it should mischief beare.

As reason deales within with frailty ,  
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,  
But adds, substracts, keeps downe ambitious spirits:  
So must Power forme, not ruine instruments;

For



For flesh and blood, the meanes twixt heauen, and hell,  
 Vnto extremes extremely racked be;  
 Which Kings in Art of Gouernment should see,  
*Else they, which circle in themselues with death,*  
*Poison the aire, wherein they draw their breath.*  
 Pardon my Lord! Pittie becomes my Sex:  
*Grace with delay growes weake, and furie wise.*  
 Remember *Theseus* wish, and *Neptunes* haste.  
 Kild Innocence, and left Succession waste.

*Solym.* If what were best for them that doe offend  
 Lawes did inquire, the answer must be, *Grace.*  
 If Mercie be so large, where's Iustice place?

*Cam.* Where Loue despaires, and where Gods promise  
 ends.

For Mercie is the highest reach of wit,  
 A safety vnto them that saue with it:  
 Borne out of God, and vnto humane eyes,  
 Like God, not seene, till fleshly passion dies.

*Solym.* God may forgiue, whose being, and whose harmes  
 Are farre remou'd from reach of fleshly armes:  
 But if God Equalls, or Successors had;  
 Euen God, of safe reuenges would be glad.

*Cam.* While he is yet aliue, he may be slaine;  
 But from the dead no flesh comes backe againe.

*Solym.* While he remains aliue, I liue in feare.

*Cam.* Though he were dead, that doubt still liuing were.

*Solym.* None hath the power to end what he begunne.

*Cam.* The same occasion followes every Sonne.

*Solym.* Their Greatnesse, or their Worth is not so much.

*Cam.* And shall the best be slaine, for being such?

*Solym.* Thy Mother, or thy Brother are amisse:  
 I am betray'd; and one of them it is.

*Cam.* My Mother, if she erres, erres vertuously;  
 And let her erre, ere *Mastapha* should die.

*Kings*, for their safetic, must not blame mistrust;

Nor, for surmises, sacrifice the iust.

*Solym.* Well: deare *Camena*! keepe this secretly:  
 I will be well aduis'd before he die.

Come *Achmat*! to the Church: we will goe pray

God,



God, to vnfold this probability,  
 Where Power, and Wit so much offend him may.  
 In this disease of spirits, the true Appeale  
 Is to that Iudge that euery spirit knowes;  
 For we by Error else may honor lose.  
 His lawes, the life, the Innocence, the State  
 Of Sonne, and Father now in ballance stand.  
*Kings that haue cause to feare, take leaue to hate;*  
*Sonnes, that aspire, as easily lift their hands.*  
 If I fall now, I giue that scope to face,  
 Our equall gage being onely Natures bands.  
 Helpe comes alike to each of vs too late,  
 If ought betweene vs, and aduantage stand.  
 Yet she, and you, a strife within me moue,  
 And rest I will with counsell from aboute.

CHORVS SECVNDVS,  
 Of  
 Mahometan Priests.

**I**F among *Christians*, euen the best Diuines  
 Conclude, their Church (though thrall to humane  
 might)  
 Yet to be such a faire mould, as refines  
 And guides Kings power, else indefinite,  
 That it no Tyrant, or Prophaner be;  
*Horrors too frequent in Authority:*

May not our conquering true Church then assume,  
 By Grace, and Dutie, to linke God to Kings,  
 And Kings to Man? which what else could presume?  
 Since Might, and Number, rule all other things.  
 Then Crownes! what Honor to our Church is due,  
 That fashions it selfe thus, to fashion you?

Lawes



Lawes we had none, but what our Priests inspir'd;  
 Our right was lesse; for we had nought to claime:  
*To propagate it selfe the Truth desir'd,*  
 And to that end, at all mankind did aime:  
 So that while Soules we only sought to saue,  
 They are with God, and we their Empires haue.

Olli, a Prophet from our Church diuided  
 In outward formes, not lines of inward life,  
 Like witty Schisme, we louingly decided,  
 With well-bent spirits in opinions strife.  
*Europe in chiefe our Prophets then withstood,*  
*With her three-Mitred God of flesh, and blood.*

Her lett' red *Greece*, that Lottarie of Arts,  
 Since *Mars* forsooke her subtle, neuer wise;  
 Proud of her new-made Gods in fleshly hearts,  
 As she of old was of her Heathen lies;  
 We vndertooke with vnity of minde,  
 And what their Vvits dispute, our Swords did binde.

So that ere her grosse Sects could danger see,  
 Their Thrones, Schooles, Miters, Idols were resign'd  
 To vs, new Trophies of our Monarchie:  
 Thus are the *Muses* still by *Mars* refin'd:  
 And thus our Church, by pulling others downe,  
 I feare or'ebuilt it selfe, perchance the Crowne.

For, till of late, our Church and Prince were one,  
 No latitude left either to diuide:  
 The Word, and Sword endeouored not alone;  
 But were, like mutuall Voice, and *Eccho*, tide  
 With one desire iointly to moue, speake, doe;  
 As if Fates Oracles, and Actors too.

Now while the Crowne, and Priest-hood ioyned thus  
 In equall Ends, though Dignities distinct,  
 As mans soule to his body linked is:  
 Crownes, by this tincture of Diuine instinct,



So about Nature rais'd the Lawes of Might,  
As made all errors of the world our right.

Vices, I grant, our Martiall course then had;  
For spoile, blood, lust, were therein left too free,  
As raising strong *Idea's* in the Bad,  
*Braue instruments of Soueraignty.*

Like Theeues, at home our Iustice was seuer;  
In other Princes Realmes our freedoms were.

Great the *Seraglia* was, I must confesse,  
Yet so, as kindle did, not quench our spirits:  
Our pleasures neuer made our natures lesse;  
*Venus* was ioynd with *Mars*, to stirre vp merits.  
In right, or wrong our Course was not precise;  
Nor is, in any State that multiplies.

Yet, to redeeme this Discipline of Vice,  
We added to the glory of our State;  
Wonne honor by them, to the preiudice  
Of Strangers, conquering more than we did hate:  
Our Emulation was with Crownes, not Men;  
Thus did our Vices spread our Empire then.

Where since, though we still spoyle that *Christian Sect*,  
Which, *by division fatall to their kinde*,  
Friends, duties, enemies, and right neglect,  
To keepe vp some Selfe-humor in the winde;  
Yet all we thus winne, not by force, but sleight,  
Poys'd with our Martiall Conquests, will lacke weight.

For Force, not Right, our Crescents beare in Chiefe;  
Campes, and not Courts, are Mappes of our Estate,  
Where Church, Law, Will, all Discipline in brieft,  
Establisht are to make Worth fortunate:  
We scorne those Arts of Peace, that Ciuile Tether;  
Which, in one bond, tye Craft, and Force together.

Of *Cell-bred* Sciences we chew to cudde;  
Our Food and Garments overloade vs not;

S

When



When one Act withers , straight another buddes ;  
 Our Rest is doing ; good successe our Lot ;  
     Our Beasts are no more delicate than we :  
     This odds haue *Turkes* of *Christianitie*.

Yet by your traffike with this dreaming Nation ;  
 Their Conquer'd Vice hath stain'd our Conquering State ;  
 And brought thinne Cobwebs into reputation  
 Of tender Subtilltie ; whose stepmother Fate  
     So inlayes Courage with ill shaddowing Feare ;  
     As makes it much more hard to doe , than beare.

And as in Circles, who breakes any part,  
 That perfect forme doth vtterly confound :  
 Or as amongst the feigned lines of Art ,  
 One onely Right is, all else Crooked found :  
     So from our *Prophets* Sawes when *Sultans* stray,  
     In humane Wit Power findes perplexed way.

Hence , though we make no Idols, yet we fashion  
 God , as if from Powers Throne he tooke his being ;  
 Our *Alchoran* as warrant vnto passion,  
 Monarches in all lawes but their owne will seei'g.  
     *Hee whom God chooseth out of doubt doth well :*  
     *what they that choose their God do, who can tell ?*

Againe , when Great States learne Ciuility  
 Of petty Kingdomes, learne they not to fall ?  
 Nay Monarchies, when they declining be ,  
 Brooke they those Vertues which they rose withall ?  
     Had *Mustapha* beene borne in *Selims* time,  
     What now is Fearefull, then had beene Sublime.

The *Christian* bondage is much more refin'd,  
 Though not in reall Things , in reall Names ;  
 Lawes, Doctrine, Discipline, being all assign'd  
 To hold vpright that wittie *Man-built* frame ;  
     Where euery limbe, though in themselves distinct,  
     Yet finely are vnto the Scepter linckt.



An Art by which Man seemes, but is not free;  
 Crownes keeping all their specious guiding reynes;  
 Fast in the hand of strong Authority;  
 So to relax, or winde vp Passions chaines,  
*As before humble people know their grieffe,  
 Their states are vs'd to looke for no reliefe.*

Yet if by parts we trauaile to compare,  
 What differences 'twixt these two Empires are:  
 We build no Cittadells, our Strengths are Men,  
 And hold Retrait to be the Losers denne:  
 They, by their Forts, mowe their owne People downe;  
 A way perchance to keepe, not spread a Crowne.  
 Of bondage we leaue our Succession free;  
 Office, and Action, are our libertie.  
 They may inherit Land; we hope for Place:  
 They giue the Wealthy; we the Active grace.  
 We heare the fault, and so demand that Head,  
 Which hath in Martiall duties beene mislead:  
 Their processe is to answere, and appeare;  
 But vnder Lawes, which hold the Scepter deare.  
 Our Law is Martiall, suddaine, and seuer;  
 For *Fact can rarely intricatenesse beare:*  
 Their Lawes take life from Soueraigntie,  
 Thanklesse to which, Power will not let them be.  
 So that the *Mussell*-man sends home his head;  
 The *Christian* keeps his owne, till he be dead.  
 Our trade is Taxe, comprising Men, and Things:  
 And draw not they Mankindes wealth vnder Kings?  
 Soothing the Tyrant, till by his excesse,  
*want makes the Maiestie of Thrones grow lesse,*  
*By taxing Peoples Vice at such a rate,*  
*As to fill vp a Siue, exhausts a State:*  
 Lastly, so shuffling Trade, Law, Doctrine, Will;  
 As no soule shall finde peace in good, or ill;  
 Both being Trappes alike vs'd, to entice  
 The weake, and humble into preiudice.  
 Our *Sultans* rule their charge by *Prophets* Sawes;  
 And leaue the *Mufti* Iudge of all their Lawes:



The *Christians* take, and change Faith with their Kings,  
 Which vnder Miters oft the Scepter brings.  
 We make the Church our *Sultans* instrument :  
 They with their Kings will make their Church content.  
 They wrangle with themselves, and by dispute  
 In questions, thinke to make the one side mute :  
 If not, then sacrifice the weaker part ;  
 As if, in Thrones, blood were Religions Art ;  
 Forcing the will, which is to catch the winde,  
 As if mans Nature were more than his minde :  
 We in subduing *Christians* conquer both,  
 And to lose vse of either part are loth.  
 So that we suffer their fond zeale to pray,  
 That it may well our conquering armies pay.  
 And where we are, there *Christians* faine would be,  
 If lacke of Power were not their modestie.  
 Thus doe all Great States safely manage things,  
 Which danger seemes to Thrones of pettie Kings.  
 For though the Sicke haue sense of euery breath,  
 And shunne all what they feele, for feare of death :  
 Yet in strong States, those stormes they feele giue health,  
 And by their Purgings spoyle Infections stealth ;  
 A play of Sunne-motes, from mans small World come,  
 Vpon the great World to worke heauy doome.  
 For prooffe : Behold in *Solyman* that feare,  
 Which *Torrid Zones* of Tyrannie must beare.  
 For who hath lost mans Nature in his passion,  
 Can neuer see the World in better fashion :  
 But credit giues to limitleffe *Suspition*,  
 which vnto all vice giueth one Condition,  
 Confusions Orbe ; where men may hate their owne,  
 Nature, and Reason there being ouerthrowne.  
 Hence goe out Mandates of conspiracie  
 'Gainst *Mustapha*, who must not guiltlesse be  
 In such a Father, and a Monarchs eyes,  
 As will see nothing, but destruction, wise.  
 Hence *Mustapha*, from like dreames of the heart,  
 Sees his destruction wrought by Tyrants Art,  
 And yet yeelds things to names ; his right to passion ;  
 Which



Which misplac'd duties helpe Power to disfashion.  
 Nay, hence Mankinde, by crafty power oppress,  
 Where it hath giuen part, still giues the rest;  
 And thinking Thrones in all their practise true,  
 I are not of their owne Creatures aske their due:  
 But rather, like milde Earth with Weedes or'egrowne,  
 Yeelds to be plough'd, manur'd, and ouerthrowne.  
 Lastly, thus Scepters fall with their owne weight,  
 When climbing Power, once risen to her height,  
 Descends to make distinction in her lust,  
 Which grants that *absolute may be vniust*;  
 And so subiects to censure what should raigne;  
 Steppes to bring Power to People backe againe.  
 Whence I conclude: *Mankinde is both the Forme,*  
*And Matter, wherewith Tyrannies transforme:*  
*For Power can neither see, worke, or deuise,*  
*without the Peoples hands, hearts, wit, and eyes:*  
*So that were Man not by himselfe oppress,*  
*Kings would not, Tyrants could not make him beast.*

*Actus tertius: Scena Prima.*

Rossa. Rosten,

**R**ossa. O wearysome Obedience, Wax to Power!  
 Shall I in vaine be *Mustapha's* accuser?  
 Shall any Iustice equall him and me?  
 Is Loue so open-ear'd, my power so weake,  
 As ought against me to my Lord dare speake?  
 „ Sands shall be numbred first and Motion fixt;  
 „ The Sea exchange her channell with the fire,  
 „ Before my will, or reason stand in awe  
 „ Of God, or Nature, common Peoples law.

Rosten. *Rossa!* whence growes this strange vnquiet motion?

Gouerne



Gouverne your thoughts. What want you to content you,  
That haue the King of Kings at your deuotion?

Ross. Content? O poore estate of Womans Wit!

*The latitude of Princes is Desire,  
which all, it hath enioy'd, still carries higher.*

Say you the World is left to my deuotion?

Who question'd am both in my State, and Fame;

Must lose my Will, and cannot lose my Shame:

For *Mustapha*, long since condemn'd to die,

Now liues againe.

To boast of mariage then what ground haue I?

Ross. Conclude not now: For *Thoughts that be offended,  
Are seldome with their present visions mended.*

*Rage sees too much; Securitie too little;*

*Affections are, like glassy metall brittle.*

Ross. Ah seruile Sex! must Yokes our honor be;

To make our owne loues our captiuitie?

No *Rossa*, no: looke not in Languisht Wit,

For none can stand on Fortunes steepe with it.

„ Thinke Innocencie harme; Vertue dishonor;

„ Wound Truth; and ouerweigh the scale of Right;

*Sexes haue wayes apart; States haue their fashions:*

*The vertues of Authoritie are Passions.*

Ross. *Rossa*! Take heede.

Your Honors, like Kings humors, brittle are;

Which broken once, repayr'd can hardly be;

And these once stain'd, what is Humanity?

*Rossa*! first iudge your Ends, and then your Meanes.

You seeke to vndermine a Princes State,

Deepe rooted in by Time, Power, Reuerence;

Establish'd on Succession fortunate

Of many *Turks*: from men that seruile be;

Vse hauing lost the vse of Libertie.

I vnderstand a Monarchs State too well;

To bid you purchase Peoples idle breath;

That haue no power of Honor, Life, or Death!

These wayes are wrong, vncertaine, fearefull too;

*In absolutes, which all themselves will doe.*

But turne your eyes vp to the will of one;

Know



Know you must worke a Father from his Sonne.

*Rossa.* This Parents dotage, as it weakenesse is,  
So workes it with the vigor of disease,  
Still vndermining with the things that please.  
Vpon this Quick-sand what can be begunne?

*Rost.* Sonnes loue with selfe-loue must be ouerthrowne:  
*By force of Natures law there's nothing wonne.*  
Strifes in the Fathers minde you must beget;  
And him about his sweet affections beare,  
To take impressions both of hope, and feare.

*Ross.* Those silly natures apt to louingnesse,  
Which euer must in others power liue,  
With Doubt become more fond, with Wrong more thral:  
Feare here wants eyes, Hate hath no sting at all.

*Rost.* All these false Strengths of natie Confidence,  
With their Excesse, haue their Inconstancie:  
*The lawes of Kinde, with Tyrants, nothing be.*  
Besides, deare *Rossa!* *Ills haue such alliance,*  
*As in what subiect any one is growne,*  
*The seeds of all, euen in that one, are sowne.*

*Ross.* This masse of Passions who can deale withall?  
Too nice, and subtile is Inconstancy.  
Shall Wrong faire-written still in Patience be?  
Must my desire so many Cautions haue,  
And waite on those thoughts that haue worshipt me?  
I cannot beare this Mediocrity.

*Rost.* *Rossa!* Take heed. *Extreames are not the meanes,*  
*To change Estates, either in good, or ill.*  
Therefore yeeld not; since that makes Nature lesse:  
Nor yet vse Rage, *which vainely driueth on*  
*The minde to working without instruments:*  
Besides, it doth make partiall our intents,  
Discredits Truth, condemnes indifferent things.  
But take vpon you quiet Prouidence;  
The Princes State, with his Authority;  
Teach Power to doubt; for Doubt is her defence.  
*Degrees of Passions, as of Spirits there be;*  
Choose now for Vse, and not for Dignity.  
Loue spreads the wit to play, but not to arme,

Hath



Hath many feet to walke an easie pace,  
 Slow to mistrust, and neuer apt to harme;  
 But feare of Credit is within the minde,  
 Strength'ned by Nature with the strength of all;  
 In Men, and Tyrants states both, naturall.  
 The Proiect of this feare must yet be made  
 The Princes safety, Honor of the State:  
 Such glorious Stiles may easily ouersshade  
 The wayes of Spite; for *Treason is in hate.*  
*Flattery straight speakes aloud in Powers right;*  
*Carrying things vnder names, Truth vnder might.*  
 „ Who dare distinguish in a Tyrannie,  
 „ Where fraud it selfe hath Powers authority?  
 „ Who shall correct Errors, made for the King,  
 „ But Kings themselues; who Actors in their feares;  
 „ Most honor those that most suspicion bring.  
 „ Who there sees Right, or dare vse Honors name,  
 „ Where both are sure of death, and doubtfull fame?  
 Then *Rossa!* plant you here; accuse the Sonne;  
 Although you faile his death, you need not doubt:  
*In Tyrants state neuer was man vndone*  
*By miscomplaints. Besides, what comes about*  
*In earth, but it hath lets, and findes delays?*  
 Yeeld not: but multiply malice in patience;  
*Honor is only forme, forme Tyrants wayes.*  
 Accuse his Friendes, speake doubtfull, charge, and praise.  
 Put Truth to silence: *People dare not see*  
*The pride of Power in formall Tyrannie.*  
 I know my time; the *Bassha's* how they bend;  
*Faction still wakes; and Competence hath spite;*  
 'Tis fault enough that *Achmat* is his friend;  
 His lightnesse, and his power well vnderstood.  
 Things may so passe as *Mustapha* may die,  
 Ere Counsell, or Remorce put Furie by.  
 But if Extremitie chance to require  
 A more audacious Figure; then vse Rage:  
 It giue sometimes an Honor to desire;  
 It shewes a Plainenesse, credible to Age:  
*while it is rul'd, it may haue time, and place;*

But



*But if it rule, in prophesieth disgrace.*

*Rossa.* I feele my heart now rise; my spirits worke;  
Confused thoughts all words haue ouergrowne,  
When *Mustapha* is dead, what *Starre* hath motion,  
But *Achmat*; in whom *Solyman* yet trusts?  
*They who their Ends, by Change, strive to aduance,*  
*Must neuer doubt to goe the way of Chance.*

*Rosten.* *Achmat* is wise, and *Solyman*s beloued:  
*Euen Tyrants couet to uphold their fame;*  
*Not fearing euill Deeds, but euill Name.*

*Rossa.* When *Childrens* blood the *Fathers* forehead  
staines,

What priuiledge for *Counsellors* remaines?

*Rost.* What arguments against him? *Rossa.* Use of killing;  
*Suspition, the favorite of Tyrants;*  
*Delight of Change; Fauors past; and feare of Greatnesse,*  
*Sharp'ned by Achmat's harsh, and open dealing;*  
*Which mighty Tyrants liberty would draw*  
*Into the narrow scope of humane Law.*

*Rost.* Let *Mustapha* be dead. *Rossa.* how dead while *Ach-*  
*mat* raignes?

*Downe* is the *Idoll*, but the *Workman* liues:

His fauor, vertue, reputation, course,  
To vs are still that *Mustapha*, or worle.

Then downe he must, and shall. My chiefest End

Is, first to fix this World on my Succession;

Next so to alter, plant, remoue, create,

That I, not he, may fashon this Estate.

*Actus Tertius: Scena Secunda.*

*Beglerbie. Rossa. Rosten.*

**B** *Eglerbie. Rossa, and Rosten!* while you stand debating  
The ioyes, or sorrowes of your priuate Fortunes,  
Some euill Angell doth traduce you both.

*Achmat* is call'd for: Wit, Art, Spite he hath;  
And while for *Sonnes* with *Fathers* men intreat,

T

*Affidien*



*Affection makes each good apparance great.*

*Ross. Rosten!* make haste : go hence, and carry with thee  
My life, fame, malice, fortune, and desire :  
For which, set all establish'd things on fire.  
You vgly Angels of th'infernall Kingdomes!  
You who most brauely haue maintain'd your beings  
In equall power, like Riuals, to the heauens!  
Let me raigne, while I liue, in my desires ;  
Or dead, liue with you in eternall fires.

*Beg. Rossa!* Not words, but deeds please Hell, or Heauen:  
I feare to tell, I tremble to conceale ;  
Fortune, vnto the death, is then displeas'd,  
When remedies doe ruine the diseas'd.

*Ross.* Vse not these Parables of coward Feare:  
*Feare hurts lesse when it strikes, than when it threatens.*

*Beg.* If *Mustapha* shall die, his death miscarries  
Part of thy end, thy Fame, thy Friends, thy Ioy:  
*who will, to hurt his foes, himselfe destroy?*

*Ross.* My selfe? What is it else but my desire?  
My Brother, Father, Mother, and my God,  
Are but those steps which helpe me to aspire.  
*Mustapha* had neuer truer friend than I,  
That would not with him liue, but with him die.  
Yet tell: What is the worst?

*Beg.* *Camena* must, with him, a Traytor be ;  
Or *Mustapha*, for her sake, must be free.

*Ross.* O cruell Fates! that doe in Loue plant Woe,  
And in Delights make our Disasters grow.  
But speake: What hath she done? *Beglerb.* Vndone thy  
doing.

Discouer'd vnto *Mustapha* his danger:  
And from these relikes, I doe more than doubt,  
Her confidence brings *Solyman* about.

*Ross.* Nay, blacke *Auernus!* so I doe adore thee,  
As I lament my Wombe hath beene so barren,  
To yeeld but one to offer vp before thee.  
Who thinks the Daughters death can Mothers stay  
From ends, whereon a Womans heart is fixt,  
Weighs harmelesse Nature, without passion mixt.

*Beg.* Is



Beg. Is Mother by the woman ouerthrowne?

Ross. *Rage knowes no Kinne: Power is aboue the Law,*  
And must not curious be of base Respect,  
Which onely they command that doe neglect.

Beg. Your Childs death angers him whom you must  
please.

Ross. *My ends are great: Small things are wrought with ease.*

Beg. This plants confusion in the Powers aboue.

Ross. My end is not to quiet, but to moue.

Beg. God plagues Iniustice in so great excesse.

Ross. The doing minds feele not that idlenesse.

Beg. What if this Worke proue not conspiracie,  
But care, that with all duties may agree?

Ross. *'Tis priuate Fortune that is built on Truth:*  
*Iustice is but of great Estates the youth.*

Beg. Yet by the Loue of Mothers to their Children,  
By all the paines of trauaile, so well knowne,  
Punish, but yet spare life; It is your owne.

Ross. I doe protest no Terrors, no Desires,  
Glories of fame, nor Rumors iniuries,  
Could, in a Mothers heart, haue quench'd the fire  
Of louing kindnesse, to her children borne:  
It conquer'd is with nothing, but with scorne.

I am resolu'd to moue the wheelles of Fate.  
Her Triumph shall be paine; her Glorie shame:

*Horror is of excesse a iust reward:*

*The giuers of example haue regard.*

## CHORVS TERTIVS; Of Time: Eternitie.

T I M E.

**W**Hat meane these mortall children of mine  
owne,  
Vngratefully, against me to complaine,

T 2

That



That all I build is by me ouerthrowne ?

Vices put vnder to rise vp againe ?

That on my wheelles both Good, and Ill doe moue;  
The one beneath, while th'other is aboute ?

Day, Night, Houres, Arts, All ; God, or Men create,  
The world doth charge me, that I restless change;  
Suffer no being in a constant state :

Alas ! Why are my revolutions strange

Vnto these Natures, made to fall, or clime,

With that sweet *Genius*, euer-mouing *Time* ?

What Wearinesse, what lothsome Desolations

Would plague these life and death-begetting Creatures ?

Nay what absurdity in my Creations

Were it, if *Time-borne* had *Eternall* features ;

This nether Orbe, which is Corruptions Sphere ;

Not being able long one shape to beare.

Could Pleasure liue ? Could VVorth haue reuerence ?

Lawes, Arts, or Sects (meere probabilities)

Keepe vp their reputation in Mans sense ;

If Noueltie did not renew his eyes,

Or *Time* take mildly from him what he knew ;

*Making both me, and mine, to each still new ?*

Daughter of Heauen am I ; but God, none greater ;

Pure like my Parents ; life, and death of Action ;

Author of ill successe to euery creature ;

VVhose pride against my Periods makes a faction :

*With me who goe along, rise while they be ;*

*Nothing of mine respects Eternitie.*

Kings ! why do you then blame me, whom I choose ;

As my Anointed, from the Potters oare ;

And to aduance you made the People lose,

VVhile you to me acknowledged your power ?



Be confident *all Thrones subsist in me :*  
*I am the measure of Felicitie.*

*Mahomet* in vaine , one Trophee of my might,  
 Rais'd by my chang'd aspect to other Nations,  
 Strives to make his Succession infinite,  
 And robbe my wheelles of growth, state, declination.  
 But he, and all else, that would master *Time*,  
 In mortall Spheres, shall finde my power sublime.

I bring the Truth to light; detect he Ill;  
 My Natiue greatnesse scorneth bounded wayes;  
*Vntimely Power a few dayes ruine will;*  
 Yea, *VVorth* it selfe falls, till I list to raise.  
*The Earth is mine :* of earthly things the care  
 I leaue to Men, that like them, earthly are.

Ripe I yet am not to destroy Succession;  
 The Vice of other Kingdomes giue him *Time*.  
*The Fates, without me, can make no progression;*  
*By me alone, euen Truth doth fall, or clime :*  
 The *Instant* pettie webs, without me spunne,  
 Vntimely ended be, as they begunne.

Not Kings, but I, can *Nemesis* send forth,  
 The iudgments of Reuenge, and *VVrong*, are mine:  
 My Stampes alone doe warrant reall *VVorth*;  
 How doe vntimely Vertues else decline?  
 For Sonne, or Father, to destroy each other,  
 Are bastard deeds, where *Time* is not the mother.

Such is the worke this State hath vndertaken,  
 And keepes in Clouds; with purpose to aduance  
 False counsell; in their selfe-craft iustly shaken,  
 As grounded on my slaue, and shaddow *Chance*.  
 Nay more; *My childe* Occasion is not free  
 To bring forth good, or euill, without me.

And



And shall I for reuealing this misdeed,  
 By tying Future to the Present ill,  
 Which keepes disorders wayes from happie speed;  
 Be guiltie made of Mans *still-erring* will?  
     Shall I, that in my selfe still golden am,  
     By their Grosse metall, beare an Iron name?

No; Let Man draw, by his owne cursed Square,  
 Such crooked lines, as his fraile thoughts affect:  
 And, like things that of nothing framed are,  
 Decline vnto that Centre of defect:  
     I will disclaime his downfall, and stand free;  
     As natue riual to *Eternitie*.

## E T E R N I T I E.

What meanes this New-borne childe of Planets motion?  
 This finite Elfe of Mans vaine acts, and errors? [tion?  
 Whose changing wheeles in all thoughts stirre commo-  
 And in her owne face, onely, beares the Mirror.  
     A Mirror in which, since *Time* tooke her fall;  
     Mankinde sees Ill increase; no Good at all.

Because in your vast mouth you hold your Tayle;  
 As coupling Hges past with times to come;  
 Doe you presume your Trophees shall not sayle,  
 As both Creations Cradle, and her Tombe?  
     Or for beyond your selfe you cannot see,  
     By dayes, and houres; would you *Eternall* be?

*Time* is the weakest worke of my Creation;  
 And, if not still repayr'd, must straight decay:  
 The Mortall take not my true constellation,  
 And so are daz'led, by her nimble sway,  
     To thinke her course long, which if measur'd right,  
     Is but a Minute of my Infinite.



A Minute which doth her subsistence tye;  
 Subsistencies which, in not being, be:  
*Shall* is to come; and *was* is passed by;  
*Time present* cements this Duplicitie:  
 And if one must, of force, be like the other;  
*Of Nothing is not Nothing made the mother?*

Why strives *Time* then to parallell with me?  
 What be her types of longest lasting glory?  
 Arts, Miters, Lawes, Moments, Supremacie,  
 Of Natures erring *Alchymie* the storie:  
 From Nothing sprang this point, and must, by course,  
 To that confusion turne againe, or worse.

For she, and all her mortall off-springs, build  
 Vpon the mouing Base of selfe-conceit;  
 Which constant forme can neither take, nor yeeld;  
 But still change shapes, to multiply deceit:  
 Like playing *Atomi*, in vaine contending,  
 Though they beginning had, to haue no ending?

I, that at once see *Times* distinct progression;  
 I, in whole bosome *was*, and *shall*, still be;  
 I, that in Causes worke th' Effects Succession,  
 Giuing both Good, and Ill, their destinie;  
 Though I bind all, yet can receiue no bound;  
 But see the finite still it selfe confound.

*Time*! therefore know thy limits, and strive not  
 To make thy selfe, or thy works *Infinite*,  
 whose *Essence* only is to write, and blot:  
 Thy Changes proue thou hast no stablish't right.  
 Gouverne thy mortall Sphere, deale not with mine:  
*Time but the servant is of Power Diuine.*

Blame thou this present State, that will blame thee;  
 Brick-wall your errors from one, to another;  
 Both faile alike vnto *Eternitie*,  
*Goodnesse of no mixt course can be the mother.*

Both



Both you, and yours doe couet states *Eternall*;  
Whence, though pride end, your pains yet be *Infernall*.

Ruine this Masse; worke Change in all Estates;  
Which, when they serue not me, are in your power:  
Giue vnto their corruption doomes of Fate;  
Let your vast wombe your *Cadmus*-men deuoure.

The Vice yeelds scope enough for you, and hell;  
To compasse ill ends by not doing well.

Let *Mustapha* by your course be destroy'd,  
Let your wheelles, made to winde vp, and vntwine;  
Leaue nothing constantly to be enioy'd:  
For your Scithe mortall must to harme incline,  
Which, as this World, your maker, doth grow old,  
Doomes her, for your toyes, to be bought, and sold.

Crosse your owne steps; hasten to make, and marre;  
With your Vicissitudes please, displease your owne:  
Your three light wheelles of sundry fashions are,  
And each, by others motion, ouerthrowne.  
Doe what you can: Mine shall sub sist by Me:  
I am the measure of *Felicitie*.

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*Actus Quartus: Scena Prima.*  
Solyman. Achmat.

**S**olyman. Achmat! Goe, charge the *Bassha's* to assemble:  
God only is aboue me, and consulted.  
Take freedome; not, as oft Kings seruants doe,  
To binde Church, State, and all Power vnder you.  
Visions are these, or bodies which appeared?  
Rays'd from within, or from aboue descending?  
Did vowes lift vp my soule, or bring downe these?

*God's*



*God's not pleas'd with vs, till our hearts finde ease.*  
 What horror's this ? *Safetie, Right, and a Crowne,*  
*Thrones must neglect that will adore Gods light.*  
*His will, our good :* Suppose it plucke vs downe ;  
 Reuenge is his. *Against the ill what right ?*  
 What meanes that Glasse borne on those glorious wings,  
 Whose piercing shaddowes on my selfe reflect  
 Staines, which my vowes against my children bring ?  
 My wrongs, and doubts, seeme there despayres of Vice ;  
 My Power a Turret ; built against my Maker ;  
 My danger, but disorders preiudice.  
 This Glasse, true Mirror of the *Infinite,*  
 Shewes all ; yet can I nothing comprehend.  
 This Empire, nay the World, seemes shaddowes there ;  
 Which mysteries dissolue me into feare.  
 I that without feele no Superior power,  
 And feele within but what I will conceiue,  
 Distract, know neither what to take, nor leaue.  
 I, that was free before, am now captiu'd ;  
 This Sacrifice hath rais'd me from my Earth,  
 By that I should, from that I am depriu'd.  
 In my affections Man, in knowledge more,  
 Protected no where, farre more disunitied ;  
 Still King of Men, but of my Selfe no more.  
 In my Sonnes death, it shewes this Empires fall ;  
 And in his life, my danger still included :  
 To die, or kill, alike vnnaturall.  
 My powers, and spirits, with prayer thus confused ;  
 Nor iudge, nor rest, nor yeeld, nor raigne I can :  
 No God, no Diuell, no constant King, nor Man.  
 The Earth drawes one way, and the skie another.  
 If God worke thus, *Kings must looke upwards still,*  
*And from these Powers they know not, choose a will.*  
 Or else belecue themselues, their strength, occasion ;  
 Make wisdome conscience, and the world their skie :  
 So haue all Tyrants done ; and so must I.



*Actus quartus : Scena secunda.*  
*Beglerbie. Solyman.*

**B** *Eglerbie. Solyman ! If Rossa you will see aliue ;*  
*You must make haste : for her Despaire is such,*  
*As she thinks all things but her Rage , too much.*

*Solyman. Fortune ! hast thou not moulds enough of Sor-*  
*row ,*

*But thou must those of Loue, and Kindnesse borrow ?*  
*Tell me : Out of what ground growes Rossa's passion ?*

*Beg. When hither I from Mustapha return'd ,*  
*And had made you accompt of my Commission ;*  
*Rossa, whose heart in care for your health burn'd ,*  
*Curiously after Mustapha inquiring,*  
*A token spies, which I from hence did beare,*  
*For Mustapha by sweet Camena wrought ;*  
*Yet gaue it not ; for I beganne to feare ,*  
*And something in it more than kindnesse thought.*  
*No sooner she es; i'd this pretious gift,*  
*But, as enrag'd, hands on her selfe she layes ;*  
*From me, as one that from her selfe would shift ;*  
*She runnes ; nor till she found Camena stayes.*  
*I follow, and finde both their voices high,*  
*The one as doing, th' other suffering paine :*  
*But whether your Camena liue, or die ,*  
*Or dead, if she by rage, or guilt be flaine ;*  
*If she made Rossa mad, or Rossa mad*  
*To hurt things dearest to her selfe be glad,*  
*I know not. But ô Solyman ! make haste ;*  
*For Mans despaire is but occasion past.*



*Actus Quartus : Scena Tertia.*

Rossa. Solymán. Beglerbie.

**R**ossa. What ! Am I not mine owne ? Who dare  
 vsurpe

To take this Kingdome of my selfe from me ?  
 Nature hath lied. She saith , *Life vnto many*  
*May be denied, but not death vnto any.*

O Solymán ! I haue at once transgress'd  
 The lawes of Nature , and thy lawes of State :  
 I wretched am, and you vnfortunate.

Solym. Declare what Storme is this ? What Accident ?  
 Thy selfe-accusing doth excuse intent.

Rossa. Sir , odious is the fact on euery side :  
 The remedie is more than you can beare ;  
 And more must fall vpon you than you feare.

Solym. VVhat threatning's this ? what horror ? what des-  
 pite ?

*Kings thoughts to Iealousie are ouer-tender.*

Rossa. And any weaknesse many doth engender.

Solym. Rossa ! what meanes this venome of thy breath ?

Rossa. Reuenge, and Iustice both require my death.

Solym. Then tell, Rossa. And lose the priuiledge of death.

Solym. Then tell, and die. Rossa. Nay tell, and liue a wor-  
 thy death.

Rippe not my wounds, deare Lord ! silence is fit :  
 My life hath shame, and death must couer it.

Solym. VVhat should be secret vnto thoughts that loue ?

Ross. All imperfections that offence do moue.

Solym. What guiltinesse cannot Goodwill forgiue ?

Rossa. These horrors which in stained soules doe liue.

Solym. Are thy faults to thy selfe , or vnto me ?

Rossa. To both alike. Remedilesse they be.

Solym. Yet shew me trust : it proues your heart is pure,



To me, and all crimes else Kings can endure.

*Ross.* Imagine all the depths of wickednesse:  
My wombe as hell; my soule the world of sinne;  
Confusion in my thoughts, feare mercilesse;  
Without me Shame; Impenitence within.

*Solym.* These words are not of charge, but intercession,  
As arguing not your Guilt, but your Oppression.  
Yet least I faile, and error multiply,  
Declare what's done? What moues this agonie?

*Ross.* Thy Child is slaine. These hands imbrued are,  
Euen in her bowells, whom I nurs'd with care.

*Solym.* So strange a death includes some odious crime.

*Ross.* She did conspire. Silence deuoures the rest.

*Solym.* Horror I apprehend, Danger, Despaire:  
All these lie hidden in this word, *Conspire*.

*Ross.* This Wretch conspir'd the ruine of this State?  
Sir! aske no more: for *Ills goe in a blood*;  
You heare already more than doth you good.

*Solym.* But tell: what made *Camena* thinke this thought?  
Or by whom could she thinke to haue it wrought?

*Ross.* *Mischiefe it selfe is cause of mischief done.*  
What should she feare, since with her is combin'd  
*Mustapha*, this States Successor, and your Sonne?

*Solym.* Can this be true? Is humane Nature such,  
As in the worst part none can thinke too much?

*Ross.* The ruines of my owne may shew my faith:  
For I can see no comforts after you;  
Yet to your *Bassha's* know I not what's true.

*Solym.* Discouer how these Treasons came to light.

*Ross.* Call *Achmat* first: for *Truth is but a blast*,  
Till it his censures Oracle hath past.

*Solym.* What scornes be these? how am I thus possesst?  
Hath *Achmat* other Greatnesse than by me?

*Ross.* If greater by you than your selfe he be.

*Solym.* In Kings the secrets of Creation rest.

*Ross.* Sir! you created him: he all the rest.

*Solym.* I gaue that to his Worth, Faith, Industrie.

*Ross.* And so these gifts tyed to your children be.

*Solym.* What can his Age expect by innouation?

*Ross.*



*Ross.* Ambition gets by doing, Estimation.

*Solym.* His power hath no true Basis, but my Grace.

*Ross.* Sir? Strength, like Number, multiplies by place.

*Solym.* Decrepit slaue, vile creature of mine;  
Lies it in his base thoughts, and shaking hands,  
To mone the props whereon my Empire stands?

*Ross.* The name of Power is yours; the being his;  
By whom Creation, Hope; Reward, and Feare  
Spread, and disposed still are, euery where.

Besides, there is no Age in mans desire,  
Which still is active, yong, and cannot rest:

For Achmat knowes you will not what you can;  
Since Crownes do change a State, but not the Man.

*Solym.* His Life, and Fortune stand vpon my breath.

*Ross.* Contempt deposeth Kings, as well as death.

*Solym.* But tell: How doth their Treacherie appeare?  
Hath she confest? Or who doth them accuse?

*Ross.* This Guidon, with her owne hand wrought, and  
sent,

Beares perfect record what was their intent.

*Solym.* Expound: What is the meaning of this worke,  
Vnder whose Art the arts of Mischiefe lurke?

*Ross.* These Clouds, they be the house of Iealousie,  
Which fire, and water both, within them beare,  
Where Good shewes lesse, Ills greater than they be.  
Saturne here feeds on Children that be his.

His word;

*A fatall winding sheet Succession is.*

This pretious Hill, where daintynesse seemes wast,  
By Natures art, that all Art will exceed,  
In carelesse finesse shewes the sweet estate  
Of Strength, and Prouidence together plac'd:

Two Intercessors reconciling hate,  
And giuing feare euen of it selfe a taste.

Thole waues, which beate vpon the cliffes, doe show  
The cruell stormes, which Enuie hath below.

The Border round about in Charaets hath  
The minde of ail; which in effect is this:

*'Tis hard to know; as hard; and harder too,*



*When men doe know, to bring their hearts to doe.*

*Solym.* What said she, when you shewed her this worke?

*Ross.* Like them that are descried, and faine would lurke.  
For while she would haue made her selfe seeme cleare,  
She made her fault still more and more appeare.

*Solym.* How brook'd she that the wicked only feare?  
Her death (I meane) with what heart did she beare?

*Ross.* She neither stubburne was, nor ouerthrowne;  
And, but for *Mustapha*, made no request:  
As if his harmes had only beene her owne.

*Solyman!* Take heed.

„ *Malice*, like Clockes woond vp to watch the Sunne;  
„ Hastening a headlong course on many wheelles,  
„ Haue neuer done, vntill they be vndone.  
I slew my Childe; my Childe would haue slaine thee:  
All bloody Fates in my blood written be.

*Solym.* I sweare by *Mahomet*, my Sonne shall die.

*Reuenge is Iustice, and no crueltie.*

*Beglerbie!* attend. This glorious *Phaëton* here,  
That would at once subuert this State, and Me,  
Safe to the Eunuchs carried let him be.

*These spirits of practise, that contend with fate,  
Must, by their deaths, doe honor to a State.*

*Actus Quartus; Scena Quarta.*  
*Beglerbie. Priest. Mustapha.*

„ **B** *Eglerbie.* Ah humorous Kings? how are you tof-  
„ sed, like waues,  
„ With breaths, that from the earth beneath you  
    moue;  
„ Obserued, and betray'd; knowne and vndone;  
„ By being nothing, unto all things wonne.  
„ Frayle man! that mould'st misfortune in thy Wit;  
„ By giuing thy made Idoll leaue to fashion

„ Thy



„ Thy ends to his. For marke ; what comes of it ?  
 „ Nature is lost, our being onely Chance ;  
 „ Where Grace alone , not Merit , must aduance.  
 The one my Image : *Solymans* the other :  
 He, with himselfe, is wrought to spoyle his owne :  
 I , with my selfe, am made the instrument ,  
 That Courts should haue no great hearts innocent :  
 But stay : why wander I thus from my ends ?  
 New counsells must be had when Planets fall :  
*Change hath her periods, and is naturall.*  
 The Saint we worship is *Authoritie* ;  
*which liues in Kings , and cannot with them die.*  
*True faith makes Martyrs vnto God alone :*  
*Misfortune hath no such oddes in a Throne.*

But see ! This Foot-ball to the Starres is come ;  
*Mustapha* I meane, in Innocence secure ,  
*which, for it will not giue Fate, must endure.*  
*Heli* distract , fixt , and agast , I see,  
 And will goe nearer to obserue the rest,  
 That Wit may take occasion at the best.  
 For if they feele their State, and know their Strength ;  
 How prone this Masse is for another head ;  
*Did euer hazard finde Occasion dead ?*  
 Whether he get the Crowne, or lose his blood ,  
 The one is ill to him ; to me both good.

*Priest.* *Fallé Mahomet !* Thy Lawes Monarchall are ;  
 Vniust, ambitious ; full of spoyle, and blood ,  
 Hauing, not of the best, but greatest , Care.  
 Must life yeeld vp it selfe to be put out,  
 Before this frame of Nature be decaied ?  
 Must blood the tribute be of Tyrants doubt ?  
 O wretched Flesh ! in which must be obeyed  
 Gods law, that wills Impossibilitie ;  
 And *Princes wills, the gulfes of Tyrannie.*  
 We Priests, euen with the mysterie of words,  
 First binde our selues , and with our selues the rest  
 To *seruitude, the sheath of Tyrants sword ;*  
 Each worit vnto himselfe, approuing best.  
 People ! Beleeue in God : we are vntrue ,

And



And spirituall forges vnder Tyrants might :  
 God only doth command what's good for you :  
 Where we doe preach your bodies to the Warre ;  
 Your goods to Taxe ; your Freedome vnto bands ;  
 Duties, by which you own'd of others are ;  
 And Feare , which to your harmes doth lend your hands,  
 Ah forlorne Wretch ! with my hypocrisie ,  
 I *Mustapha* haue ruin'd, and this State.  
 I am the Euills friend, Hells Mediator,  
 A Furie vnto man , a man to Furies.

*Must.* Whence growes this sudden Rage thy gesture  
 vtters ?

These Agonies, and furious Blasphemings ?  
*Man then doth shew his Reason is defaced,*  
 When Rage thus shewes it selfe with Reason graced.

*Priest.* If thou haue felt the selfe-accusing Warre,  
 Where knowledge is the endlesse hell of thought ,  
 The ruines of my Soule there figured are,  
 For where despaire the Conscience doth feare  
 My wounds bleed out that Horror which they beare.

*Must.* Horror, and Pride, in Nature opposite ;  
 The one makes Error great, the other small :  
 Where rooted habits haue no sense at all.

*Heli !* iudge not thy selfe with troubled minde ;  
 But shew thy heart : *when Passions steames breath forth,*  
*Euen woes we wondred at are nothing worth.*

*Priest.* I haue offended Nature, God, and Thee :  
 To each a sinne , to all impietie.

*Must.* The faults of man are finite, like his merits :  
*His Mercies infinite that iudgeth spirits.*

Tell me thy Errors, teach me to forgiue ,  
*which he that cannot doe, knowes not to liue.*

*Priest.* Canst thou forgiue ? Rather auoyd the cause  
 Which else makes Mercie more seuerer than Lawes.

*Must.* From man, to man duties are but respects,  
 The grounds whereof are meere Humanitie:  
 Can Iustice other there than Mercie be ?

*Priest.* Thought is an act. Who can forgiue remorse,  
 Where Nature, by her owne Law, suffers force ?

*Must.*



*Must.* What shall I doe? Tell Me. I doe not feare.

*Priest.* Preferue thy Father, with thy Selfe, and me:  
Else guilty of each others death we be.

*Must.* Tell how. *Priest.* Thy Father purposeth thy death:  
I did aduise: Thou offerest vp thy breath.

*Must.* What haue I to my Father done amisse?

*Priest.* That wicked *Rossa* thy stepmother is.

*Must.* Wherein haue I of *Rossa* ill deserued?

*Priest.* In that the Empire is for thee reserued.

*Must.* Is it a fault to be my Fathers sonne?

„ Ah foule Ambition! which, like Water-flouds

„ Not channell-bound, do'st neighbors ouer-runne;

„ And growest nothing when thy rage is done.

Must *Rossa's* heires out of my ashes rise?

Yet *Zanger*! I acquit thee of my bloud;

For, I belecue, thy heart hath no impression

To ruine *Mustapha* for his Succession.

But tell what Colours they against me vse;

And how my Fathers loue they first did wound.

*Priest.* Of treason towards him they thee accuse:

Thy Fame, and Greatnesse, giues their malice ground.

*Must.* Good world, where it is danger to be good.

Yet grudge I not power of my selfe to Power:

This basenesse onely in Mankinde I blame,

That Indignation should giue lawes to fame.

Shew me the Truth. To what rules am I bound?

*Priest.* No man commanded is by God to die,

As long as he may Persecution flie.

*Must.* To flie hath scorne; it argues Guiltinesse,

Inherits Feare, weakely abandons Friends,

Giues Tyrants fame, takes Honor from distresse.

Death! doe thy worit. Thy greatest paines haue end.

*Priest.* Mischiæfe is like the Cockatrices eyes;

Sees first, and kills; or is seene first; and dies.

Flie to thy strength, which makes misfortune vaine,

*Rossa* intends thy ruine: What is she?

Secke in her bowels for thy Father lost:

Who can redeeme a King with viler cost?

*Must.* O false, and wicked colours of Desire!



Eternall bondage, vnto him that seekes  
 To be possesst of all things that he likes !  
 Shall I a Sonne, and Subiect seeme to dare ;  
 For any Selfenesse, to set Realmes on fire ,  
 Which golden titles to rebellions are ?  
*Heli* ! euen you haue told me , Wealth was giuen  
 The wicked, to corrupt themselues, and others :  
 Greatnesse, and health, to make flesh proud ; and cruell.  
 Where, in the good, Sicknesse mowes downe desire ;  
 Death glorifies ; Misfortune humbles.  
 Since therefore Life is but the throne of Woe ,  
 Which sicknesse , paine, desire, and feare inherit,  
 Euer most worth to men of weakest spirit :  
 Shall we, to languish in this brittle Iayle,  
 Seeke, by ill deeds, to shunne ill destinie ?  
 And so , for toyes, lose immortalitie ?

*Priest.* *Fatall Necessitie is neuer knowne*  
*Vntill it strike :* and till that blow become ,  
 Who fals , is by false visions ouerthrowne.

*Must.* Blasphemous loue ! safe-conduct of the ill !  
 What power hath giuen mans wickednesse such skill ?

*Priest.* Ah seruile Men ! how are your thoughts be-  
 witch'd.

With hopes, and feares, the price of your subiection,  
 That neither sense, nor time can make you see,  
 The art of Power will leaue you nothing free ?

*Must.* Is it in vs to rule a *Sultans* will ?

*Priest.* We made them first for good, and not for ill.

*Must.* Our Gods they are, their God remaines aboue.  
*To thinke against annoynted Power is death.*

*Priest.* To worship Tyrants is no worke of faith.

*Must.* 'Tis rage of Folly that contends with Fate.

*Priest.* Yet hazard somethings to preserue the State.

*Must.* Sedition wounds what should preserued be.

*Priest.* To wound Powers humors , keepes their honors  
 free.

*Must.* Admit this true. What sacrifice preuailes ?

*Priest.* Force the petition is that neuer fayles.

*Must.* Where then is Natures place for innocence ?

*Priest.*



*Priest.* Prosperitie ; that neuer makes offence.

*Must.* Hath Destinie no wheelles but meere Occasion ?

*Priest.* Could East vpon the West else make inuasion ?

*Must.* Confusion followes where Obedience leaues.

*Priest.* The Tyrant only that euent deceaues.

*Must.* And are the wayes of Truth , and Honor such ?

*Priest.* Weakenesse doth euer thinke it owes too much.

*Must.* Hath Fame her glorious colours out of feare ?

*Priest.* What is the world to him that is not there ?

*Must.* Tempt me no more. Goodwill is then a paine ;

When her words beat the heart, and cannot enter.

I constant in my counsell doe remaine,

And more liues, for my owne life will not venture.

My fellowes ! rest. Our *Alcoran* doth binde,

That I alone should first my Father finde.

*Beg.* Sir ! by our Lords commandement, here I wayte,

To guide you to his presence :

Where, like a King, and Father, he intends

To honor, and acquaint you with his ends.

*Must.* Heli ! Farewell. *All Fates are from aboue*

*Chain'd vnto humors that must rise, or fall.*

*Thinke what we will : Men doe but what they shall.*

*Priest.* Are Men no more ? Are Kings annoynted blood

Prophane to them, and sacred vnto vs ?

Playes Power with lawes of God, and Nature thus ?

Shall sorrow write this storie of oppression

Onely in idle teares, and not in blood ?

Where is Mans zeale to God, his loue to men ?

Shall that false *Labyrinth* of humane feare

Keepe Honor, and Reuenge still captiue there ?

No : let the spirit of Wrong stirre vp affection ,

By smart to make both men , and Tyrants know ,

There is in each, of each, the overthrow.

Are hell, and heaven peopled out of vs ?

Keepe we the Keyes of Conscience, and of Passion,

And can no iust reuenge in either fashion ?

Was euer change vnwelcome vnto man ?

*Restlesse Mortalitie still hates the present :*

*No one Rule please the Vniuersall can.*



This Empires constitution Martiall is,  
 Where hopes, and feares, must neuer be vnbeent;  
*Anarchie* is call'd for here by discontent.  
 To *Mustapha* I know the worlds affection;  
 To *Solyman* feare only drawes regard,  
*And men stirre easily where the reyne is hard.*  
 Then let them stirre, and teare away this veyle  
 Of pride from Power; that our great Lord may see  
 Vnmiracled, his owne Humanity.  
 People! Looke vp aboue this *Dinans* name;  
 This rent of Error; snare of Libertie;  
 Where punishment is Tyrants taxe, and fame.  
 Abolish these false Oracles of might,  
 Courts subalterne, which bearing Tyrants seale,  
 Oppresse the People, and make vaine, Appeale.  
 Ruine these spetious maskes of Tyrannie,  
 These Crowne-payd *Caddies* of their makers fashion;  
 Which, Power-like, for Right distribute Passion.  
 Confound Degrees, the Artifice of Thrones  
 To beare downe Nature; while they raise vp Art  
 With gilded Titles, to deceiue the heart.  
 The Church absolues you: Truth approues your worke.  
*Craft, and oppression euery where God hates.*  
*Besides, where Order is not, Change is free,*  
*And giues all rights to Popularitie.*

## CHORVS QVARTVS, Of

### Conuerts to Mahometisme.

**A** Ngels fell first from God,  
 Man was the next that fell:  
 Both being made by him for Heau'n,  
 haue for themselves made Hell.

Defection



Defection had , for ground,  
an essence which might fall,  
Growne proud with glories of that God ,  
like whom they would be all.  
Hence each thing, but himselſe ,  
theſe fall'n Powers comprehend,  
Nor can beyond deprivings ill  
their knowledge extend.  
But in that darckned Orbe,  
through miſts which vice creates,  
Joyleſſe, enioy a woſull glimpse  
of their once happy States.  
And Serpent-like, with curſt  
eternitie of euill,  
Active in miſchiefe many wayes  
to adde more to the Diuell,  
They take on euery ſhape  
of vice that may delight ;  
Striuing to make *Creation* leſſe,  
*Privation* infinite.  
Whence Man from goodnes ſtray'd ,  
and wiſdomes innocence,  
Yea ſubieſt made to graue, and hell,  
by errors impotence,  
Labors , with ſhaddowed light  
of imbecillitie ,  
To raiſe more towers of *Babel* vp,  
about the Truth to be.  
Among which *Phantaſms* mounts  
that rooſe of Tyrants power ,  
The outward *Church*, whole nature is  
her Founders to deuoure.  
And, through an hollow charme  
of life-torſaken words,  
Entangle reall things , to raigne  
on all the earth affords :  
By irreligious rites ,  
helping Religions name  
To blemish truth, with gilded lies



cast in Opinions frame.  
 Whence she that erst rais'd Kings,  
 by pulling freedome downe,  
 Now seekes to free inferior Powers,  
 and only binde the Crowne.  
 In which aspiring pride,  
 vvhether Wit encountreth Wit,  
 The power of the Thrones vnequall is,  
 and turnes the scale with it:  
 Mastering those greedy swarmes  
 of superstitious rites,  
 Which by the sinners feare, not faith,  
 makes her scope infinite.  
 Hence growes it that our *Priests*,  
 erst Oracles of State,  
 Against whose doome our *Sultans*  
 durst trust nothing vnto fate,  
 At once were censur'd all,  
 in one house to the fire,  
 As guiltie in their idle soules  
 of *Icarus* desire.  
 So free, and easie is it  
 to cast downe againe  
 The creatures pride, which his  
 Creator couets to restraine:  
 Againe, so easie is it  
 to bring States to death,  
 By vrging those Powers to oppose,  
 whose union gaue them breath.  
 Thus from the liues of Priests  
 kings first their doctrine staine,  
 And then let Sect, Schisme, Question in,  
 to qualifie their raigne.  
 Nor can this swolne Excesse be well  
 reform'd in either,  
 While both stand mixt of good, and ill,  
 which ioyne not well together.  
 Kings seeking from the Church  
 the rights of deitie;



The Church from Kings, not nursing helpe,  
 but Gods supremacie.  
 A strife wherein they both find losse,  
 in stead of gaine;  
*Since neither State can stand alone,*  
*much lesse diuided raigne.*  
 The strife, and peace of which;  
 like Ocean ebbs, and flouds;  
 Successiuelly, doe here contract,  
 and there disperse our goods.  
 And by this mutuall spleene  
 amongst these Soueraigne parts  
 While each seeks gaine by others losse,  
 the Vniuersall smart.  
 For as soules, made to raigne,  
 when they let downe their State  
 Into the bodies humors, straight  
 those humors giue them fate:  
 So, when the Church, and Crowne  
 (*the soules of Empire*) fall  
 Into Contempt, which humane Power  
 cannot subsist withall,  
 They strive, turne, and descend,  
 feele Errors destinie,  
 Which in a well-form'd Empire is,  
 a Vagabond to be.  
 Thus, in Disorders chayne,  
 while each linke wresteth other,  
 Incestuous Error, to her owne,  
 is made both child, and mother.  
 So as their doing is  
 vndoings still to breed,  
 And fatallly entombe againe  
 each other, in each deed.  
 Hence *Humane Lawes* appeal'd,  
 as Moderators come,  
 Who, vnder shew of compremise,  
 take on them Soueraigne doome;  
 Entring in at the first,

like



like Wisdome, with applause,  
 And though propounded from our faults,  
 yet by, consent, made Lawes;  
 Or rather scales, to weigh  
 Opinion with the Truth,  
 Which, like *Stepmothers*, often bring  
*the better side to ruth.*  
 And as of active ill  
 (from whence they tooke their root)  
 Guiltie, and so not strong to stand  
 vpon a constant foot,  
 They waue, striue, and aspire,  
 can beare no weight aboue,  
 But, as with Soueraigne Power it selfe,  
 and nothing else in loue,  
 That riual spleene, which  
 Equalls still to Equalls beare,  
 Forgotten, or a-sleepe, as if desire  
 had conquer'd feare;  
 They factiously a peace  
 with their chiefe riual make;  
 And let in *warres*, which,  
 like a Flood, all Sea-banks ouer-rake.  
 In which one act *Lawes* proue,  
 though nature gaue them ground,  
 That they both mould, and practise  
 tooke from *warre*, which hath no bound.  
 Because, like *Mars* his seed,  
 they feed vpon their owne;  
 And by the spoyle of Crownes, and Men,  
 take glorie to be knowne.  
 In which deare enterchange  
 betweene Church, Lawes, and Might,  
 While all their counsells are allayed,  
 by oueracting, Right;  
 They leaue their supreme pitch  
 to seruile Craft impawn'd,  
 Descending each to traffike there,  
 where he ought to command.



Till fondly thus engag'd  
 into a *Ciui*l warre,  
 They casting off all publike ends;  
 doe only make to marre.  
 Yet keepe a scope in shew  
 to counterpoise each other,  
 And saue the health, and honor vp  
 of Monarchy their mother.

But as in Man, whose frame is  
 chiefly foure Complexions,  
 Really ioyn'd, dispersed, mixt  
 with opposite connexions,  
 When any of these fourefold,  
 or distract too farre,  
 Diseases raigne, which but Disorders  
*natiue children are;*  
 From which contention stirr'd  
 'twixt Nature, and her Foes,  
 While humor weaken humor doth,  
 to health the Bodie growes:  
 So in these diuerse Powers,  
 excesse of Opposition,  
 Oft, by begetting strange diseases,  
 proues the States Physitian.

*Manors*, that monster, borne  
 of many-headed Passion,  
 While it seemes to destroy al moulds,  
 to each mould giuing fashion.  
 Yet as these *Elements*,  
 thus opposite in kinde,  
 While, ballanc'd by superior ties,  
 they liue, as if combine  
 To make their Discords base  
 vnto that harmonic,  
 In whose sweet vnion mildely  
 linkt all Powers concurre to be;  
 When any breakes too much  
 that poyse wherein they stood,  
 To make his own subsistence firme,



with shew of common good;  
 ,, By oueracting, straight it breaks  
     that well-built frame,  
 ,, Wherin their being stood entire,  
     although they lost their name:  
 ,, So in that Noble worke  
     of publike Gouvernment,  
 ,, When Crownes, Church, Souldiers, or the Lawes,  
     doe ouermuch dissent,  
 ,, That frame, wherein they liu'd,  
     as fatally dissolu'd;  
 ,, And each in gulfes of selfe-Conceipt,  
     as fatally, inuolu'd.  
 Thus reeles our present State,  
     and her foundation waues,  
 By making Trophees of times past,  
     of present time the graues.  
 Lawes striue to curbe the Church,  
     the Church wounds Lawes againe;  
 The Souldier would haue Church, Throne, Lawes  
     kept low, that he might raigne.  
 And as before, while they ioyn'd  
     to make Empire large,  
 All vnto greatnesse rayfed were;  
     by doing well their charge:  
 So now, by pulling quils  
     each from the others wings,  
 They iointly all are cried downe,  
     by letting fall their Kings.  
 A fate prepar'd to shake  
     that *Ottoman* succession;  
 Which erst, remoued from mens eyes,  
     wrought reuerend impression.  
 Where now, this *Sultans* line  
     prophan'd when men shall see,  
 They soone will scorne Grace, Hope, and Feare;  
     the Scepters mysteric.  
 Nor will they more by Faith,  
     or Zeale, in warre be led



To sacrifice their liues to Power,  
 for fame when they be dead.  
 Or, to shunne Mortall paines,  
 prouoke the Infinite;  
 Wrong in Mans nature stirring sparks,  
 that giue both heat, and light,  
 To gather in againe those strengths  
 they gaue away;  
 And so plucke downe that *Sampsons* post,  
 on which our *Sultans* stay.

*Actus Quintus: Scena Prima.*  
*Zanger solus.*

**N**ourisht in Court, where no *Thoughts* peace is nourisht,  
 Vs'd to behold the Tragedies of ruine,  
 Brought vp with feares that follow Princes fortunes;  
 Yet am I like him that hath lost his knowledge,  
 Or neuer heard one storie of Misfortune.  
 My heart doth fall away: feare falls vpon me.  
 Tame Rumors, that haue beene mine old acquaintance  
 Are to me now (like Monsters) feare, or wonder.  
 My Loue beginnes to plague me with Suspitions.  
 My Mothers promises of my aduancement;  
 The name of *Mustapha* so often murmur'd,  
 With whose name euer I haue beene reioyced,  
 Now makes my heart misgiue, my spirits languish.  
*Man then is Augur of his owne misfortune,*  
*When his ioy yeelds him arguments of anguish.*



*Actus Quintus : Scena Secunda.***Achmat. Zanger.**

**A** *Chm.* Tyrants ! Why swell you thus against your  
Makers ?

Is rays'd Equalitie so soone growne wilde ?  
Dare you deprivue your People of Succession ,  
Which Thrones, and Scepters, on their freedomes build ?  
Haue feare, or loue, in Greatnesse no impression ?  
Since people, who did rayse you to the Crowne ,  
*Are ladders standing still to let you downe.*

*Zang.* Achmat ! what strange Euent beget these Pas-  
sions ?

*Achm.* „ Nature is ruin'd ; Humanitie fall'n a sunder ;  
„ Our *Alcoran* prophan'd ; Empire defac'd ;  
„ Ruine is broken loose ; Truth dead ; Hope banisht.  
My heart is full ; my voyce, and spirits tremble.

*Zang.* Yet tell the worst.

*By Counsell, or Comparison things lessen.*

*Achm.* No Counsell, or Comparison can lessen  
The losse of *Mustapha*, so vily murth' red.

*Zang.* How ? dead ? what Chance, or Malice hath pre-  
uented  
Mankindes good fortune ? *Achmat.* Fathers vnkindely  
doubts.

*Zang.* Tell, how ? *Achmat.* when *Solyman*, by cunning  
spite  
Of *Rossa's* witchcrafts, from his heart had banisht  
Iustice of Kings, and Louingnesse of Fathers,  
To wage, and lodge such campes of heady passions,  
As that sects cunning practices could gather ;  
Enuie tooke hold of worth : doubt did misconster :  
Renowne was made a lie, and yet a terror :

Nothing



Nothing could calme his Rage, or moue Compassion:

*Mustapha* must die. To which end fetch'd he was,  
Laden with hopes, and promises of Fauor.

*So vile a thing is Craft in euery heart,*

*As it makes Power it selfe descend to Art.*

While *Mustapha*, that neither hop'd, nor fear'd,  
Seeing the stormes of Rage, and Danger comming,  
Yet came; and came accompanied with power.

But neither Power, which warranted his safetie;

Nor Safetie, that makes Violence a Iustice;

Could hold him from Obedience to this Throne:

A Gulfe, which hath deuoured many a one.

*Zang.* Alas! Could neither Truth appease his furie?

Nor his vnlook'd Humilitie of comming?

Nor any secret witnessing remorses?

Can Nature, from her selfe, make such diuorces?

Tell on; that all the World may rue, and wonder.

*Achm.* There is a place enuironed with Trees,

Vpon whose shaddowed center there is pitched

A large, embrodered, sumptuous Pauillion;

The stately Throne of Tyrannie, and Murther.

Where Mightie men are slaine, before they know

That they to other than to Honor goe.

*Mustapha* no sooner to the Port did come,

But thither he is sent for, and conducted

By six slaue *Eunuchs*, either taught to colour

Milchiefe with reuerence, or forc'd, by Nature;

To reuerence true Vertue in misfortune.

While *Mustapha*, whose heart was now resolued,

Not fearing Death, which he might haue preuented;

Nor crauing Life, which he might well haue gotten,

If he would other duties haue forgotten;

Yet glad to speake his last thoughts to his Father,

Desir'd the *Eunuchs* to intreat it for him.

They did; wept; they and kneeled to his Father.

But bloodie Rage, that glories to be cruell;

And Iealousie, that feares she is not fearefull;

Made *Solyman* refuse to heare, or pittie.

He bids them haste their charge: and bloody-ey'd

Beholds



Beholds his Sonne, whilst he obeying died.

*Zan.* How did that doing Heart endure to suffer?  
Tell on.

Quicken my Powers hardned, and dull to good,  
Which, yet vn mou'd heare tell of brothers blood.

*Achm.* while these six *Eunuchs* to this charge appointed  
(Whose hearts had neuer vs'd their hands to Pittie,  
Whose hands, now onely, trembled to do Murther)  
With Reuerence, and Feare, stood still, amazed;  
Loth to cut off such Worth, afraid to saue it:

*Mustapha* with thoughts resolued, and vnited,  
Bids them fulfill their charge, and looke no further.

Their hearts afraid to let their hands be doing,  
The Cord, that hatefull instrument of Murther,  
They lifting vp let fall, and falling lift it:  
Each sought to helpe, and helping hindred other.

Till *Mustapha*, in haste to be an Angell,  
With heauenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshowes  
The ioy and peace of those soules where he goes.

His last words were; O Father! Now forgive me;

Forgive them too, that wrought my ouerthrow:

Let my Graue neuer minister offences.

For, since my Father coueteth my death,

Behold, with ioy, I offer him my breath.

The *Eunuchs* rore: *Solyman* his Rage is gluttet:  
His thoughts diuine of Vengeance for this Murther:  
Rumor flies vp, and downe: the People murmur:  
Sorrow giues Lawes before men know the truth;  
Feare prophecieth aloud, and threatens ruth.

*Zang.* Remisse, and languisht are mens coward Spirits;  
Where God forbids Reuenge, and Patience too:

Yet to the dead Nature ordaineth rites,  
Which idle Loue, I feele, hath power to doe.

I will goe hence, and shew to them that liue,  
That God Almighty cannot all forgive.



*Actus Quintus : Scena Tertia.*

Rosten. Achmat.

**R**ost. Helpe *Achmat* ! helpe : Furies runnes ouer all.  
Pittie my state, that with the Empire fall.

*Achm.* What sound is this of Ruine, and Confusion ?

Terror afraid ? Crueltie come for Pittie ?  
Seditious *Rosten*, running from Sedition ?  
And Malice forc'd to enemies for succour ?

*Rost. Achmat* ! The mysteries of Empire are dissolued.  
Furie hath made the People know their forces.  
*Maiestie* (as but a Myst,) they breed, and spread.  
Nothing, but things impossible will please.

*Mustapha* must liue againe, or *Rosten* perish.  
Oh wretchednesse ! which I cannot deny ;  
I am asham'd to liue, and loth to die.

*Achm.* Tell on the dangers which concerne the State !  
For thee ! thou Rod ordain'd vnto the fire,  
Thy other doomes let *Acheron* enquire.

*Rost.* When *Mustapha* was by the *Eunuchs* strangled,  
Forthwith his Campe grew doubtfull of his absence :  
The guard of *Solyman* himselfe did murmur.  
People beganne to search their Princes Counsell :  
Furie gaue Lawes : the Lawes of Dutie vanisht :  
Kinde Feare of him they lou'd Selfe-feare had banisht.  
The headlong spirits were the heads that guided :  
He that most disobeyed, was most obeyed.  
Furie so suddenly became vnited,  
As while her forces nourished Confusion,  
Confusion seem'd with Discipline delighted.  
Towards *Solyman* they runne : and as the *Waters*,  
That meet with banks of Snow, make Snow grow  
Water:



So, euen those Guards, that stood to interrupt them,  
Giue easie passage, and passe on amongst them.

*Solyman*, who saw this storme of Mischiefe comming,  
Thinks absence his best argument vnto them:  
Retires himselfe, and sends me to demand,  
What they demanded, or what meant their comming?  
I spake: they cried: For *Mustapha*, and *Achmat*.  
Some bid away; some kill; some saue; some hearken.  
Those that cried, *Saue*, were those that sought to kill me.  
Who cried, *Hearke*, were those that first brake silence,  
They held that bad me *Goe*. Humilitie was guiltie;  
Words were reproch; Silence in me was scornfull;  
They answer'd ere they ask'd; assur'd, and doubted.  
I fled; their Furie followed to destroy me;  
Fury made haste; Haste multiplid their Furie;  
Each would doe all; none would giue place to other.  
The hindmost strake; and while the formost listid  
Their armes to strike, each Weapon hindred other:  
Their running let their strokes, strokes let their running.  
Desire, mortall enemy to desire,  
Made them, that sought my life, giue life vnto me.  
Now *Achmat*! Though Blood-thirst deserue no Pittie;  
Malice no loue; though iust Reuenge be Mercie;  
Yet saue me. For, although my death be lawfull,  
The Iudges, and the manner are vnlawfull.  
If I die; what hath *Solyman* for warrant?  
*Mischiefe* is still the Gouvernesse of *Mischiefe*.  
If *Solyman* be slaine; where will they stay,  
That Thorough God, and Maiestie make way?

*Achm.* *Rosten*! dar'st thou name Dutie, Lawes, or Mercie?

Owe not thy selfe to him thou would'st destroy:  
Make good thy loue of Murther; die with Ioy.

*Rost.* If *Solyman* who hath beene thy best Fortune,  
Safe thou wilt see, or safe his state preserue,  
Make haste. *The State did neuer ill deserue.* Exit.

*Achm.* *Occasion*! when art thou more glorious,  
Than euen now; when thou requir'st of me,  
To fall with States in common destinie?



*States trespasse not : Tyrants they be that swarue ,  
And bring vpon all Empires age , or death .*

*By making Truth but only Princes breath .*

*This Monarchie first rose by Industrie ;*

*Honor held vp by vniuersall Fame ,*

*Stirring mens mindes to strange Audacitie :*

*Great ends procur'd our Armies greater name :*

*To enemies no Iniurie had blame :*

*Worth was not proud : Authoritie was wise ;*

*And did not on her owne then tyrannize .*

*Now own'd by humor of this dotard King  
( Who, swolne with practise of long Gouvernment ,  
Doth staine the Publike with ill managing )*

*Honor is layd a-sleepe : Fame is vnbeent :*

*His Will , his End ; and Powers right euery where :*

*Now , what can this , but dissolution , beare ?*

*Whether our choyce , or Nature gaue vs Kings ,  
The end of either was the good of all :*

*Where many strengths make this Omnipotence ,*

*The good of many there is naturall .*

*One drawes from all : Can that be fortunate ?*

*All leaue this one : Can this be Iniurie ?*

*And shall I helpe to stay the Peoples rage  
From this Estate , thus ruined with Age ?*

*No People , No . Question these Thrones of Tyrants ;*

*Reuiue your old equalities of Nature ;*

*Authority is more than that she maketh .*

*Lend not your strengths to keepe your owne strengths vnder .*

*Proceed in Furie : Furie hath Law , and Reason ,  
Where it doth plague the wickednesse of Treason .*

*For when whole Kingdomes surfet , and must fall ,*

*Iustice diuides not there , but ruines all .*

*Besides of Duties 'twixt the earth , and skie ,*

*He can obserue no one that cannot die .*

*But stay ! Shall Man the Damme , and Graue of  
Crownes ,*

*With Mutinie , pull sacred Scepters downe ?*

*People of Wisdome voide , with Passion fill'd ,*



While they keepe names still presse to ruine things :  
*Freedome dissolues them ; Order they refuse :*

*worth, Freedome, Power, and Right while they destroy ;*  
*worth, Freedome, Power, and Right they would enioy.*

What soule then louing Nature , Dutie, Order,  
 Would hold a life of such a statelesse State ,  
 As, made of Humors, must giue Honor fate?

No *Achmat* ! Rather , with thy hazard, strue  
 To saue this high rais'd *Soueraigntie* ,  
 Vnder whose wings there was *Prosperitie* .  
 I yeeld. But how ?

*Force* is impossible ; for that is theirs :

*Counsell* shewes , like their enemye , *Delay* :

*Order* turnes all desires into feares :

Their Art is violence : and Chance their end :

What, but *Occasion* , there can be my friend ?

Behold where *Rossa* comes, in her looks varying ,  
 Like rage, that with it selfe, still feares miscarying.

### *Actus Quintus ; Scena Quarta.*

*Rossa. Achmat.*

**R**ossa. Who euer thinkes by Vertue to aspire ;  
 And Goodnesse dreames to be but Fortunes starre ;  
 Or who by Mischiefes wit seekes his desire ,  
 And thinkes, no Conscience, wayes to Honor are :  
 He, *Mustapha* ! here seeing thee, and me ;  
 Sees no *Mans* good, or ill rules *Destinie* .  
 Then ah ! woe worth them that with God contend ,  
 And would exchange the course of Fate by Wit,  
*which God makes worke, to bring his works to end ,*  
*And with it selfe, euen oft, doth ruine it.*  
 Ah Tyrant Fate ! to them that doe amisse :  
 For nothing left me, but my Error , is.

*Achmat*



*Achm.* What Glories this that with it selfe is sad?  
Good lucke makes all hearts, but the guiltie, glad.

*Ross.* Zanger, for whom euen *Mustapha* was slaine,  
And vnto whom *Camena's* blood was shed;  
Zanger, for whom all Worlds on me complaine,  
Hath done that which nor Law, nor Truth could doe:  
(Horror, and doubt in my desires breed)  
Murther'd himselfe, and ouerthrowne me too.

*Achm.* Tell why? And how he so vnthankfull died?

*Ross.* In euery Creatures heart there liues Desire,  
Which men doe hallow as appearing good:  
For Greatnesse they esteeme it to aspire,  
Although it weakenesse be, well vnderstood.  
This vnbound, raging, infinite Thought-fire  
I tooke; nay it tooke me, and plac'd my heart  
On hopes to alter Empire, and Succession.  
Chance was my faith, and Order my despayre:  
Sect, Innouation, Change of Princes right,  
My studies were: I thought Hope had no end,  
In her, that hath an Emperor to friend.  
Whence like the Stormes (that then like stormes doe  
blow,  
When all things, but themselues, they ouerthrow)  
I ventur'd; first to make the Father feare,  
Then hate, then kill, his most beloued Childe.  
My Daughter did discouer him my way,  
To *Mustapha* she opened mine intent:  
For she had tried, but could not turne my heart.  
Yet no hurt to me she in telling meant,  
Though hurt she did me to disclose my Art.  
I sought Reuenge: Reuenge it could not be;  
For, I confesse, she neuer wronged me.  
Remorse, that hath a Faction in each heart,  
Womanish Shame, which is Compassions friend,  
Conspir'd with Truth to haue restrayned me;  
Yet kil'd I her whom I did dearely loue;  
*Furies of choyce, what arguments can moue?*  
I kill'd her: for I thought her death would proue  
That Truth, not Hate, made *Mustapha* suspected:



The more it seem'd , against a Mothers loue,  
 The more it shew'd , I *Solyman* affected :  
 Thus , vnderneath seuerer, and vpright dealing,  
 A mischieuous Stepmothers malice stealing,  
 It tooke effect : *For few meane ill in vaine.*  
 Which wicked Art although the Father knew,  
 Yet his Affection turn'd my ill to good :  
*Vice, but of hers, being only vnderstood.*  
 Feare grew discreet, and would not speake in vaine ;  
 Courage turn'd all the strengths of heart to beare ;  
 Iustice it selfe durst murmur, not complaine :  
 So little care the Fates for vs below :  
*So little men feare God, they doe not know.*

But ah ! Woe worth each false preposterous way ;  
 Which promiseth good lucke to euill deeds :  
 Since *Mustapha* , whose death I made my Glorie ;  
 Hath left me no power now, but to be sorie.  
 For *Zanger*, when he saw his Brother dead,  
 Confusedly with diuerse shapes distract,  
 Hee silent stood, with Horrors compassed :  
 His Dutie mixt with woe ; Kindenesse with rage ;  
 Reuerence, Reuenge, both representing shame,  
 Equally against, and with a Mothers name.  
 But as these shaddowes vanisht from his minde ,  
 The Globes of his enraged eyes he threw  
 On me, like Nature iustly made vnkinde :  
 And for this hatefull fault my Loue did make ;  
 From Pittie, Woe, and Anger, thus he spake :

„ Mother ! Is this the way of Womans heart ?  
 „ Haue you no Law, or God ; but Will, to friend ?  
 „ Can neither Power, nor Goodnesse scape your Art ?  
 „ Be these the Counsells by which you ascend ?  
 „ Is there no Hell ? Or doe the Diuels loue fire ?  
 „ If neither God, Heauen, Hell, or Diuell be ;  
 „ 'Tis plague enough that I am borne of thee.  
 „ Mother ! O monstrous Name ! shall it be said ;  
 „ That thou hast done this fact for *Zangers* sake ?  
 „ Honor, and Life, shall they to one vpbrayd,  
 „ That, from thy Mischiefe, they their Honor take ?



„ O wretched Men ! which vnder shame are layd,  
 „ For faults which we , and which our Parents make.  
 „ Yet *Rossa* ! to be thine , in this I glorie ;  
 „ That , being thine , giues power to make thee sorie .  
 He wounds his heart ; and falling downe with death  
 On *Mistapha* , who there for his sake died ;  
 These words he spake :

„ Ah base Ambition ! mould of Crueltie ,  
 „ In thy vast narrow bosome euer breed  
 „ These hideous Counsells , light-aborring deeds .  
 „ Yet you pure soules that *Mahomet* adore !  
 „ Reade in these wounds my horror of his death ,  
 „ And to the Christians cary thou it , *Breath* .  
 He dies . Woes me . When in my heart I looke ,  
 Horror I see : all there lost but despayre :  
 My Loue , and Ioy become Afflictions booke ;  
 Eternity of Shame is printed there .

To thinke of God ! Alas , that so I may :  
 Yet Power , and Goodnesse can but shew me Feare :  
 Mercie I cannot craue , that cannot trust :  
 Nor die I will , for death concludeth paines :  
 Nor languish in conceipt ; for then I must  
 Abhorre my soule , in which all Mischiefes raigne .  
 I will beare with me , in this Bodies dust ,  
 What curse soeuer to the earth remaines .  
 I will beare with me Enuie , Rage , Desire ,  
 To set all Hearts , all Times , all Worlds on fire .  
 You weake Soules ! whose true Loue hath made you base ,  
 And fixt your Quiets vpon others will :  
 You humble Hearts ! which vnto Power giue place ,  
 For conscience bearing yokes of Tyrants skill :  
 You poore Religious ! who in hope of grace ,  
 Beare many sore temptations of the ill ,  
 Reioyce : Vnkindnesse , Crueltie , Disgrace ,  
 Vengeance , and Wrong beare hence with me I will .  
 Rather take heede : where can more Danger be ,  
 Than where these Powers may be dispos'd by me ?



## CHORVS QVINTVS

## Tartarorum.

**V** *Alst Superstition!* Glorious stile of Weaknesse!  
 Sprung from the deepe disquiet of Mans passion,  
 To desolation, and despaire of Nature:

Thy Texts bring Princes Titles into question:  
 Thy Prophets set on worke the sword of Tyrants:  
 They manacle sweet Truth with their distinctions:  
 Let Vertue bleed: teach Crueltie for Gods sake;  
 Fashioning one God; yet him of many fashions,  
 Like many-headed Error, in their Passions.

Mankinde! Trust not these *Superstitious* dreames;  
 Feares Idoles, Pleasures Reliques, Sorrowes Pleasures.  
 They make the willfull hearts their holy Temples:  
 The Rebels vnto Government their Martyrs,  
 No: Thou childe of false miracles begotten!

*False Miracles, which are but ignorance of Cause,*  
 Lift vp the hopes of thy abiected Prophets:  
 Courage, and Worth abiure thy painted heauens.  
 Sicknesse, thy blessings are; Miseric, thy triall;  
 Nothing, thy way vnto eternall being;  
 Death, to saluation; and the Graue to Heauen.  
 So Blest be they, so Angel'd, so Eterniz'd  
 That tie their senses to thy senselesse glories,  
 And die, to cloy the after-age with stories.

Man should make much of *Life*, as *Natures table*,  
*wherein she writes the Cypher of her glorie.*  
 Forsake not Nature, nor misunderstand her:  
 Her mysteries are read without Faiths eye-sight:  
 She speaketh in our flesh; and from our Senses,  
 Deliueers downe her wildomes to our Reason.  
 If any man would breake her lawes to kill,

Nature



Nature doth, for defence, allow offences.

*She neither taught the Father to destroy:  
Nor promis'd any man, by dying, ioy.*



## CHORVS SACERDOTVM.

33 **O** H wearisome Condition of Humanity!  
33 Borne vnder one Law, to another bound:  
33 Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity,  
33 Created sicke, commanded to be sound:

*What meaneth Nature by these diuerse Lawes?*

*Passion and Reason, selfe-diuidion cause:*

*Is it the marke, or Maiesty of Power*

*To make offences that it may forgine?*

*Nature herselfe, doth her owne selfe defloure,*

*To hate those errors she her selfe doth gine.*

*For how should man thinke that, he may not doe*

*If Nature did not faile, and punish too?*

*Tyrant to others, to her selfe vniust,*

*Onely commands things difficult and hard.*

*Forbids vs all things, which it knowes is lust,*

*Makes easie paines, vnpossible reward.*

*If Nature did not take delight in blood,*

*She would haue made more easie waies to good.*

*We that are bound by vowes, and by Promotion,*

*With pompe of holy Sacrifice and rites,*

*To teach beleefe in good and still deuotion,*

*To preach of Heauens wonders, and delights:*

*Yet when each of vs, in his owne heart lookes,*

*He findes the God there, farre vnlike his Bookes.*

FINIS.





This *Tragedie* called MVSTAPHA, may  
bee printed: Dated the three and  
twentieth Day of IUNE, in the yeare  
of our LORD GOD, one thousand, six  
hundred, thirty and two.

HENRY HERBERT.

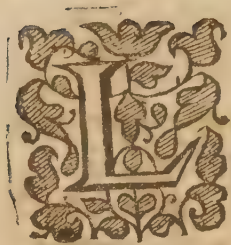
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## SONNET I.



*One*, the delight of all well-thinking minds;  
 Delight, the fruit of vertue dearely lov'd;  
 Vertue, the highest good, that reason finds;  
 Reason, the fire wherein mens thoughts bee  
 prov'd;

Are from the world by Natures power bereft,  
 And in one creature, for her glory, left.

Beautie, her couer is, the eyes true pleasure;  
 In honours fame she liues, the eares sweet musicke,  
 Excesse of wonder growes from her true measure;  
 Her worth is passions wound, and passions physicke,  
 From her true heart, cleare springs of wildome flow,  
 Which imag'd in her words and deeds, men know.

Time faine would stay, that she might never leave her,  
 Place doth reioyce, that she must needs containe her,  
 Death craues of Heauen, that she may not bereaue her,  
 The Heauens know their owne, and doe maintaine her,  
 Delight, Loue, Reason, Vertue let it be,  
 To set all women light, but only she.



## SONNET II.

**F**Aire Dog, which so my heart dost tearè asunder,  
 That my liues-blood, my bowels ouerfloweth,  
 Alas, what wicked rage conceal'st thou vnder,  
 These sweet enticing ioyes, thy forehead showeth?

A a

Me,



Me, whom the light-wing'd God of long hath chased,  
 Thou hast attain'd, thou gau'st that fatall wound,  
 Which my foules peacefull innocence hath rased,  
 And reason to her seruant humour bound.

Kill therefore in the end, and end my anguish,  
 Give me my death, me thinks euen time vpbraideth  
 A fulnesse of the woes, wherein I languish:  
 Or if thou wilt I liue, then pittie pleadeth  
     Helpe out of thee, since Nature hath reuealed,  
     That with thy tongue thy bytings may be healed.



## SONNET III.

**M**ore than most faire, full of that heauenly fire,  
 Kindled aboue to shew the Makers glory,  
 Beauties first-born, in whom all powers conspire,  
 To write the *Graces* life, and *Muses* storie.  
     If in my heart all Saints else be defaced,  
     Honour the Shrine, where you alone are placed.

Thou window of the skie, and pride of spirits,  
 True Character of honour in perfection,  
 Thou heauenly creature, Iudge of earthly merits,  
 And glorious prison of mans pure affection,  
     If in my heart all Nymphs else be defaced,  
     Honour the shrine, where you alone are placed.







## SONNET IV.

**Y**Ou little starres that liue in skyes,  
 And glory in *Apollo's* glorie,  
 In whose aspects conioined lyes  
 The Heauens will, and Natures storie,  
 Ioy to be likened to those eyes,  
 Which eyes make all eyes glad, or sorie,  
 For when you force thoughts from aboue,  
 These ouer-rule your force by loue.

And thou *o Loue*, which in these eyes  
 Hast married *Reason* with *Affection*,  
 And made them Saints of beauties skyes,  
 Where ioyes are shadowes of perfection,  
 Lend me thy wings that I may rise  
 Vp not by worth but thy election;  
 For I haue vow'd in strangest fashion,  
 To loue, and neuer seeke compassion.



## SONNET V.

**W**Ho trusts for trust, or hopes of loue for loue,  
 Or who belou'd in *Cupids* lawes doth glory;  
 Who ioyes in vowes, or vowes not to remoue,  
 Who by this light God, hath not beene made sory;  
 Let him see me eclipsed from my Sunne,  
 With shadowes of an Earth quite ouer-runne.

Who thinks that sorrowes felt desires hidden,  
 Or humble faith with constant honour armed,  
 Can keep loue from the fruit that is forbidden,  
 Change I doe meane by no faith to be charmed,  
 Looking on me, let him know, *loues delights*  
*Are treasures hid in canes, but kept with sp'rits.*





## SONNET VI.

**E** Yes, why did you bring vnto me those graces,  
 Grac'd to yeeld wonder out of her true measure,  
 Measure of all ioyes stay to phansie traces  
 Module of pleasure.

Reason is now growne a disease in reason,  
 Thoughts knit vpon thoughts free alone to wonder,  
 Sense is a spie, made to doe phansie treason,  
 Loue goe I vnder.

Since then eyes pleasure to my thoughts betray me,  
 And my thoughts reasons-leuell haue defaced,  
 So that all my powers to be hers, obey me,  
 Loue be thou graced.

Grac'd by me Loue? no, by her that owes me,  
 She that an Angells spirit hath retained  
 In *Cupids* faire skie, which her beauty shoues me,  
 Thus haue I gained.



## SONNET VII.

**T**He World, that all containes, is euer mouing,  
 The Starres within their sphares for euer turned,  
 Nature (*the Queene of Change*) to change is louing,  
 And Forme to matter new, is still adiourned.

Fortune our *phansie-God*, to varie liketh,  
 Place is not bound to things within it placed,  
 The present time vpon time passed striketh,  
 With *Phabus* wandring course the earth is graced.



The Ayre still moues, and by its mouing cleareth  
 The Fire, vp ascends, and planets feedeth,  
 The Water passeth on, and all lets weareth,  
 The Earth stands still, yet change of changes breedeth;

Her plants, which Summer ripens, in Winter fade,  
 Each creature in vnconstant mother lyeth,  
 Man made of earth, and for whom earth is made,  
 Still dying liues, and liuing euer dyeth;  
     Onely like fate sweet *Myra* neuer varies,  
     Yet in her eyes the doome of all Change carries.



## SONNET VIII.

**S** Elfe-pitties teares, wherein my hope lyes drown'd,  
 Sighs from thoughts fire, where my desires languish,  
 Despaire by humble loue of beauty crown'd,  
 Furrowes not worne by time, but wheelles of anguish;  
     Dry vp, smile, ioy, make smooth, and see  
     Furrowes, despaires, sighes, teares, in beauty be.

Beauty, out of whose clouds my heart teares rained,  
 Beauty, whose niggard fire sighs smoke did nourish,  
 Beauty, in whose eclipse despaires remained,  
 Beauty, whose scorching beames make wrinkles flourish;  
     Time hath made free of teares sighs, and despaire,  
     Writing in furrowes deep; *she once was faire.*



## SONNET IX.

**O** Zone, thou mortall sphere of powers diuine,  
 The paradise of Nature in perfection,  
 What makes thee thus thy Kingdome vndermine,  
 Vailing thy glories vnder woes reflection?  
     *Tyrannie counsell out of feare doth borrew,*  
     *To thinke her Kingdome safe in feare, and sorrow.*



If I by nature, Wonder and Delight,  
 Had not sworne all my powers to worship thee,  
 Iustly mine owne reuenge receiue I might,  
 And see, thee Tyrant, suffer tyrannie:  
     See thee thy selfe-despaire, and sorrow breeding,  
     Vnder the wounds of woe and sorrow bleeding.

For sorrow holds mans life to be her owne,  
 His thoughts her stage, where tragedies she plaies,  
 Her orbe she makes his Reason ouerthrowne,  
 His loue foundations for her ruines layes;  
     So as while loue will torments of her borrow,  
     Loue shall become the very loue of sorrow.

Loue therefore speake to *Calica* for me;  
 Shew her thy selfe in euery thing I doe;  
 Safely thy powers she may in others see,  
 And in thy power see her glories too;  
     Moue her to pittie, stay her from disdain,  
     Let neuer man, loue worthinesse in vaines.



## SONNET X.

**L**One, of mans wandring thoughts the restlesse being,  
 Thou from my mind with glory wast inuited,  
 Glory of those faire eyes, where all eyes, seeing  
 Vertues and beauties riches, are delighted;  
 What Angells pride, or what selfe-disagreeing,  
 What dazling brightnesse hath your beames benighted,  
 That fall'n thus from those ioyes which you aspired,  
 Downe to my darkened minde you are retired?



Within which minde since you from thence ascended,  
 Truth clouds it selfe, Wit serues but to resemble,  
 Enuie is King, at others good offended,  
 Memorie doth worlds of wretchednesse assemble,  
 Passion to ruine passion is intended,  
 My reason is but power to dissemble;

Then tell me *Loue*, what glory you diuine  
 Your selfe can find within this soule of mine?

Rather goe backe vnto that heavenly quire  
 Of Natures riches, in her beauties placed,  
 And there in contemplation feed desire,  
 Which till it wonder, is not rightly graced,  
 For those sweet glories, which you doe aspire,  
 Must, as *Idea's*, only be embraced  
 Since excellence in other forme enioyed,  
 Is by descending to her Saints destroyed.



## SONNET XI.

**I** Vno, that on her head *Loues* liuerie carried,  
 Scorning to weare the markes of *Io's* pleasure,  
 Knew while the Boy in *Equinoctiall* tarried,  
 His heats would rob the heaven of heavenly treasure,  
 Beyond the *Tropicks* she the Boy doth banish,  
 Where smokes must warme, before his fire do blaze,  
 And Childrens thoughts not instantly grow Mannish,  
 Feare keeping lust there very long at gaze:  
 But see how that poore Goddesse was deceived,  
 For Womens hearts farre colder there than ice,  
 When once the fire of lust they haue receiued,  
 With two extremes so multiply the vice,  
 As neither partie satisfying other,  
 Repentance still becomes desires mother.

*Cupid,*



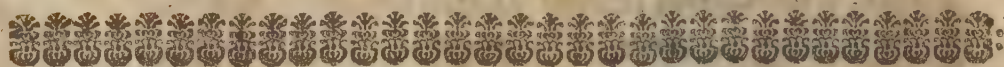


## SONNET XII.

**C***upid*, thou naughtie Boy, when thou wert loathed,  
Naked and blind, for vagabunding noted,  
Thy nakednesse I in my reason clothed,  
Mine eyes I gaue thee, so was I deuoted.

Fye Wanton, fie; who would shew children kindnesse?  
No sooner he into mine eyes was gotten,  
But straight he clouds them with a seeing blindnesse,  
Makes reason wish that reason were forgotten.

From thence to *Mira's* eyes the Wanton strayeth,  
Where while I charge him with vngratefull measure,  
So with faire wonders he mine eyes betrayeth,  
That my wounds, and his wrongs, become my pleasure;  
Till for more spite to *Myra's* heart he flyeth,  
Where liuing to the world, to me he dieth.



## SONNET XIII.

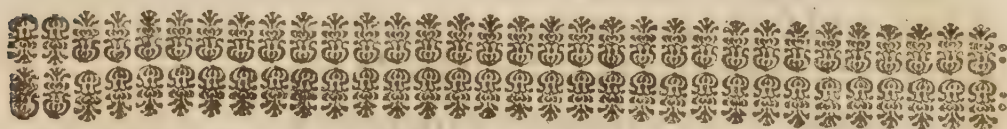
**C***upid*, his Boyes play many times forbidden  
By *Venus*, who thinks *Mars* best manhood boyish,  
While he shot all, still for not shooting chidden,  
Weepes himselfe blind to see that Sexe so coyish.

And in this blindnesse wandreth many places,  
Till his foe *Absence*, hath him prisonner gotten,  
Who breaks his arrowes, bow and wings defaces,  
Keepes him till he his Boys play hath forgotten,

Then



Then lets him loose, no God of yeeres, but houres  
 Cures and restores him all things, but his blindnesse,  
 Forbids him nothing but the constant powers,  
 Where *Absence* never can haue power of kindnesse :  
*Ladies*, this blind Boy that ran from his Mother,  
 Will euer play the wag with one or other.



## SONNET XIV.

**W**Hy how now Reason, how are you amazed ?  
 Is Worth in Beauty shrind vp to be clothed ?  
 Shall Natures riches by your selfe be razed ?  
 In what but these can you be finely clothed ?

Though *Myra's* eyes, glasses of ioy, and smart,  
 Daintly shadowed, shew forth loue and feare,  
 Shall feare make reason from her right depart ?  
 Shall lacke of hope the loue of worth forbear ?

Where is the homage then that Nature oweth ?  
 Loue, is a tribute to perfection due,  
 Reason in selfe-loues-liuerie bondage sheweth,  
 And hath no freedome, *Myra*, but in you ;  
 Then Worth, Loue, Reason, Beauty be content,  
 In *Myra* onely to be permanent.

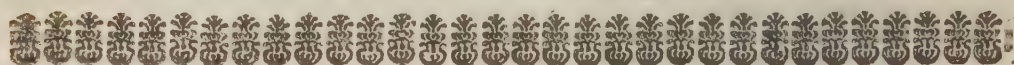






## SONNET XV.

**W**Hen gentle Beauties ouer-wanton kindnesse,  
 Had giuen loue the liberty of playing,  
 Change brought his eye-sight by and by to  
 blindnesse,  
 Still hatching in excesse her owne decaying;  
 Then cut I selfe-loues wings to lend him fethers;  
 Gaue him mine eyes to see in *Myra's* glory,  
 Honour and Beauty reconcil'd together  
 Of Loue, the birth, the fatall tombe and story.  
 Ah Wag, no sooner he that sphere had gotten,  
 But out of *Myra's* eyes my eyes he woundeth;  
 And, but his Boyes-play hauing all forgotten,  
 His heate in her chaste coldnesse so confoundeth,  
 As he that burnes must freeze, who trusts must feare,  
 Ill quarter'd coats, which yet all Louers beares.



## SONNET XVI.

**F**Ye foolish Earth, thinke you the heauen wants glory,  
 Because your shadowes doe your selfe be-night?  
*All's darke vnto the blind*, let them be sory,  
 The heauens in themselues are euer bright.

Fye fond desire, thinke you that Loue wants glory,  
 Because your shadowes doe your selfe benight?  
 The hopes and feares of lust, may make men sorie,  
 But *loue still in her selfe finds her delight*.

Then Earth stand fast, the skye that you benight  
 Will turne againe, and so restore your glory;  
 Desire be steady, hope is your delight,  
 An orbe wherein no creature can be sorie;  
 Loue being plac'd about these *middle* regions,  
 Where euery passion warres it selfe with legions.

SON-



## SONNET XVII.

**C**ynthia, whose glories are at Full for euer,  
 Whose beauties draw forth teares, and kindle fires,  
 Fires, which kindled once are quenched neuer,  
 So beyond hope your worth beares vp desires.

Why cast you clouds on your sweet looking eyes?  
 Are you afraid they shew me too much pleasure?  
 Strong Nature decks the graue wherein it lyes,  
*Excellence can neuer be exprest in measure.*

'Are you afraid, because my heart adores you?  
 The world will thinke I hold *Endymion's* place  
*Hippolytus*, sweet *Cynthia*, kneel'd before you,  
 Yet did you not come downe to kisse his face.  
 Angells enioy the heauens inward Quires:  
*Starre-gazers only multiply desires.*

## SONNET XVIII.

**I** Offer wrong to my beloued Saint,  
 I scorne, I change, I falsify my loue,  
 Absence and time haue made my homage faint,  
 With *Cupid* I doe euery where remoue.

I sigh, I sorrow, I doe play the foole,  
 Mine eyes like Wether-cocks, on her attend:  
 Zeale thus on either side she puts to schoole,  
 That will needs haue inconstancy to friend,



I grudge, she saith, that many should adore her,  
 Where loue doth suffer, and thinke all things meet;  
 She saith, All selfe-nesse must fall downe before her:  
 I say, Where is the sauce should make that sweet?  
*Change and contempt (you know) ill speakers be;*  
*Calica;* and such are all your thoughts of me.

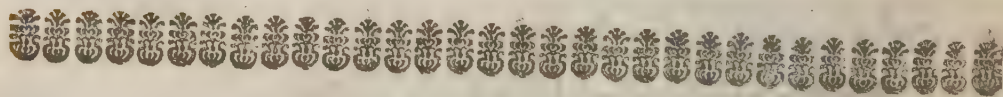


## SONNET XIX.

**A**H filly *Cupid*, doe you make it coy  
 To keepe your seate in *Cala's* furrowed face?  
 Thinke in her beauty what you did enioy,  
 And doe not seruice done you so disgrace.

She that refused not any shaft you shot,  
 Lent dewes to Youth, and sparks to Old desire;  
 If such flat homage be so soone forgot,  
 Many good fellowes will be out of hire.

Good Archers euer have two bowes at least;  
 With beauty faded shoot the elder sort;  
 For though all be not to shoot at the best,  
 Yet Archers with their Butting-bowes make sport:  
 The glory that men in good Kingdomes see,  
 Is when both Yong, and Old in traffique be.



## SONNET XX.

**VV**Hy how now *Cupid*, doe you couet change?  
 And from a Stealer to a Keepers state,  
 With barking Doggs doe you the Couerts  
 range,  
 That carried bread to still them but of late?

What



What shall we doe that with your Bow are wounded?  
 Your Bow which blindeth each thing it doth hit,  
 Since feare and lust in you are so confounded,  
 As your hot fire beares water still in it.

Play not the foole, for though your Dogs be good,  
 Hardy, loud, earnest, and of little sleep,  
 Yet *mad desires with cries are not with-stood,*  
 They must be better arm'd that meane to keep:  
 And since vnweapon'd care makes men forlorne,  
 Let me first make your Dogge an Vnicorne.

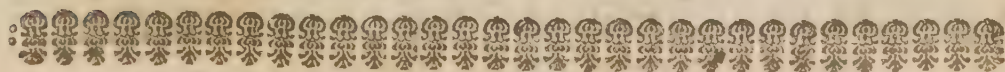


## SONNET XXI.

**S** Athan, no Woman, yet a wandring spirit,  
 When he saw ships saile two wayes with one wind,  
 Of Saylers trade he hell did disinherit:  
*The Diuell himselfe loues not a halfe-fast mind.*

The *Satyre* when he saw the Shepheard blow  
 To warme his hands, and make his pottage coole,  
 Manhood forswears, and halfe a beast did know,  
*Nature with double breath is put to schoole.*

*Cupid* doth head his shafts in Womens faces,  
 Where smiles and teares dwell euer neere together,  
 Where all the Arts of Change giue Passion graces;  
 While these clouds threaten, who feares not the weather?  
*Saylers and Satyres, Cupids Knights, and I,*  
 Feare Women that sweare, *Nay*; and know they lye.







## SONNET XXII.

**I** With whose colors *Myra* drest her head,  
 I, that ware posies of her owne hand making;  
 I, that mine owne name in the chimnies read  
 By *Myra* finely wrought ere I was waking:  
 Must I looke on? in hope time comming may  
 With change bring backe my turne againe to play?

I, that on Sunday at the Church-stile found,  
 A Garland sweet, with true-loue knots in flowers,  
 Which I to weare about mine arme was bound,  
 That each of vs might know that all was ours:  
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes?  
 And follow *Cupid* for his loaves, and fishes?

I, that did weare the ring her Mother left,  
 I, for whose loue she gloried to be blamed,  
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,  
 I, who did make her blush when I was named;  
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft and gonaked,  
 Watching with sighs, till dead loue be awaked?

I, that when drowsie *Argus* fell asleep,  
 Like Iealousie o'rewatched with desire,  
 Was euen warned modestie to keepe,  
 While her breath speaking kindled Natures fire:  
 Must I looke on a-cold, while others warme them?  
 Doe *Vulcans* brothers in such fine nets arme them?

Was it for this that I might *Myra* see?  
 Washing the water with her beauties, white;  
 Yet would she neuer write her loue to me;  
*Thinks wit of change while thoughts are in delight?*  
 Mad Girles must safely loue, as they may leaue,  
*No man can print a kisse, lines may deceiue.*

SON



## SONNET XXIII.

**M***Erlin*, they say, an English Prophet borne,  
 When he was yong and gouern'd by his Mother,  
 Took great delight to laugh such fooles to scorne,  
 As thought, by Nature we might know a Brother.

His Mother chid him oft, till on a day,  
 They stood, and saw a Coarse to buriall carried,  
 The Father teares his beard, doth weepe and pray;  
 The Mother was the woman he had married.

*Merlin* laughs out aloud in stead of crying;  
 His Mother chides him for that childish fashion;  
 Sayes, Men must mourne the dead, themselves are dying;  
*Good manners doth make answer vnto passion.*

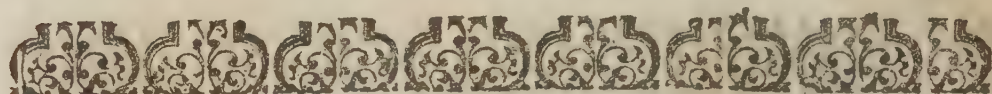
The Child (for children see what should be hidden)  
 Replies vnto his Mother by and by,  
 „ Mother, if you did know, and were forbidden,  
 „ Yet you would laugh as heartily, as I.

„ This Man no part hath in the child he sorrowes,  
 „ His Father was the Monke that sings before him:  
 „ See then how Nature of Adoption borrowes,  
 „ Truth couets in me, that I should restore him.

„ *True fathers singing, supposed fathers crying,*  
 „ *I thinke make women laugh, that lye a-dying.*







## SONNET XXIV.

**P**Ainting, the eloquence of dumbe conceipt,  
 When it would figure forth confused passion,  
 Hauing no tables for the Worlds receipt,  
 With few parts of a few, doth many fashion.  
 Who then would figure Worthinesse disgraced,  
 Nature and Wit imprisoned, or sterued,  
 Kindnesse a scorne, and Courtesie defaced,  
 If he doe well paint Want, hath well deserued.

*But who, his Art in worlds of moe, would proue,  
 Let him within his heart but cipher Loue.*



## SONNET XXV.

**C**upid, my pretty Boy, leaue off thy crying,  
 Thou shalt haue Bells or Apples; be not peeuish;  
 Kisse me sweet Lad; beshrew her for denying;  
 Such rude denyalls doe make children theeuish.

Did Reason say that Boyes must be restrained?  
 What was it, Tell: hath cruell Honour chidden?  
 Or would they haue thee from sweet *Myra* weyned?  
 Are her faire breasts made dainty to be hidden?

Tell me (sweet Boy,) doth *Myra's* beauty threaten?  
 Must you say Grace when you would be a playing?  
 Doth she cause thee make faults, to make thee beaten?  
 Is Beauties pride in innocents betraying?

Giue me a Bow, let me thy Quier borrow,  
 And she shall play the child with loue, or sorrow.



## SONNET XXVI.

**V**AS euer Man so ouer-match't with Boy?  
 When I am thinking how to keep him vn-  
 der,  
 He plaies and dallies me with euerie toy;  
 With pretty stealths, he makes me laugh and wonder.

When with the child, the child-thoughts of mine owne  
 Doe long to play and toy as well as he,  
 The Boy is sad, and melancholy growne,  
 And with one humor cannot long agree.

Straight doe I scorne and bid the child away  
 The Boy knowes furie, and soone sheweth me  
*Calica's* sweet eyes, where Loue and Beauty play,  
 Furie turnes into loue of that I see.

*If these mad changes doe make children Gods,  
 Women, and children are not farre at odds.*

## SONNET XXVII.

**C**upid, in *Myra's* faire bewitching eyes,  
 (Where Beauty shewes the miracles of pleasure)  
 When thou laist bound for honours sacrifice,  
 Sworne to thy hate, equalitie and measure.

With open hand thou offeredst me her heart,  
 Thy bow and arrowes, if I would conspire,  
 To ruine honour, with whose frozen Art  
 She tyranniz'd thy Kingdome of desire.

C c

I glad



I glad to dwell, and raigne in such perfections,  
 Gaue thee my reason, memory, and sense,  
 In them to worke thy mysticall reflexions,  
 Against which Nature can haue no defence;  
 And wilt thou now to nourish my despaire;  
 Both head and feather all thy shafts with feare?



## SONNET XXVII.

**Y**OU faithlesse Boy, perswade you me to reason?  
 With vertue doe you answere my affection?  
 Vertue, which you with liuerie and seisin  
 Haue sold and changed out of your protection.

When you lay flattering in sweet *Myra's* eyes,  
 And plaid the wanton both with worth, and pleasure,  
 In beauties field you told me vertue dies,  
*Excesse and infinite in loue, was measure.*

I tooke your oath of dalliance and desire,  
*Myra* did so inspire me with her graces,  
 But like a Wag that sets the straw on fire,  
 You running to doe harme in other places,  
 Sware what is felt with hand, or seene with eye,  
 As mortall, must feele sicknesse, age and dye.





## SONNET XXVIII.

**F**action, that euer dwells  
 In Courts where Wit excels,  
 Hath set defiance:  
 Fortune and Loue haue sworne,  
 That they were neuer borne,  
 Of one alliance.

*Cupid*, that doth aspire  
 To be God of desire,  
 Sweares he giues lawes:  
 That where his arrowes hit,  
 Some ioy, some sorrow it,  
 Fortune no cause.

Fortune sweares weakest hearts,  
 The books of *Cupids* arts  
 Turne with her wheele:  
 Senses themselues shall proue,  
 Venturè hath place in loue,  
 Aske them that feelee.

This discord it begot  
*Atheists*, that honour not  
 Nature, thought good;  
 Fortune should euer dwell  
 In Courts, where Wits excell:  
 Loue keepe the Wood.

Thus to the Wood went I  
 With *Loue* to liue and dye;  
 Fortune's forlorne:  
 Experience of my youth  
 Thus makes me thinke the truth,  
 In desert borne.



My Saint is deare to me,  
*Myra* her selfe is she,  
 She faire, and true :  
*Myra* that knowes to moue,  
 Passions of loue with loue :  
 Fortune *Adieu*.



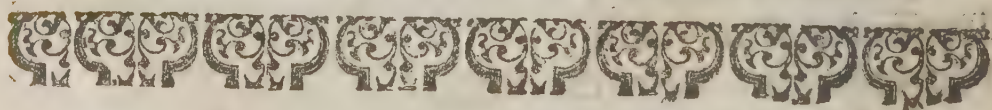
## SONNET XXIX.

**R**ome, while thy Senate *gouernours* did chose,  
 Your Souldiers flourish'd, Citizens were free,  
 Thy State by change of *Consuls* did not loose,  
 They honour'd were that seru'd or ruled thee :

But after thy proud Legions gaue thee Lawes,  
 That their bought voices Empire did bestow,  
 Worthinesse no more was of election cause,  
 Authority her owners did not know.

Sweet *Myra*, while good will your friends did choose,  
 Passions were dainty, sweet desires free,  
 By one friend marriage did no honour loose,  
 They were esteem'd, that seru'd or ruled thee :

But after flattering Change did giue thee lawes,  
 That her false voices did thy faith bestow,  
 Worthinesse no more was of affection cause,  
 Desire did many heads like monsters show ;  
 Thus *Rome* and *Myra* acting many parts,  
 By often changes lost commanding arts.





## SONNET XXX.

**G**ood-fellowes whom men commonly doe call,  
 Those that doe liue at warre with truth, & shame,  
 If once to loue of honesty they fall,  
 They both lose their Good-fellowes, and their name;

For theeues, whose riches rest in others wealth,  
 Whose rents are spoiles, and others thrift their gaine;  
 When they grow bankrupts in the Art of Stealth,  
 Booties to their old fellowes they remaine.

*Cupid*, thou free of these Good-Fellowes art:  
 For while Man cares not who, so he be one,  
 Thy Wings, thy Bow, thy Arrows take his part,  
 He neither liues, nor loues, nor lyes alone;  
 But be he once to *Hymens* close yoke sworne,  
 Thou straight brau'st this Good-fellow with the horne.

## SONNET XXXI.

**H**euens! see how bringing vp corrupts or betters;  
*Cupid* long prentice to his Mother bound,  
 Hath taken oath onely to scape her fetters,  
 That he will still like to her selfe be found.

Which is faire in his Youth, in Old age painted,  
 Kind out of lust, and humble for his pleasure,  
 Not long agreeing with things well acquainted,  
 Couetous, yet prodigall of fame and treasure.

Now



Now as they wrong themselves, that for it thunders  
 Blame skye, or ayre, wherein these tempests blow:  
 So doth he that at Womens changes wonders,  
 Since *strange it should not be that all men know:*  
 Therefore if *Myra* change as others doe,  
 Free her; but blame the Sonne, and Mother too.



## SONNET XXXII.

**C***upid*, thy folly bleares sweet *Myra's* eyes,  
 For like the blind, that vpwards looke for light,  
 You fix those fatall starres on Fortunes skies,  
 As though such planets gaue not Fortune might.

Base Boy, what heart will doe him sacrifice,  
 That wraps repentance in his greatest pleasure?  
 And his true seruants vnder Fortune tyes,  
 As though his owne coyne were no currant treasure?

Must *Danaes* lap be wet with golden showers?  
 Or through the seas must buls *Europa* beare?  
 Must *Leda* onely serue the higher Powers?  
 Base changeling Boy, and wouldst thou haue me sweare  
 The well-knowne secrets of *Astolpho's* cup,  
 Not to disclose, but with white wax seale up?



## SONNET XXXIII.

**T**He *Gods* to shew they ioy not in offences,  
 Nor plague of humane Nature doe desire;  
 When they haue made their rods and whipt our  
 senses,  
 They throw the rods themselves into the fire.

Then



Then *Cupid*, thou whom Man hath made a God,  
Be like thy fellow *Gods* in weight and fashion,  
And now my faults are punish'd, burne the rod  
In fires blowne with many-headed passion.

Thy rod is *worth*, in *Myra's* beauty plac'd,  
Which like a Sunne hath power to burne another,  
And though it selfe can no affections taste,  
To be in all men else affections mother:  
Therefore if thou wilt proue thy selfe a God,  
In thy sweet fires, let me burne this faire rod.

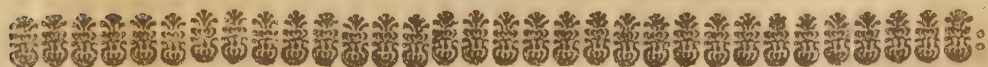


SONNET XXXIV.

**C***upid*, my little Boy, come home againe,  
I doe not blame thee for thy running hence,  
Where thou found'st nothing but desires paine,  
Iealousie, with selfe-vnworthinesse, offence.

Alas, I cannot Sir, I am made lame,  
I light no sooner in sweet *Myra's* eyes,  
(Whence I thought ioy and pleasure tooke their name)  
But my right-wing of wanton passion dyes.

And I poore child am here in stead of play,  
So whip'd and scourg'd with modestie and truth,  
As hauing lost all hope to scape away,  
I yet take pleasure to'tice hither youth:  
That my Schoole-fellowes plagu'd aswell as I,  
May not make merry, when they heare me cry.







## SONNET XXXV.

**K**ings that in youth like all things else, are fine,  
 Haue some who for their childish faults are beaten;  
 When more yeeres vnto greater vice incline,  
 Some, whom the world doth their errors threaten:

So *Cupid*, you, who boast of Princes blood,  
 For Womens Princelike weakenesse are blamed,  
 And common errour, yet not vnderstood,  
 Makes you for their New-fanglenesse, defamed.

Poore Women sweare, they ignorant of harmes,  
 With gentle minds perchance take easie motions;  
 Sweet nature yeelding to the pleasing charmes  
 Of Mans false lust disguised with deuotion;  
 But which are worse, *Kings ill, or easly led,*  
*Schooles of this truth are yet not brought a-bed.*



## SONNET XXXVI.

**A** Theefe, risen early vpto seeke his prey,  
 Spieth a pretty Boy, whereas he lay,  
 Crying fast by a well:  
 He wills him why to tell,  
 And sweares to make him well, if that he may.

The pretty Boy smileth, and thanketh the man,  
 Told him, that he hath falne his Fathers Canne,  
 All of Gold in the deepe,  
 Which losse did make him weepe;  
 Prayeth him counsell keepe; helpe if he can.



The Man not for conscience, but onely for hope,  
 Puts off his clothes, goes downe by the rope,  
 Meaning to haue the Cup,  
 If he can get it vp;  
*He spills that steales a sup; hast loseth hope.*

For while in the water the false fellow sought;  
 The pretty Boy steales his cloke, well was he taught:  
 Wet comes the fellow vp,  
 He cannot find the Cup;  
 His cloke is taken vp; *falsehood is naught.*

Little lad *Cupid*, by night and by day,  
 Wonted in beauties face wanton to play,  
 Fast bound and prison'd lyes,  
 In *Myra's* stealing eyes,  
 Woefully whence he cries, to runne away.

I asked the Boy, the Boy telleth his cause;  
 He saith, that Vertue seeks Beauties disgrace;  
 Vertue that grieues to find,  
 With what an humble minde;  
 Men are to Beautie kinde, and her deface.

Vertue thinks all this is long of my bow,  
 Which hiding her Beauties doe counterfeits show;  
 And Beautie Vertues arme,  
 With such a modest charme,  
 As my shafts doe no harme: she can say, No.

I that was wont to make wisdome a toy,  
 Vertue a pastime, am now made a boy,  
 I am throwne from the heart,  
 Banish'd is Passions art,  
 Neither may I depart, nor yet enioy.

This was the cause, he said, made him complaine;  
 He sweares, if I help him, to help me againe;  
 And straightwayes offers me,  
 If Vertue conquer'd be,  
 Beauty and Pleasure free; Ioy without paine.

D d

I glad,



I glad, not for pittie, but hope of the prize,  
 And proud of this language from *Calica's* eyes,  
     Threw off my liberty,  
     Hoping that blessed I  
 Shall with sweet *Cupid* flye, in Beauties skyes.

But when in my heart I had peece'd his bow,  
 And on the ayre of my thoughts made his wings goe,  
     The little Lad seares the rod,  
     He is not there a God,  
 I, and delight are odd: *Myra* sayes, No.

The Flint keepeth fire, the Lad he sayes true,  
 But bellowes it will not be kindled by you;  
     *He that takes starres with stanes,*  
     *Yet hath not all he craues;*  
*Loue is not his that raues: hope is vnttrue.*



## SONNET XXXVII.

**C** *Ælica*, I ouernight was finely vsed,  
 Lodg'd in the midst of paradise, your Heart:  
 Kind thoughts had charge I might not be refused,  
 Of euery fruit and flower I had part.

But curious Knowledge, blowne with busie flame,  
 The sweetest fruits had in downe shadowes hidden,  
 And for it found mine eyes had seene the same,  
 I from my paradise was straight forbidden.

Where that Curre, Rumor, runnes in euery place,  
 Barking with Care, begotten out of feare;  
 And glassy Honour, tender of Disgrace,  
 Stands *Ceraphin* to see I come not there;  
     While that fine soyle, which all these ioyes did yeeld,  
     By broken fence is prou'd a common field.

SON-





## SONNET XXXVIII.

**T**He pride of Flesh by reach of humane wit,  
 Did purpose once to ouer-reach the skye;  
 And where before God drown'd the world for it,  
 Yet *Babylon* it built vp, not to dye.

God knew these fooles how foolishly they wrought,  
 That Destiny with Policie would breake,  
 Straight none could tell his fellow what he thought,  
 Their tongues were chang'd, & men not taught to speake.

So I that heauenly peace would comprehend,  
 In mortall seat of *Cælica's* faire heart,  
 To *babylon* my selfe there, did intend,  
 With naturall kindnesse, and with passions art:  
 But when I though my selfe of her selfe free,  
 All's chang'd: she vnderstands all men but me.



## SONNET XXXIX.

**T**He *nurse-life* Wheat within his greene huske  
 growing,  
 Flatters our hope, and tickles our desire,  
 Natures true riches in sweet beauties shewing,  
 Which set all hearts, with labours loue, on fire.

No lesse faire is the Wheat when golden care,  
 Shewes vnto hope the ioyes of neare enioying:  
 Faire and sweet is the bud, more sweet and taire  
 The Rose, which proues that time is not destroying.



*Cælica*, your youth, the morning of delight,  
 Enamel'd o're with beauties white and red,  
 All sense and thoughts did to beleefe inuite,  
 That Loue and Glorie there are brought to bed;  
 And your ripe yeeres loue none, he goes no higher,  
 Turnes all the spirits of Man into desire.



## SONNET XL.

**A** Las poore soule, thinke you to master *Loue*,  
 With constant faith; doe you hope true deuotion  
 Can stay that God-head, which liues but to moue,  
 And turne mens hearts, like Vanes, with outward motion.

No; proud Desire thou run'st Misfortunes way;  
 Loue is to hers, like *Vessells made of glasse*;  
 Delightfull while they do not fall away;  
 But broken, neuer brought to that it was.

When Honours Audit calls for thy receipt;  
 And chargeth on thy head much time mispent;  
 Nature corrupted by thy vaine conceipt,  
 Thy Reason seruile, poore, and passion-rent.

What shall be thy excuse, what canst thou say?  
 That thou hast erred out of Loue and wonder?  
 No hereticke, thou *Cupid* dost betray  
 And with religion wouldst bring Princes vnder.

By merit banish Chance from Beauties sky,  
 Set other lawes in Womens hearts, than will;  
 Cut Changes wings, that she no more may flye,  
 Hoping to make that constant, which is ill;  
 Therefore the doome is, wherein thou must rest;  
*Myra* that scornes thee, shall loue many best.

SON-





## SONNET XLI.

**P***elius*, that loth was *Thetis* to forsake,  
 Had counsell from the Gods to hold her fast,  
 Fore-warn'd what lothsome likenesse she would  
 take,

Yet, if he held, come to her selfe at last.

He held; the snakes, the serpents, and the fire;  
 No monsters prou'd, but trauells of desire.

When I beheld how *Calica's* faire eyes,  
 Did shew her heart to some, her wit to me;  
*Change, that doth proue the error, is not wise,*  
 In her mishap made me strange visions see,  
 Desire held fast, till Loues vnconstant zone,  
 Like *Gorgon's* head transform'd her heart to stone.

From stone she turnes againe into a cloud,  
 Where water still had more power, than the fire,  
 And I poore *Ixion* to my *Iuno* vowed,  
 With thoughts to clip her, clipt my owne desire:  
 For she was vanisht, I held nothing fast,  
 But woes to come, and ioyes already past.

This Cloud straight makes a stream, in whose smooth face,  
 While I the Image of my selfe did glasse,  
 Thought Shadowes I, for beautie did embrace,  
 Till streame and all except the cold did passe;  
 Yet faith held fast, like foyles where stones be set,  
 To make toyes deare, and fooles more fond to get.

Thus



Thus our desires besides each inward throw,  
 Must passe the outward toyles of Chance, and Feare,  
 Against the streames of reall truthes they goe,  
 With hope alone to ballance all they beare,  
     Spending the wealth of nature in such fashion,  
     As good and ill lucke, equally breeds passion.

Thus our Delights, like faire shapes in a glasse,  
 Though pleasing to our senses, cannot last,  
 The metall breaks, or else the Visions passe,  
*Onely our griefes in constant moulds are cast:*  
     He hold no more, false *Calica*, line free;  
     Seeme faire to all the world, and foule to me.



## SONNET XLII.

**C***alica*, when you looke downe into your heart;  
 And see what wrongs my faith endureth there,  
 Hearing the groanes of true loue, loth to part,  
 You thinke they witnesse of your changes beare.

And as the Man that by ill Neighbours dwells,  
 Whose curious eyes discern those works of shame;  
 Which busie *Rumour* to the people tells,  
 Suffers for seeing those darke springs of fame.

So I because I cannot choose but know,  
 How, constantly you haue forgotten me,  
 Because my Faith doth like the Sea-marks show,  
 And tell the strangers where the dangers be,  
     I, like the child, whom Nurse hath ouerthrowne,  
     Not crying, yet am whipt, if you be knowne.

SON-





## SONNET XLIII.

**T**He *Golden-Age* was when the world was yong,  
 Nature so rich, as Earth did need no sowing,  
 Malice not knowne, the Serpents had not stung,  
 Wit was but sweet Affections ouerflowing.

Desire was free, and Beauties first-begotten;  
 Beaury then neither net, nor made by art,  
 Words out of thoughts brought forth, and not forgotten,  
 The Lawes were inward that did rule the heart.

The *Brasen Age* is now when Earth is worne,  
 Beaury growne sicke, Nature corrupt and nought,  
 Pleasure vntimely dead as soone as borne,  
 Both words and kindnesse strangers to our thoughts:

If now this changing World doe change her head,  
*Calica*, what haue her new Lords for to boast?  
 The old Lord knowes Desire is poorely fed,  
 And sorrowes not a wauering prouince lost,  
     Since in the guilt-Age *saturne* rul'd alone,  
     And in this painted, *Planets* euery one.







## SONNET XLIV.

**A**bsence, the noble truce  
 Of *Cupids* warre:  
 Where though desires want vse,  
 They honoured are.  
 Thou art the iust protection,  
 Of prodigall affection,  
 Haue thou the praise;  
 When bankrupt *Cupid* braueth,  
 Thy mines his credit saueth,  
 With sweet delayes.

Of wounds which presence makes  
 With Beauties shot,  
 Absence the anguish flakes,  
 But healeth not:  
 Absence records the Stories,  
 Wherein Desire glories,  
 Although she burne,  
 She cherisheth the spirits  
 Where Constancy inherits  
 And Passions mourne.

Absence, like dainty Clouds,  
 On glorious-bright,  
 Natures weake senses shrowds,  
 From harming light.  
 Absence maintaines the treasure  
 Of pleasure vnto pleasure,  
 Sparing with praise;  
 Absence doth nurse the fire,  
 Which starues and feeds desire  
 With sweet delayes.



Presence to euery part  
 Of Beauty tyes,  
 Where Wonder rules the heart  
 There Pleasure dyes:  
 Pleasures plagues minde and senses  
 With modesties defences,  
 Absence is free:  
 Thoughts doe in absence venter  
 On *Cupids* shadowed center,  
 They winke and see.

But Thoughts be not so braue,  
 With absent ioy;  
 For you with that you haue  
 Your selte destroy:  
 The absence which you glory,  
 Is that which makes you sory,  
 And burne in vaine:  
 For Thought is not the weapon,  
 Wherewith *thoughts-ease* men cheapon,  
*Absence is paine.*



## SONNET XLV.

**P**atience, weake fortun'd, and weake minded Wit;  
 Perswade you me to ioy, when I am banish'd?  
 Why preach you time to come, and ioyes with it,  
 Since time already come, my ioyes hath vanish'd?

Giue me sweet *Cynthia*, with my wonted blisse,  
 Disperse the clouds that coffer vp my treasure,  
 Awake *Endymion*, with *Diana's* kisse,  
 And then sweet *Patience*, counsell me to measure.



But while my Loue feeles nothing but correction,  
 While carelesnesse o're-shadowes my deuotion,  
 While *Myra's* beames shew ritall-like reflection,  
 The life of Patience then must be commotion;  
     Since not to feele what wrong I beare in this,  
     A senselesse state, and no true Patience is.



## SONNET XLVI.

**A** *Atlas* vpon his shoulders bare the skye,  
 The loade was heauy, but the loade was faire:  
 His sense was rauish'd with the melodie,  
 Made from the motion of the highest sphere.

Not *Atlas* I, nor did I heauen beare,  
*Calica*, 'tis true, once on my shoulder fate,  
 Her eyes more rich by many characts were  
 Than Starres or Planets, which men wonder at:  
     *Atlas* bare heauen, such burdens be of grace,  
     *Calica* in heauen, is the Angels place.



## SONNET XLVII.

**M** Ankinde, whose liues from houre to houre decay,  
 Left sudden change himselfe should make him  
     feare  
 For if his blacke head instantly waxt gray,  
 Doe you not thinke man would himselfe forswear?

*Calica*, who ouernight spake, with her eyes  
 My Loue complaines, that it can loue no more,  
 Shewing me shame, that languisheth and dyes,  
 Tyrannis'd by loue, it tyrannis'd before;  
     If on the next day *Cynthia* change and leaue,  
     Would you trust your eyes, since her eyes deceaue?

SON-





## SONNET XLVIII.

**P**rinces, who haue (they say) no minde, but thought,  
 Whose vertue is their Pleasure, and their end,  
 That kindnes, which in their hearts neuer wrought,  
 They like in others, and will praise a Friend.

*Cupid*, who, People say, is bold with blindnesse,  
 Free of excesse, and enemy to measure,  
 Yet glories in the reuerence of kindnesse,  
 In silent-trembling eloquence hath pleasure.

Princes wee comprehend, and can delight,  
 We praise them for the good they neuer had;  
 But *Cupids* wayes are farre more infinite  
 Kisses at times, and curt'sies make him glad:  
 Then *Myra* giue me leaue for *Cupids* sake;  
 To kisse thee oft, that I may curt'sie make.



## SONNET XLIX.

**S**coggin his wife by chance mistooke her bed;  
 „ Such chances oft befall poore Women-kind;  
 „ Alas poore soules, for when they misse their head,  
 „ What maruell it is, though the rest be blind?

This bed it was a Lords bed where she light,  
 Who nobly pittying this poore Womans hap,  
 Gaue almes both to relecue, and to delight,  
 And made the Golden shower fall on her lap.



Then in a freedome askes her as they lay,  
 Whose were her lips and breasts : and she sware, His :  
*For hearts are open when thoughts fall to play.*  
 At last he askes her, Whose her backside is ?  
 She vow'd that it was *Scoggins* onely part,  
 Who neuer yet came neerer to her heart.

*Scoggin* o're-heard ; but taught by common vse,  
 „ That he who sees all those which doe him harme,  
 „ Or will in marriage boast such small abuse,  
 „ Shall neuer haue his Night-gowne furred warme :  
 And was content, since all was done in play,  
 To know his lucke, and beare his Armes away.

Yet when his Wife should to the market goe,  
 Her breast and bellie he in canuasse drest,  
 And on her backe-side fine silke did bestow ;  
 Loying to see it brauer than the rest.

His Neighbours askt him, Why ? and *Scoggin* sware,  
 That part of all his Wife was onely his :  
 The Lord should decke the rest, to whom they are,  
 For he knew not what Lordly-fashion is.  
*If Husbands now should onely decke their owne,  
 Silke would make many by their backs be knowne.*



## SONNET L.

CÆlica, because we now in absence liue,  
 Which liu'd so long in free-borne loue at one,  
 Straight curious *Rumour* doth her censure giue,  
 That our Aspects are to another Zone.

Yct



Yet *Calica*, you know I doe not change,  
 My heart beares witnesse that there is no cause,  
 Authority may bid Good-will be strange,  
 But *True desire is subiect to no lawes*:

If I haue spoken to the common sense,  
 It Envy kills, and is a wise Offence.



## SONNET LI.

**A** Way with these selfe-louing Lads,  
 Whom *Cupids* arrow neuer glads:  
 Away poore soules, that sigh and weep,  
 In loue of those that lye asleepe:  
 For *Cupid* is a meadow-God,  
 And forceth none to kisse the rod.

Sweet *Cupids* shafts like Destinie  
 Doe causelesse good or ill decree;  
 Desert is borne out of his bow,  
 Reward vpon his wing doth goe;  
 What fooles are they that haue not knowne,  
 That *Loue* likes no *Lawes* but his owne.

My songs they be of *Cynthia's* praile,  
 I weare her Rings on Holy dayes,  
 In euery Tree I write her name,  
 And euery Day I read the same.  
 Where Honour *Cupids* riual is  
 There miracles are seene of his.

If *Cynthia* craue her Ring of me,  
 I blot her name out of the Tree,  
 If doubt doe darken things held deare,  
 Then well-fare Nothing once a yeare  
*For many runne, but one must winne,*  
*Fooles only hedge the Cuckoe in,*



The worth that worthinesse should moue ,  
 Is *Loue* , that is the bow of loue ,  
 And *Loue* aswell thee foster can ,  
 As can the mighty Noble-man.

Sweet Saint 'tis true , you worthy be ,  
 Yet without *Loue* nought worth to me.



### SONNET LI.

**B** Vt that familiar things are neuer wonder ,  
 What greater beauty than the heauens glories ?  
 Where *Phæbus* shines , and when he is gone vnder ;  
 Leaueth in fairest starres mans farall stories ;  
 Yet *Venus* choose with *Mars* the netty bed ,  
 Before that heauenly-life , which *Vulcan* led.

Who doth intreate the Winter not to raine ,  
 Or in a storme the wind to leaue his blowing ?  
*Ladies* , shew you how *Iuno* did complaine ,  
 Of *Iupiter* vnto *Europa* going.  
 Faire Nymphs , if I wooe *Cynthia* not to leaue me ;  
 You know 'tis I my selfe , not she deceaues me.

Masters that aske their Schollers leaue to beat them ,  
 Husbands that bid their Wiues tell all they know ,  
 Men that giue Children sweet meates not to eate them ;  
*Ladies* , you see what destinie they goe :  
 And who intreats , you know intreats in vaine ,  
 That *Loue* be constant , or come backe againe.





## SONNET LIV.

**L**ight, Rage and Griefe, limmes of vnperfect loue,  
 By ouer-acting euer lose their ends;  
 For Griefe while it would good affection moue,  
 With selfe-affliction doth deface her friends;  
 Putting on poore weake Pitties pale reflexion,  
 Whereas Good-will is stirr'd with good complexion.

Rage againe fond of her inflam'd desire,  
 Desire which conquers by close inuasion,  
 Forgetting light and heat liue in one fire,  
 So ouerblowes the temper of Occasion,  
 That scorch'd with heate, by light discovered,  
 Vntimely borne is, and vntimely dead.

Poore fooles, why strue you then since all hearts feele  
 That idle *Chance* so gouernes in affection,  
 As *Cupid* cannot turne his fatall wheele,  
 Nor in his owne orbe banish her election?  
 Then teach Desire hope; not rage, feare, griefe,  
 Powers as vnapt to take, as giue reliefe.

## SONNET LIV.

**C**ynthia, because your Hornes looke diuerse wayes,  
 Now darkned to the East, now to the West;  
 Then at Full-glorie once in thirty dayes,  
 Sente doth beleue that Change is Natures rest.

Poore



Poore earth, that dare presume to iudge the skye;  
*Cynthia* is euer round, and neuer varies,  
*Shadomes and distance doe abuse the eye,*  
*And in abused sense truth oft miscarries:*  
 Yet who this language to the People speaks,  
 Opinions empire senses idoll breaks.



## SONNET LV.

**A**LL my senses, like Beacons flame,  
 Gaue *Alarum* to desire  
 To take armes in *Cynthia's* name;  
 And set all my thoughts on fire:  
 Furies wit perswaded me,  
 Happy loue was hazards hire,  
*Cupid* did best shoot and see  
 In the night where smooth is faire;  
 Vp I start beleeuing well  
 To see if *Cynthia* were awake;  
 Wonders I saw, who can tell?  
 And thus vnto my selfe I spake;  
 Sweet God *Cupid* where am I,  
 That by pale *Diana's* light:  
 Such rich beauties doe espie,  
 As harme our senses with delight?  
 Am I borne vp to the skyes?  
 See where *Ioue* and *Venus* shine,  
 Shewing in her heauenly eyes  
 That desire is diuine:  
 Looke where lyes the Milken way;  
 Way vnto that dainty throne,  
 Where while all the Gods would play;  
*Vulcan* thinkes to dwell alone,  
 I gaue reynes to this conceipt,



Hope went on the wheele of lust :  
*Phanſies ſcales are false of weight,*  
*Thoughts take thought that goe of truſt.*  
 I ſtept forth to touch the ſkye,  
 I a God by *Cupid* dreames,  
*Cynthia* who did naked lye,  
 Runnes away like ſiluer ſtreames,  
 Leauing hollow banks behind,  
 Who can neither forward moue,  
 Nor if rivers be vnkind,  
 Turne away or leaue to loue.  
 There ſtand I, like *Articke* pole,  
 Where *Sol* paſſeth o're the line,  
 Mourning my benighted ſoule,  
 Which loſeth light diuine.  
 There ſtand I like Men that preach  
 From the Execution place,  
 At their death content to teach  
 All the world with their diſgrace :  
 He that lets his *Cynthia* lye,  
 Naked on a bed of play,  
 To ſay prayers ere ſhe dye,  
 Teacheth time to runne away :  
 Let no Loue-deſiring heart,  
 In the Starres goe ſeek his fate,  
 Loue is onely Natures art,  
 Wonder hinders Loue and Hate.

*None can well behold with eyes,*  
*But what vnderneath him lies.*

SONNET LVI.

**C**ælica, you blame me that I ſuffer not,  
 Abſence with ioy, Authority with eaſe:  
*Cælica*, what Powers can Natures inſide blot?  
 They muſt looke pale without that feele diſeaſe.



You say that you doe like faire *Tagus* streames,  
Swell ouer those that would your channells choake;  
Yeelding due tribute vnto *Phæbus* beames,  
Yet not made dry with losse of Vapours smoke.

*Calica*, 'tis true, Birds that doe swimme and flye,  
The waters can endure to haue and misse:  
Their feet for seas, their wings are for the skie,  
*Nor error is it, that of Nature is.*  
I like the fish bequeath'd to *Neptunes* bed,  
No sooner tast of ayre, but I am dead.



## SONNET LVII.

**T**He tree in youth proud of his leaues, and springs,  
His body shadowed in his glorie layes;  
For none doe flie with Art, or others wings,  
But they in whom all, saue Desire, decayes;  
Againe in age, when no leaues on them grow,  
Then borrow they their Greene of *Miseltæe*.

Where *Calica*, when she was young and sweet,  
Adorn'd her head with golden borrowed haire;  
To hide her owne for cold, she thinkes it meet  
The head should mourne, that all the rest was faire;  
And now in Age when outward things decay,  
In spite of age, she throwes that haire away.

Those golden haire she then vs'd but to tye  
Poore captiu'd soules with she in triumph led,  
Who not content the Sunnes faire light to eye,  
Within his glory, their sense dazeled:  
And now againe, her owne blacke haire puts on,  
To mourne for thoughts by her worthis ouerthrowne.



## SONNET LVIII.

**W**Ho euer failes neere to *Bermuda* coast,  
 Goes hard aboard the Monarchy of Feare;  
 Where all desires (but *Lifes* desire are lost,  
 For wealth and fame put off their glories there.

Yet this Ile poyson-like, by mischief knowne,  
 Weanes not desire from her sweet nurse, the Sea;  
 But vnseene shewes vs where our hopes be sowne,  
 With woefull signes declaring ioyfull way.

*For who will seeke the wealth of Westerne Sunne,  
 Oft by Bermuda's miseries must runne.*

Who seekes the God of *Loue*, in Beauties skye,  
 Must passe the Empire of confused Passion,  
 Where our desires to all but Horrors die,  
 Before that ioy and peace can take their fashion.

Yet this faire Heauen, that yeelds this Soule-despaire,  
 Weanes not the heart from his sweet God, *Affection*;  
 But rather shewes vs what sweet ioyes are there,  
 Where constancy is seruant to perfection.

Who *Calica's* chaste heart then seeks to moue,  
 Must ioy to suffer all the woes of *Loue*.

## SONNET LIX.

**C**Ælica, you said, I doe obscurely liue,  
 Strange to my friends, with strangers in suspect;  
 (For darkenesse doth suspition euer giue,  
 Of hate to men or too much selfe-respect)

*Fame* you doe say, with many wings doth flye,  
 who leaues himselfe, you say, doth liuing dye.



*Cælica*, 'tis true, I doe in darkenesse goe,  
 Honour I seeke not, nor hunt after Fame:  
 I am thought bound, I doe not long to know;  
 I feele within, what men without me blame:  
     I scorne the world, the world scornes me, 'tis true;  
     What can a heart doe more to honour you?

Knowledge and fame in open hearts doe liue;  
 Honour is pure hearts homage vnto these,  
*Affection all men vnto Beauty giue,*  
 And by that Law enioyned are to please,  
     The world in two I haue diuided fir;  
     My selfe to you, and all the rest to it.



## SONNET LX.

**C***ælica*, while you doe sweare you loue me best,  
 And euer loued onely me,  
 I feele that all powers are oppress'd  
 By Loue, and Loue by Destinie.

For as the child in swadlin-bands,  
 When it doth see the Nurse come nigh,  
 With smiles and crows doth lift the hands;  
 Yet still must in the cradle lie:  
     So in the boate of Fate I rowe;  
     And looking to you, from you goe.

When I see in thy once-beloued browes,  
 The heauy marks of constant loue,  
 I call to minde my broken voves,  
 And child-like to the Nurse would moue;



„ But *Loue* is of the *Phœnix-kind*,  
 „ And burnes it selfe, in selfe-made fire ;  
 „ To breed still new birds in the minde ,  
 „ From ashes of the old desire:  
 „ And hath his wings from constancy;  
 „ As mountaines call'd of *moving* be.

Then *Cælica* lose not heart-eloquence,  
 Loue vnderstands not, come againe :  
 Who changes in her owne defence ,  
 Needs not cry to the deafe in vaine.

Loue is no true made *Looking-glasse*,  
 Which perfect yeelds the shape we bring ,  
 It vgly shoves vs all that was,  
 And flatters euery future thing.  
 When *Phœbus* beames no more appeare ,  
 'Tis darker that the day was here.

*Change* I confesse it is a hatefull power ,  
 To them that all at once must thinke ,  
 Yet *Nature* made both sweet and sower ,  
 She gaue the eye a lid to winke :

And though the Youth that are estrang'd  
 From Mothers lap to other skyes,  
 Doe thinke that Nature there is chang'd  
 Because at home their knowledge lyes ;  
 Yet shall they see who farre haue gone ,  
 That *Pleasure* speaks more tongues than one.

The Leaues fall off, when Sap goes to the root ,  
 The warmth doth clothe the bough againe ;  
 But to the dead tree what doth boot,  
 The silly mans manuring paine ?

Vnkind :



Vnkindnesse may peece vp againe,  
 But kindnesse either chang'd or dead,  
 Selfe-pittie may in fooles complaine,  
 Put thou thy Hornes on others head :  
*For constant faith is made a drudge ;  
 But when requiting loue is iudge.*



## SONNET LXI.

**VV** Ho worships *Cupid*, doth adore a boy,  
 Boyes earnest are at first in their delight,  
 But for a new, soone leaue their dearest toy,  
*And out of minde, as soone as out of sight,*  
 Their ioyes be dallyings and their wealth is play,  
 They cry to haue, and cry to cast away.

*Mars* is an Idoll, and Mans lust, his skye ;  
 Whereby his glories still are full of wounds,  
 Who worships him, their fame goes farre and nigh,  
 But still of ruine and distresse it sounds.  
 Yet cannot all be wonne, and who doth liue,  
 Must roome to neighbours and succession giue.

Those *Mercurists* that vpon humors worke,  
 And so make others skill, and power their owne,  
 Are like the Climats, which farre Northward lurke,  
 And through long Winters must reape what is sowne ;  
 Or like the Masons, whose Art building well,  
 Yet leaues the house for other men to dwell.

*Mercurie*, *Cupid*, *Mars*, they be no Gods,  
 But humane Idols, built vp by desire,  
 Fruit of our boughs, whence heauen maketh rods,  
 And babies too for child-thoughts that aspire :  
*who sees their glories, on the earth must pry ;  
 who seeks true glory must looke to the skye.*

SONE





## SONNET LXII.

**T**He greatest pride of humane kind is Wit,  
Which all Art out, and into methode drawes,  
Yet Infinite, is farre exceeding it,  
And so is Chance, of vnknowne things the cause,  
The feet of men against our feet doe moue,  
*No wit can comprehend the wayes of Loue.*

He that direct on paralells doth saile,  
Goes Eastward out, and Eastward doth returne;  
The shadowed man, whom *Phæbus* light doth saile,  
Is blacke like him, his heat doth ouerburne;  
The wheelles of high desire with force doe moue,  
*Nothing can fall amisse to them that loue.*

Vapours of earth which to the Sunne aspire,  
As Natures tribute vnto heate or light,  
Are frozen in the midst of high desire,  
And melted in sweet beames of selfe-delight,  
And who to flye with *Cupids* wings will proue,  
Must not bewaile these many ayres of *Loue.*

Men that doe vse the Compasse of the Sea,  
And see the Needle ouer Northward looke,  
Some doe the vertue in the Loadstone lay,  
Some say, the stone it from the North-starre tooke,  
And let him know that thinks with faith to moue,  
*They once had eyes, that are made blind by loue.*







## SONNET LXIII.

**C**Ælica, when I did see you every day,  
 I saw so many worths so well vnited,  
 As in this vnion while but one did play;  
 All others eyes both wondred and delighted:

Whence I conceau'd you of some heavenly mould,  
 Since Loue, and Vertue, noble Fame and Pleasure,  
 Containe in one no earthly metall could,  
 Such enemies are flesh, and blood to measure.

And since my fall, though I now onely see  
 Your backe, while all the world beholds your face;  
 This shadow still shewes miracles to me,  
 And still I thinke your heart a heavenly place:  
     For what before was fil'd by me alone,  
     I now discerne hath roome for euery one.



## SONNET LXIV.

**C**Ælica, when I was from your presence bound,  
 At first good-will both sorrow'd and repined,  
 Loue, Faith, and Nature felt restraint a wound,  
 Honour it selfe, to Kindnesse yet inclined;

Your vowes one way, with your desires did goe,  
 Selfe-pittie then in you did pittie me,  
 Yea sex did scorne to be imprisoned so,  
 But *fire goes out for lacke of vent*, we see.



For when with time, Desire had made a truce,  
 I onely was exempt, the world left free,  
 Yet what winne you by bringing change in vse,  
 But to make currant Infidelity?

*Calica*, you say, you loue me, but you feare,  
 Then hide me in your heart, and keep me there.



## SONNET LXV.

**C***Ælica*, you (whose requests commandments be)  
 Aduise me to delight my minde with books,  
 „ The Glasse where Art doth to posterity,  
 „ Shew nature naked vnto him that looks,  
 Enriching vs, shortning the wayes of wit,  
 Which with experience else deare buyeth it.

*Calica*, if I obey not, but dispute,  
 Thinke it is darkenesse, which seeks out a light,  
 And to presumption do not it impute,  
 If I forsake this way of Infinite;  
*Books be of men, men but in clouds doe see,  
 Of whose embracements Centaures gotten be.*

I haue for books, aboue my head the Skyes,  
 Vnder me, Earth; about me Ayre and Sea:  
 The Truth for light, and Reason for mine eyes,  
 Honour for guide, and Nature for my way.  
 With change of times, lawes, humors, manners, right;  
 Each in their diuerse workings infinite.

Which powers from that wee feele, conceiue, or doe,  
 Raife in our senses through ioy, or smarts,  
 All formes, the good or ill can bring vs to,  
 More liuely farre, than can dead Books or Arts;  
 „ Which at the second hand deliuer forth,  
 „ Of few mens heads, strange rules for all mens worth.



False Antidotes for vitious ignorance,  
 Whose causes are within, and so their cure,  
 Errour corrupting Nature not Mischance  
 For how can that be wise which is not pure?  
     So that Man being but mere hypocrisie,  
     What can his arts but beames of follie be?

Let him then first set straight his inward spirit,  
 That his Affections in the seruing roomes,  
 May follow Reason, not confound her light,  
 And make her subiect to inferiour doomes;  
     *For till the inward moulds be truly plac'd,*  
     *All is made crooked that in them we cast.*

But when the heart, eyes light grow pure together,  
 And so vice in the way to be forgot,  
 Which threw man from creation, who knowes whither?  
 Then this strange building which the flesh knowes not,  
     Reuiues a new-form'd image in mans minde,  
     Where Arts reueal'd, are miracles defin'd.

What then need halfe-fast helps of erring wit,  
 Methods, or books of vaine humanity?  
 Which dazell truth, by representing it,  
 And so entayle clouds to posterity.  
     Since outward wisdom springs from truth within,  
     Which all men feele, or heare, before they sinne.



### SONNET LXVI.

**V**Nconstant thoughts where light desires do moue,  
 With euery obiect which sense to them shoves,  
 Still ebbing from themselves to Seas of Loue,  
 Like ill led Kings that conquer but to lose,  
 With blood and paine these dearly purchase shame,  
     *Time blotting all things out, but euill name.*

The



The double heart that loueth it selfe best,  
 Yet can make selfe-loue beare the name of friend,  
 Whose kindnesse onely in his wit doth rest,  
 And can be all but truth, to haue his end,  
     Must one desire in many figures cast,  
     Dissemblings then are knowne when they are past.

The heart of man mis-seeking for the best,  
 Oft doubly or vnconstantly must blot,  
 Betweene these two the misconceipt doth rest,  
 Whether it euer were that lasteth not,  
     *Vnconstancy and doublenesse depart,*  
     *When man binds his desires to mend his heart.*



## SONNET LXVII.

**W**Hile that my heart an *Altar* I did make,  
 To sacrifice desire and faith to loue,  
 The little Boy his Temples did forsake,  
 And would for me no bow nor arrow moue.  
     Dues of disgrace my incense did depresse:  
     That heat went in, the heart burnt not the lesse.

And as the man that sees his house opprest,  
 With fire; and part of his goods made a prey,  
 Yet doth pull downe the roose to saue the rest,  
 Till his losse giue him light to runne away:  
     So when I saw the bell on other sheep,  
     I hid my selfe, but *dreames vex them that sleep.*

My exile was not like the barren tree,  
 Which beares his fruitlesse head vp to the skye,  
 But like the trees whose boughs o'rcloaden be,  
 And with selfe-riches bowed downe to die;  
     When in the night with songs, not cries, I moane,  
     Lest more should heare what I complaine of one.





## SONNET LXVIII.

**W**Hen all this *All* doth passe from age to age,  
 And reuolution in a circle turne,  
 Then heauenly Iustice doth appeare like  
 rage,  
 The Caves doe roare, the very Seas doe burne,  
 Glory growes darke, the Sunne becomes a night,  
 And makes this great world feele a greater might.

When Loue doth change his seat from heart to heart,  
 And worth about the wheele of Fortune goes,  
 Grace is diseas'd, desert seemes ouerthwart,  
 Vowes are forlorne, and truth doth credit lose,  
 Chance then giues Law, Desire must be wise,  
 And looke more wayes than one, or lose her eyes.

My age of ioy is past, of woe begunne,  
 Absence my preience is, strangenesse my grace,  
 With them that walke against me, is my Sunne:  
 The wheele is turn'd, I hold the lowest place,  
 What can be good to me since my loue is,  
 To doe me harme, content to doe amisse?



## SONNET LXIX.

**C**upid did pine, *Venus* that lou'd her sonne,  
 Or lackt her sport, did looke with heauy heart:  
 The Gods are cal'd, a Councell is begunne,  
*Delphos* is sought, and *Æsculapius* art.

*Apollo*



*Apollo* saith, *Loue* is a *Relative*,  
 Whose being onely must in others be;  
 As bodies doe their shadowes keepe aliue,  
 So *Eros* must with *Anteros* agree;  
 They found him out a mate with whom to play,  
*Loue* straight enioy'd, and pin'd no more away.

*Cælica*, this image figures forth my heart,  
 Where *Venus* mournes, and *Cupid* prospers not,  
 For this is my affections ouerthwart,  
 That I remember what you haue forgot;  
 And while in you my selfe I seeke to find,  
 I see that you your selfe haue lost your minde.

When I would ioy, as I was wont to doe,  
 Your thoughts are chang'd, and not the same to me;  
 My loue that lacks her play-fellow in you,  
 Seeks vp and downe, but blinded cannot see.  
 The Boy hath stolne your thoughts some other way,  
 Where wantonlike they doe with many play.



## SONNET LXX.

**L**oue, I did send you forth enamel'd faire  
 With hope, and gaue you leisin and liuery  
 Of Beauties skye, which you did claime as heyre,  
 By objects and desires affinitie.

And doe you now retorne leane with Despaire?  
 Wounded with Riuals warre, scorched with Iealousie?  
 Hence Changeling; *Loue* doth no such colours weare:  
 Find suerties, or at Honours sessions dye,

Sit,



Sir, know me for your owne, I onely beare,  
Faiths ensigne, which is Shame, and Miseric,  
My Paradise, and *Adams* diuerse were:  
His fall was Knowledge, mine Simplicitie.

What shall I doe, Sir? doe me Prentice bind,  
To Knowledge, Honour, Fame or Honestie;  
Let me no longer follow Womenkinde,  
Where change doth vse all shapes of tyranny;  
And I no more will stirre this earthly dust,  
Wherein I lose my name, to talke on lust.



## SONNET LXXI.

**C**Ælica, you that excell in flesh and wit,  
In whose sweet heart Loue doth both ebb and flow  
Returning faith more than it tooke from it,  
Whence doth the Change, the World thus speakes on,  
grow?

If Worthinesse doe ioy to be admired,  
My soule, you know, onely be-wonders you;  
If Beauties glorie be to be desired,  
My heart is nothing else; What need you new?

If louing ioy of worths, beloued be,  
And ioyes not simple, but still mutuall,  
Whom can you more lone, than you haue lou'd me?  
Vnlesse in your heart there be more than all;  
Since *Loue* no doomes-day hath, where bodies change,  
Why should new be delight, not being strange?







## SONNET LXXII.

**M***r*rapphill, 'tis true, I lou'd, and you lou'd me,  
 My thoughts as narrow as my heart, then were;  
 Which made change seeme impossible to be,  
 Thinking one place could not two bodies beare.  
 This was but earnest Youths simplicitie,  
 To fadome Nature within Passions wit;  
 Which thinks her earnestnesse eternity,  
 Till selfe-delight makes change looke thorough it:  
 You banish'd were, I grien'd, but languish'd not;  
 For worth was free and of affection sure;  
 So that time must be vaine, or you forgot,  
*Nature and Love, no Vacuum can endure,*  
 I found desert, and to desert am true;  
 Still dealing by it, as I dealt by you.



## SONNET LXXIII.

**I**N the window of a Graunge,  
 Whence mens prospects cannot range  
 Ouer groues, and flowers growing,  
 Natures wealth, and pleasure showing;  
 But on graues where shepherds lye,  
 That by loue or sicknesse die;  
 In that window saw I sit,  
*Celica* adorning it,  
 Sadly clad for sorrowes glory,  
 Making ioy, glad to be forie:

Shewing



Shewing Sorrow in such fashion,  
 As Truth seem'd in loue with Passion,  
*Such a sweet enamell giueth*  
*Loue restrain'd, that constant liueth.*  
 Absence, that bred all this paine,  
 Prefence heal'd not straight againe;  
*Eyes from darke to suddaine light,*  
*See not straight, nor can delight.*  
*where the heart reuiues from death,*  
*Grones doe first send forth a breath:*  
 So, first looks did looks beget,  
 One sigh did another fet,  
 Hearts within their breast did quake,  
 While thoughts to each other spake.  
*Philocell* entraunced stood,  
 Rackt, and ioyed with his good,  
 His eyes on her eyes were fixed,  
 Where both true Loue and Shame were mixed:  
 In her eyes he pittie saw,  
 His Loue did to Pittie draw:  
 But Loue found when it came there,  
 Pitty was transform'd to Feare:  
 Then he thought that in her face,  
 He saw Loue, and promis'd Grace.  
 Loue calls his Loue to appeare,  
 But as soone as it came neere,  
 Her Loue to her bosome fled,  
 Vnder Honours burthens dead.  
 Honour in Loues stead tooke place,  
 To grace Shame, with Loues disgrace;  
 But like drops throwne on the fire,  
 Shames restraints, enflam'd Desire:  
 Desire looks, and in her eyes,  
 The image of it selfe espies,  
 Whence he takes selfe-pitties motions  
 To be *Cynthia's* owne deuotions;  
 And resolues Feare is a lyar,  
 Thinking she bids speake Desire,  
 But true loue that feares, and dare



Offend it selfe with pleasing Care,  
 So diuers wayes his heart doth moue,  
 That his tongue cannot speake of loue.  
 Onely in himselfe he sayes,  
 How fatall are blind *Cupids* waies?



## SONNET LXXIV.

**E** *N* *dymions* poore hapt is,  
 That while Loue sleepe, the heauens kisse,  
 But silent Loue is simple wooing,  
 Euen Destiny would haue vs doing.  
 Boldnesse neuer yet was chidden,  
 Till by Loue it be forbidden,  
*Myra* leaues him, and knowes best,  
 What shall become of all the rest.



## SONNET LXXV.

**I** N the time when herbs and flowers,  
 Springing out of melting powers,  
 Teach the earth that heate and raine  
 Doe make *Cupid* liue againe:  
 Late when *Sol*, like great hearts, shoves  
 Largest as he lowest goes,  
*Calica* with *Philocell*  
 In fellowship together fell:  
*Calica* her skinne was faire,  
 Daintie *aborne* was her haire;  
 Her haire Nature dyed browne,



To become the morning gowne,  
Of hopes death which to her eyes,  
Offers thoughts for sacrifice.

*Philocell* was true and kind,  
Poore, but not of poorest minde,  
Though Mischance to harme affected  
Hides and holdeth Worth suspected,  
He good Shepherd loued well,  
But *Celica* scorn'd *Philocell*.

Through enamel'd Meades they went,  
Quiet she, he passion-rent.

Her Worths to him hope did moue;  
Her Worths made him feare to loue.

His heart sighs and faine would show,  
That which all the World did know:

His heart sigh'd the sighs of feare,  
And durst not tell her loue was there;

„ But as Thoughts in troubled sleepe,

„ Dreaming feare, and fearing weepe;

„ When for helpe they faine would cry,

„ Cannot speake, and helplesse lie:

So while his heart, full of paine,

Would it selfe in words complaine,

Paine of all paines, Louers feare,

Makes his heart to silence sweare.

Strife at length those dreames doth breake;

His despaire taught feare thus speake:

„ *Celica*, what shall I say?

You, to whom all Passions pray;

Like poore Flies that to the fire,

Where they burne themselues, aspire:

You, in whose worth men doe ioy,

That hope neuer to enioy,

Where both grace, and beautie's framed,

That Loue being might be blamed.

Can true Worthinesse be glad,

To make hearts that loue it, sad?

What meanes Nature in her Iewell,

To shew Mercies image cruell?



Deare, if euer in my dayes,  
 My heart ioy'd in others praise:  
 If I of the world did borrow,  
 Other ground for ioy or sorrow:  
 If I better wish to be  
 But the better to please thee;  
 I say, if this false be proued,  
 Let me not loue, or not be loued.  
 But when Reason did inuite  
 All my sense to Fortunes light;  
 If my loue did make my reason,  
 To it selfe for thy selfe treason;  
 If when Wisdome shewed me  
 Time and thoughts both lost for thee;  
 If those losses I did glory,  
 For I could not more lose, sory;  
*Calica* then doe not scorne  
 Loue, in humble humour borne.  
 Let not Fortune haue the power,  
*Cupids* Godhead to deuoure.  
 For I heare the Wise-men tell,  
*Nature* worketh oft as well,  
*In those men whom chance disgraceth,*  
*As in those she higher placeth.*  
*Calica*, 'tis neare a God,  
 To make euen Fortunes odd;  
*And of farre more estimation,*  
*As Creator, than Creation.*  
 Then Deare, though I worthlesse be,  
 Yet let them to you worthy be,  
 Whose meeke thoughts are highly graced,  
 By your image in them placed.  
 Herewithall like one opprest;  
 With selfe-burthens he did rest,  
 Like amazed were his senses,  
 Both with pleasure and offences.  
*Calica's* cold answers show,  
 That which fooles feelee, wise men know:  
 How selfe-pitties haue reflexion,



Backe into their owne infection:

And that *Passions onely moue*

*Strings tun'd to one note of Loue:*

She thus answeres him with Reason,

Neuer to desire in season;

„ *Philocell*, if you loue me,

(For you would beloued be)

Your owne will must be your hire,

And desire reward desire.

*Cupid* is in my heart sped,

Where all desires else are dead.

Ashes o're Loues flames are cast,

All for one is there disgrac'd.

Make not then your owne mischance,

Wake your selfe from *Passions-traunce*;

And let Reason guide affection,

From despaire to new election.

*Philocell* that onely felt

Destinies which *Cupid* dealt;

No lawes but Loue-lawes obeying,

Thought that Gods were wonne with praying.

And with heart fix'd on her eyes,

Where Loue he thinks liues or dyes,

His words, his heart with them leading,

Thus vnto her dead loue pleading:

„ *Calica*, if euer you

Loued haue, as others doe;

Let my present thoughts be glassed,

In the thoughts which you haue pass'd

Let selfe-pittie, which you know,

Frame true pittie now in you;

Let your forepast woe, and glorie,

Make you glad them, you make sory

*Loue* reuengeth like a God,

When he beats he burnes the rod:

*who refuse almes to desire,*

*Dye when drops would quench the fire.*

But if you doe feele againe

What peace is in *Cupids* paine;



Grant me, Deare, your wished measure,  
 Paines but paines that be of pleasure;  
 Find not these things strange in me,  
 Which within your heart we see;  
 For true Honour neuer blameth,  
 Those that Loue her seruants nameth.  
 But if your heart be so free,  
 As you would it seeme to be,  
*Nature hath in free hearts placed  
 Pitty for the poore disgraced.*

His eyes great with child with teares  
 Spies in her eyes many feares,  
 Sees he thinks, that sweetnesse vanish  
 Which all feares was wont to banish.  
 Sees, sweet *Loue*, there wont to play,  
 Arm'd and drest to runne away,  
 To her heart where she alone,  
 Scorneth all the world but one.  
*Calica* with clouded face,  
 Giuing vnto anger grace,  
 While she threatned him displeasure.  
 Making anger looke like pleasure,  
 Thus in furie to him spake,  
 Words which make euen hearts to quake:  
 „ *Philecell*, farre from me get you,  
 Men are false, we cannot let you;  
 Humble, and yet full of pride,  
 Earnest, and not to be denyed;  
*Now vs, for not louing, blaming,  
 Now vs, for too much, defaming:*  
 Though I let you posies beare,  
 Wherein my name cyphred were,  
 For I bid you in the tree,  
 Cipher downe your name by me:  
 For the Bracelet pearle-like white,  
 Which you stole from me by night,  
 I content was you should carry  
 Lest that you should longer tarry,  
 Think you that you might encroach,



To set kindnesse more abroach?  
 Thinke you me in friendship tyed;  
 So that nothing be denyed?  
 Doe you thinke that I must liue;  
 Bound to that which you will giue?  
*Philocell*, I say, depart;  
 Blot my loue out of thy heart;  
 Cut my name out of the tree;  
 Beare not memorie of me.  
 My delight is all my care,  
 All lawes else despised are,  
 I will neuer rumour moue,  
 At least for one I doe not loue.

Shepheardesse, if it proue;  
*Philocell* she once did loue,  
 Can kind doubt of true affection?  
 Merit such a sharpe correction?  
 When men see you fall away,  
 Must they winke to see no day?  
 It is worse in him that speaketh;  
 Than in her that friendship breaketh?  
 Shepheardesse, when you change,  
 Is your ficklenesse so strange?  
 Are you thus impatient still?  
 Is your honour slaue to will?  
 They to whom you guiltie be;  
 Must not they your errour see?  
 May true Martyrs at the fire  
 Not so much as life desire?

Shepheardesses, yet marke well;  
 The Martyrdome of *Philocell*:  
 Rumour made his faith a scorne,  
 Him, example of forelorne,  
 Feeling he had of his woe;  
 Yet did loue his overthrow;  
 For that she knew loue would beare;  
 She to wrong him did not feare;  
 Ielousie of riuals grace,



In his passion got a place ;  
 „ But *Loue*, Lord of all his powers ,  
 „ Doth so rule this heart of ours ,  
 „ As for our belou'd abuses ,  
 „ It doth euer find excuses .  
*Loue teares Reasons law in sunder ,*  
*Loue, is God , let Reason wonder .*  
 For nor scornes of his affection ,  
 Nor despaire in his election ,  
 Nor his faith damn'd for obeying ,  
 Nor her change, his hopes betraying ,  
 Can make *Philocell* remoue ,  
 But he *Calica* will loue .

Here my silly Song is ended ,  
 Faire Nymphs be not you offended ,  
 For as men that trauell'd farre ,  
 For seene truths, oft scorned are ,  
 By their neighbours idle liues ,  
 Who scarce know to please their Wiues ;  
 So though I haue sung you more ,  
 Than your hearts haue felt before ,  
 Yet that *faith in men doth dwell ,*  
*who trauels Constancy can tell .*



SONNET LXXVI.

**F**ortune , art thou not forc'd sometimes to scorne ?  
 That seest Ambition striue to change our state ?  
 As though thy Scepter slaue to lust were borne ?  
 Or Wishes could procure themselues a fate ?

I, when I haue shot one shaft at my mother ,  
 That her desires a-foote thinke all her owne ,  
 Then straight draw vp my bow to strike another ,  
 For *Gods are best by discontentment knowne .*

And



And when I see the poore forsaken sp'rit ,  
 Like sicke men , whom the Doctor saith must dye ,  
 Sometime with rage and strength of passion fight ,  
 Then languishing enquire what life might buy :  
     I smile to see *Desire is neuer wise ,*  
     *But warres with Change , which is her paradise.*



## SONNET LXXVII.

**T**He Heathen Gods finite in Power, Wit, Birth,  
 Yet worshipped for their good deeds to men,  
 At first kept Stations betweene heauen, and earth,  
 Alike iust to the Castle, and the Denne ;  
     Creation, Merit, Nature duly weighed,  
     And yet, in show, no rule, but will obeyed.

Till time, and selfenesse, which turne worth to Arts ;  
 Loue into complements, and things to thought ,  
 Found out new Circles to enthrall Mens hearts  
 By Lawes ; wherein while Thrones seeme ouerwrought,  
     *Power finely hath surpriz'd this faith of man,*  
     *And tax'd his freedome at more than he can.*

For to the Scepters Iudges Lawes reserue  
 As well the practicke , as expounding sense,  
 From which no Innocence can painlesse swerne ;  
 They being *Engines of Omnipotence :*  
     With equall shoves , then is not humble man  
     Here finely tax'd at much more than he can?

Our



Our moderne Tyrants, by more grosse ascent,  
 Although they found distinction in the State  
 Of Church, Law, Custome, Peoples government,  
*Mediums* (at least) to giue excesse a rate  
 Yet fatally haue tri'd to change this frame,  
 And, *make will law, Mans wholesome lawes but name.*

For when Power once hath trod this path of Might,  
 And found how Place aduantageously extended  
 Waines; or confoundeth all Inferiors right  
 With thinne lines hardly seene, but neuer ended;  
 It straight drownes in this gulse of vast affections,  
 Faith, truth, worth, law, all popular protections.



## SONNET LXXVIII.

**T**He little Hearts, where light-wing'd Passion  
 raignes,  
 More easily vpward, as all frailties doe;  
 Like *Strawes to leat*, these follow Princes veines,  
 And so, by pleasing, doe corrupt them too.  
 Whence as their raising proues Kings can create;  
 So *States proue sicke, where toyes beare Staple-rates.*

„ Like *Atomi* they neither rest, nor stand,  
 „ Nor can erect; because they nothing be  
 „ But baby-thoughts, fed with time-presents hand,  
 „ Slaues, and yet darlings of Authority;  
 „ *Eccho's* of wrong; shadowes of Princes might;  
 „ Which glow-worme-like, by shining, show 'tis night.



„ Curious of fame , as foule is to be faire ;  
 „ Caring to seeme that which they would not be ;  
 „ Wherein Chance helps, since *Praise is powers heyre* ;  
 „ *Honor the creature of Authoritie :*  
     „ So as borne high , in giddie *Orbes* of grace,  
     „ These Pictures are , which are indeed but Place.

„ And as the Bird in hand, with freedome lost,  
 „ Serues for a stale , his fellowes to betray :  
 „ So doe these Darlings rays'd at Princes cost  
 „ Tempt man to throw his libertie away ;  
     „ And sacrifice Law , Church, all reall things  
     „ To soare, not in his owne, but Eagles wings.

Whereby, like *Æsops* dogge , men lose their meat ;  
 To bite at glorious shadowes , which they see ;  
 And let fall those strengths which make all States great  
 By free Truths chang'd to seruile flatterie.

Whence , while men gaze vpon this blazing starre ;  
 Made *slaves* , not *subiects* , they to *Tyrants* are.



## SONNET LXXIX.

**A**S when men see a Blazing starre appeare,  
 Each stirres vp others leuitie to wonder,  
 In restless thoughts holding those visions deare,  
 Which threaten to rent *Gouernment* in sunder ;  
 Yet be but horrors , from vaine hearts sent forth,  
 To prophecie against *Annointed* worth :



So likewise mankinde, when true Government  
 Her great examples to the world brings forth,  
 Straight in the errors natiue discontent,  
 Sees apparitions opposite to worth;  
*Which gathers such sense out of Enuies beames,  
 As still casts imputation on Supreames.*



## SONNET LXXX.

**C**Leare spirits, which in Images set forth  
 The wayes of Nature by fine imitation,  
 Are oft forc'd to *Hyperboles* of worth,  
 As oft againe to monstrous declination;  
 So that their heads must *lin'd* be, like the Skie,  
 For all Opinions arts to traffike by.

Dull Spirits againe, which loue all constant grounds,  
 As comely veyles for their vnactiuenesse,  
 Are oft forc'd to contract, or stretch their bounds,  
 As active Power spreads her beames more, or lesse:  
*For though in Natures waine these guests come forth,  
 Can place, or stampe make currant ought but worth?*







## SONNET LXXXI.

**V**Nder a Throne I saw a Virgin sit,  
 The red, and white Rose quarter'd in her face;  
 Starre of the North, and for true guards to it,  
 Princes, Church, States, all pointing out her Grace.  
 The homage done her was not borne of Wit,  
 Wisdome admir'd, Zeale tooke Ambitious place  
 State in her eyes taught Order how to fit,  
 And fixe Confusions vnobseruing race.

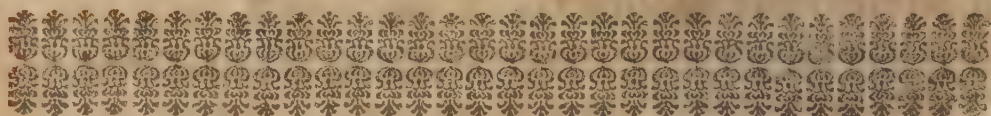
*Fortune* can here claime nothing truly great,  
 But that this Princely Creature is her seat.



## SONNET LXXXII.

**Y**Ov that seeke what Life is in Death,  
 Now find it aire that once was breath.  
 New names vnknowne, old names gone:  
 Till time end bodies, but soules none.

*Reader*! then make time, while you be,  
 But steppes to your Eternitie.



## SONNET LXXXIII.

**W**Ho Grace for *Zenith* had,  
 from which no shadowes grow,  
 Who hath seene Ioy of all his hopes,  
 and end of all his woe,

Whose



Whose Loue belou'd hath beene  
the crowne of his desire,  
Who hath seene sorrowes glories burnt,  
in sweet affections fire :  
If from this heauenly state,  
which soules with soules vnites,  
He be falne downe into the darke  
despaired warre of sp'rits ;  
Let him lament with me,  
for none doth glorie know,  
That hath not beene aboue himselfe,  
and thence falne downe to woe :  
But if there be one hope left  
in his languish'd heart,  
If feare of worse, if wish of ease,  
if horror may depart,  
He playes with his complaints,  
he is no mate for me,  
Whose loue is lost, whose hopes are fled ;  
whose feares for euer be.  
Yet not those happy feares  
which shew Desire her death  
Teaching with vse a peace in woe,  
and in despaire a faith :  
No, no, my feares kill not,  
but make vncured wounds,  
Where ioy and peace doe issue out ;  
and onely paine abounds,  
Vnp possible are helpe,  
reward and hope to me,  
Yet while vnp possible they are,  
they easie seeme to be.  
Most easie seemes remorse,  
despaire and deaths to me,  
Yet while they passing easie seeme,  
vnp possible they be.  
So neither can I leaue  
my hopes that doe deceiue  
Nor can I trust mine owne despaire ;



and nothing else receiue.  
 Thus be vnhappy men blest,  
 to be more accurst;  
*Neere to the glories of the Sunne,*  
*clouds with most horreur burst.*  
 „ Like Ghosts raised out of graues,  
 who liue not, though they goe,  
 „ Whose walking feare to others is,  
 and to themselues a woe:  
 So is my life by her  
 whose loue to me is dead,  
 On whose worth my despaire yet walks,  
 and my desire is fed;  
 I swallow downe the baite,  
 which carries downe my death;  
 I cannot put loue from my heart,  
 while life drawes in my breath;  
 My Winter is within  
 which withereth my ioy;  
 My Knowledge, seate of Ciuill warre,  
 where friends and foes destroy;  
 And my Desires are Wheeles,  
 whereon my heart is borne,  
 With endlesse turning of themselues,  
 still liuing to be torne.  
 My Thoughts are Eagles food,  
 ordayned to be a prey  
 To worth; and being still consum'd,  
 yet neuer to decay.  
 My Memorie, where once  
 my heart laid vp the store  
 Of helpe, of ioy, of spirits wealth  
 to multiply them more;  
 Is now become the Tombe  
 wherein all these lye flaine,  
 My helpe, my ioy, my spirits  
 wealth all sacrific'd to paine.  
 In Paradise I once did liue;  
 and taste the tree,

Which



Which shadowed was from all the world,  
in ioy to shadow me.

The tree hath lost his fruit;  
or I haue lost my seate,

My soule both blacke with shadow is,  
and ouer-burnt with heat:

Truth here for triumph serues;  
to shew her power is great,

Whom no desert can ouercome;  
nor no distresse intreat.

Time past layes vp my ioy;  
and time to come my grieve;

She euer must be my *desire*,  
and neuer my *reliefe*.

Wrong, her Lieutenant is;  
my wounded Thoughts are they,

Who haue no power to keepe the field;  
nor will to runne away.

O ruefull Constancy,  
and where is Change so base;

As it may be compar'd with thee  
in scorne, and in disgrace?

„ Like as the Kings forlorne,  
depos'd from their estate,

„ Yet cannot choose but loue the Crowne;  
although new Kings they hate;

„ If they doe plead their right,  
nay, if they onely liue,

„ Offences to the Crowne alike  
their Good and Ill shall giue;

So (I would I were not)

because I may complaine,

And cannot choose but loue my Wrongs;  
and ioy to Wish in vaine;

This faith condemneth me,  
my right doth rumor moue,

I may not know the cause I fell,  
nor yet without cause loue.

Then Loue where is reward,



at least where is the fame  
 Of them that being, beare thy crosse,  
 and being not, thy name?  
 The worlds example I,  
 a Fable euery where,  
 A Well from whence the springs are dried,  
 a Tree that doth not beare:  
 „ I like the Bird in cage  
 at first with cunning caught,  
 „ And in my bondage for delight  
 with greater cunning taught.  
 „ Now owners humour dyes,  
 I neither loued nor fed,  
 „ Nor freed am, till in the cage  
 forgotten I be dead.  
 The Ship of *Greece*, the Streames  
 and she be not the same  
 They were, although Ship, Streames  
 and she still beare their antique name,  
 The Wood which was, is worne,  
 those waues are runne away,  
 Yet still a Ship, and still a Streame,  
 still running to a Sea.  
 She lou'd, and still she loues,  
 but doth not still loue me,  
 To all except my selfe yet is,  
 as she was wont to be.  
 O, my once happy thoughts,  
 the heauen where grace did dwell,  
 My Saint hath turn'd away her face,  
 and made that heauen my hell.  
 A hell, for so is that  
 from whence no soules returne,  
 Where, while our spirits are sacrific'd,  
 they waste not though they burne.  
 Since then this is my state,  
 and nothing worse than this,  
 Behold the mappe of death-like life  
 exil'd from louely blisse,



Alone among the world  
strange with my friends to be,  
Shewing my fall to them that scorne,  
see not or will not see.  
My Heart a wildernesse;  
my studies only feare,  
And as in shadowes of curst death,  
a prospect of despaire.  
My Exercise, must be  
my horrors to repeat,  
My Peace, Ioy, End, and Sacrifice  
her dead Loue to intreat.  
My Food, the time that was;  
the time to come, my Fast;  
For Drinke, the barren thirst I feele  
of glories that are past;  
Sighs and salt teares my Bath;  
Reason, my Looking-glasse,  
To shew me *he most wretched is,*  
*that once most happy was.*  
Forlorne desires my Clocke  
to tell me every day,  
That time hath stolne Loue, Life, and All,  
but my distresse away.  
For Musicke heauy signes,  
my Walke an inward woe,  
Which like a shadow euer shall  
before my body goe;  
And I my selfe am he,  
that doth with none compare,  
Except in woes and lacke of worth,  
whose states more wretched are  
Let no man aske my name,  
nor what else I should be;  
For *Greiv-ill*, paine, forlorne estate  
doe best decipher me.





## SONNET LXXXIV.

**F**arewell sweet Boy, complaine not of my truth;  
 Thy Mother lou'd thee not with more deuotion;  
 For to thy Boyes play I gaue all my youth,  
 Yong Master, I did hope for your promotion.

While some sought Honours, Princes thoughts obseruing;  
 Many woo'd *Fame*, the child of paine and anguish,  
 Others iudg'd inward good a chiefe deseruing,  
 I in thy wanton Visions ioy'd to languish.

I bow'd not to thy image for succession,  
 Nor bound thy bow to shoot reformed kindnesse;  
 Thy playes of hope and feare were my confession,  
 The spectacles to my life was thy blindnesse:  
 But *Cupid* now farewell, I will goe play me,  
 With thoughts that please me lesse, & lesse betray me.



## SONNET LXXXV.

**L**oue is the Peace, whereto all thoughts doe strue,  
 Done and begun with all our powers in one:  
 The first and last in vs that is aliue,  
 End of the good, and therewith pleas'd alone.

Perfections spirit, Goddesse of the minde,  
 Passed through hope, desire, grieve and feare,  
 A simple Goodnesse in the flesh reind,  
 Which of the ioyes to come doth witnesse beare.

Constant,



Constant, because it sees no cause to varie,  
 A Quintessence of Passions ouerthrowne,  
 Rai'd aboue all that change of obie&ts carry,  
 A Nature by no other nature knowne:

*For Glorie's of eternitie a frame,  
 That by all bodies else obscures her name.*

## SONNET LXXXVI.

**T**He Earth with thunder torne, with fire blasted,  
 With waters drowned, with windie palsey shaken  
 Cannot for this with heauen be distasted,  
 Since thunder, raine and winds from earth are taken:  
 Man torne with Loue, with inward furies blasted,  
 Drown'd with despaire, with fleshiy lustings shaken,  
 Cannot for this with heauen be distasted,  
 Lone, furie, lustings out of man are taken.  
 Then Man, endure thy selfe, those clouds will vanish;  
 Life is a Top which whipping Sorrow driueth;  
*wisdome must beare what our flesh cannot banish,*  
*The humble leade; the stubborne bootlesse striueth:*  
 Or Man, forsake thy selfe, to heauen turne thee,  
*Her flames enlighten Nature, neuer burne thee.*

## SONNET LXXXVII.

**W**Hen as Mans life, the light of humane lust,  
 In soacket of his earthly lanthorne burnes,  
 That all this glory vnto ashes must,  
 And generations to corruption turnes;  
 Then fond desires that onely feare their end,  
 Doe vainely wish for life, but to amend,



But when this life is from the body fled,  
 To see it selfe in that eternall Glasse,  
*where time doth end, and thoughts accuse the dead,*  
*where all to come, is one with all that was;*  
 Then living men aske how he left his breath,  
 That while he liued neuer thought of death.



## SONNET LXXXVIII.

**M**AN, dreame no more of curious mysteries,  
 As what was here before the world was made,  
 The first Mans life, the state of Paradise,  
 Where heauen is, or hells eternall shade,  
*For Gods works are like him, all infinite;*  
*And curious search, but craftie sinnes delight.*

The Flood that did, and dreadfull Fire that shall,  
 Drowne, and burne vp the malice of the earth,  
 The diuers tongues, and Babylons downe-fall,  
 Are nothing to the mans renewed birth;  
*First, let the Law plough vp thy wicked heart,*  
*That Christ may come, and all these types depart.*

When thou hast swept the house that all is cleare,  
 When thou the dust hast shaken from thy feete,  
 When Gods All-might doth in thy flesh appeare,  
 Then Seas with streames aboue the skye doe meet;  
*For Goodnesse onely doth God comprehend,*  
*Knowes what was first, and what shall be the end.*







## SONNET LXXXIX.

**T**He *Manicheans* did no Idols make,  
 Without themselves, nor worship gods of Wood,  
 Yet Idolls did in their *Idea's* take,  
 And figur'd *Christ* as on the crosse he stood.  
 Thus did they when they earnestly did pray,  
 Till clearer Faith this Idoll tooke away :

We seeme more inwardly to know the Sonne,  
 And see our owne saluation in his blood;  
 When this is said, we thinke the worke is done,  
 And with the Father hold our portion good :  
 „ As if true life within these words were laid,  
 „ For him that in life, neuer words obey'd.

If this be safe, it is a pleasant way,  
 The Crosse of *Christ* is very easily borne :  
 But *six* dayes labour makes the sabboth day,  
 The flesh is dead before grace can be borne.  
 The heart must first beare witnesse with the booke,  
 The earth must burne, ere we for *Christ* can looke.



## SONNET XC.

**T**He *Turkish* gouernment allowes no Law,  
 Mens liues and states depend on his behest;  
 We thinke Subiection there a seruile awe,  
 Where Nature finds both honour, wealth and rest.

Our



Our *Christian* freedome is, we haue a law,  
Which euen the Heathen thinke no Power should wrest;  
Yet proues it crooked as power lists to draw,  
The rage or grace that lurkes in Princes brests.

*Opinion bodies may to shadowes giue,  
But no burnt Zone it is, where People liue.*



## SONNET XCI.

**R**ewards of earth, Nobilitie and Fame;  
To senses Glorie, and to conscience wee;  
How little be you, for so great a name?  
Yet lesse is he with men that thinks you so.

*For earthly Power, that stands by fleshly wit,  
Hath banish'd that Truth, which should governe it.*

*Nobilitie, Powers golden fetter is,  
Wherewith wise Kings subiection doe adorne;  
To make man thinke her heauy yoke, a blisse,  
Because it makes him more than he was borne.*

*Yet still a slaue, dimm'd by mists of a Crowne,  
Lest he should see, what riseth, what puls downe.*

*Fame, that is but good words of euill deeds,  
Begotten by the harme we haue, or doe,  
Greatest farre off, least euer where it breeds,  
We both with dangers and disquiet wooe.*

*And in our flesh (the vanities false glasse)  
We thus deciaue'd adore these Calues of brasse.*







## SONNET XCII.

**V** *Irgula diuina*, Sorcerers call a rod,  
 Gather'd with vowes, and Magicke sacrifice;  
 Which borne about, by influence doth nod,  
 Vnto the siluer, where it hidden lyes;  
 Which makes poore men to these blacke arts deuout,  
 Rich onely in the wealth which hope findes out.

*Nobilitie*, this pretious treasure is,  
 Laid vp in secret mysteries of State,  
*Kings creature, subiections gilded blisse,*  
*where grace, not merit, seemes to gouerne face.*  
 „ Mankinde I thinke to be this rod diuine;  
 „ For to the greatest euer they incline.

*Eloquence*, that is but *wisdome speaking well*,  
 (The Poets faigne) did make the sauage tame;  
 Of eares and hearts chain'd vnto tongues they tell;  
 I thinke Nobilitie to be the same:  
 „ For be they fooles, or speake they without wit;  
 „ We hold them wise, we fooles be-wonder it.

Inuisible there is an Art to goe,  
 (They say that studie Natures secret works)  
 And art there is to make things greater show;  
 In Noblenesse I thinke this secret lurks,  
 „ For place a Coronet on whom you will,  
 „ You straight see all great in him, but his ill.





## SONNET XCIII.

**T**He *Augurs* were of all the world admir'd,  
 Flatter'd by Consuls, honour'd by the State;  
 Because the euent of all that was desir'd,  
 They seem'd to know, and keepe the books of Fate:  
 Yet though abroad they thus did boast their wit,  
 Alone among themselues they scorned it.

Mankinde, that with his wit doth gild his heart,  
 Strong in his Passions, but in Goodnesse weake;  
 Making great vices o're the lesse an Art,  
 Breeds wonder, and moues ignorance to speake;  
 Yet when his Fame is to the highest borne,  
 We know enough to laugh his praise to scorne.

## SONNET XCIV.

**M**En, that delight to multiply desire,  
 Like tellers are that take coyne but to pay;  
 Still tempted to be false, with little hire,  
 Blacke hands except, which they would haue away:  
*For, where power wisely Audits her estate,  
 The Exchequer Mens best recompense is hate.*

The little Maide that weareth out the day,  
 To gather flowr's still couetous of more,  
 At night when she with her desire would play,  
 And let her pleasure wanton in her store,  
 Discernes the first laid vnderneath the last,  
 Wither'd, and so is all that we haue past:



Fixt then on good desire, and if you finde  
 Ambitious dreames or feares of ouer-thwart;  
 Changes, temptations, bloomes of earthy minde,  
 Yet waue not, since earthy change, hath change of smart.  
*For lest Man should thinke flesh a seat of blisse,  
 God workes that his ioy mixt with sorrow is.*



## SONNET XCV.

**M** Alice and Loue in their waies opposite,  
 The one to hurt it selfe for others good;  
 The other, to haue good by others spite,  
 Both raging most, when they be most withstood;  
 Though enemies, yet doe in this agree,  
 That both still breake the hearts wherein they be.

*Malice a habit is, wrought in the spirit,  
 By intricate opinions information;  
 Of scornfull wrong or of suppressing merit,  
 Which either wounds mens states or reputation;  
 And Tyrant-like, though shew of strength it beare,  
 Yet is but weakenesse growne, enrag'd by feare.*

*Loue is the true or false report of sense,  
 Who sent as spies, returning newes of worth;  
 With over-wonder breed the hearts offence,  
 Not bringing in, but carrying pleasure forth,  
 And child-like must haue all things that they see,  
 So much lesse louers, than things loved be.*

Malice, like ruine, with it selfe ouerthrowes  
 Mankinde, and therefore plaies a diuels part;  
 Loue puls it selfe downe, but to build vp those  
 It loues, and therefore beares an Angels heart.  
 Tyrants through feare, and malice feed on blood,  
 Good Kings secure at home, seeke all mens good.





## SONNET LXXXVI.

**I**N those yeeres, when our Sense, Desire and Wit,  
 Combine, that Reason shall not rule the heart;  
 Pleasure is chosen as a Goddesse fit,  
 The wealth of Nature freely to impart;  
 Who like an Idoll doth apparel'd sit  
 In all the glories of Opinions art;  
 „ The further off, the greater beauty showing,  
 „ Lost onely, or made lesse by perfect knowing.

Which faire Vsurper runnes a Rebels way,  
 For though elect of Sense, Wit and Desire,  
 Yet rules she none, but such as will obey,  
 And to that end becomes what they aspire;  
 Making that torment, which before was play,  
 Those dewes to kindle, which did quench the fire:  
 „ Now Honours image, now againe like lust,  
 „ But earthly still, and end repeating must.

While man, who Satyr-like, then knowes the flame,  
 When kissing of her faire appearing light,  
 Hee feeles a scorching power hid in the same,  
 Which cannot be reuealed to the sight,  
 Yet doth by ouer heat so shrinke this frame,  
 Of fiery apparitions in delight;  
 That as in Orbes, where many passions raigue,  
 What one Affection ioyes, the rest complaine.



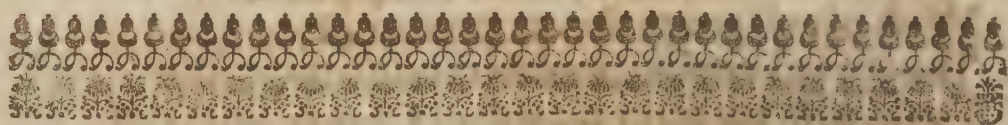
In which confused sphere Man being plac'd  
 With equall prospect ouer good or ill;  
 The one unknowne, the other in distaste,  
 Flesh, with her many moulds of Change and Will,  
 So his affections carries on, and casts  
 In declination to the error still;  
 As by the truth he gets no other light,  
 But to see *Vice, a restlesse infinite.*

By which true mappe of his Mortality,  
 Mans many Idols are at once defaced,  
 And all hypocrisies of fraile humanity,  
 Either exiled, waied, or disgraced;  
 Falne nature by the streames of vanity,  
 Forc'd vp to call for grace aboue her placed:  
 Whence from the depth of fatall desolation,  
 Springs vp the height of his Regeneration.

Which light of life doth all those shadowes warre  
 Of woe and lust, that dazell and inthrall,  
 Whereby mans ioyes with goodnesse bounded are,  
 And to remorse his feares transformed all;  
 His sixe dayes labour past, and that cleere starre,  
 Figure of Sabbath rest, rais'd by this fall;  
*For God comes not till man be ouerthrowne;  
 Peace is the seed of grace, in dead flesh sowne.*

Flesh but the *Top*, which onely *whips* make goe,  
 The *Steele* whole rust is by afflictions worne,  
 The *Dust* which good men from their feet must throw,  
 A *living-dead thing*, till it be new borne,  
 A *Phenix-life*, that from selfe-ruine growes,  
 Or *Viper* rather thorough her parents torne,  
 A *boat*, to which the world it selfe is Sea,  
 Wherein the minde sayles on her fatall way.





## SONNET XCVII.

**E**ternall Truth, almighty, infinite,  
 Onely exiled from mans fleshly heart,  
 Where ignorance and disobedience fight,  
 In hell and sinne, which shall haue greatest part :  
 When thy sweet mercy opens forth the light,  
 Of Grace which giueth eyes vnto the blind,  
 And with the Law euen plowest vp our sprite  
 To faith, wherein flesh may saluation finde.

Thou bidst vs pray, and wee doe pray to thee,  
 But as to power and God without vs plac'd,  
 Thinking a wish may weare out vanity,  
 Or habits be by miracles defac'd,

One thought to God wee giue, the rest to sinne;  
*Quickely vnben't is all desire of good,*  
 True words passe out, but haue no being within,  
 Wee pray to *Christ*, yet helpe to shed his blood ;  
 For while wee say *belceve*, and feele it not,  
 Promise amends, and yet despaire in it.  
 Heare *Sodom* iudg'd, and goe not out with *Lot*,  
 Make Law and Gospell riddles of the wit :

We with the *Iewes* euen *Christ* still crucifie,  
 As not yet come to our impiety.



## SONNET XCVIII.

**W**Rapt vp, ô Lord, in mans degeneration ;  
 The glories of thy truth, thy ioyes eternall,  
 Reflect vpon my soule darked desolation,  
 And vgly prospects o're the sp'rits infernall.  
 „ Lord, I haue sinn'd, and mine iniquity,  
 „ Deserues this hell ; yet Lord deliuer me.

Thy



Thy power and mercy neuer comprehended,  
 Rest lively imag'd in my Conscience wounded;  
 Mercy to grace, and power to feare extended,  
 Both infinite, and I in both confounded;  
 „ Lord, I haue sinn'd, and mine iniquity,  
 „ Deserues this hell, yet Lord deliver me.

If from this depth of sinne, this hellish graue,  
 And fatall absence from my Sauours glory,  
 I could implore his mercy, who can saue,  
 And for my sinnes, not paines of sinne, be sorry:  
 Lord, from this horror of iniquity,  
 And hellish graue, thou wouldst deliuer me.



## SONNET XCIX.

**D**OWNE in the depth of mine iniquity,  
 That vgly center of infernall spirits;  
 Where each sinne fees her owne deformity,  
 In these peculiar torments she inherits,  
 Depriu'd of humane graces, and diuine,  
 Euen there appears this *sauing* God of mine.

And in this fatall mirrour of transgression,  
 Shewes man as fruit of his degeneration,  
 The errors ugly infinite impression,  
 Which beares the faithlesse doome to desperation;  
 Depriu'd of humane graces and diuine,  
 Euen there appears this *sauing* God of mine.

In power and truth, Almighty and eternall,  
 Which on the sinne reflects strangedesolation,  
 With glory scourging all the Spr<sup>t</sup>s infernall,  
 And vncreated hel with vnpruiation;  
 Depriu'd of humane graces, not diuine,  
 Euen there appears this *sauing* God of mine.

For



For on this sp'rituall Crosse condemned lying,  
 To paines infernall by eternall doome,  
 I see my Sauour for the same finnes dying,  
 And from that hell I fear'd, to free me, come ;  
     Depriu'd of humane graces, not diuine,  
     Thus hath his death rais'd up this soule of mine.



## SONNET C.

**I**N Night when colours all to blacke are cast,  
 Distinction lost, or gone downe with the light ;  
 The eye a watch to inward senses plac'd,  
 Not seeing, yet still hauing power of sight.

Giues vaine *Alarums* to the inward sense,  
 Where feare stirr'd vp with witty tyranny,  
 Confounds all powers, and thorough selfe-offence,  
 Doth forge and raise impossibility :

Such as in thicke depriuing darkenesse,  
 Proper reflections of the error be,  
 And images of selfe-confusednesse,  
 Which hurt imaginations onely see ;  
     And from this nothing seene, tels newes of devils,  
     ,, Which but expressions be of inward euils.

SON.







## SONNET CI.

**M**Ans Youth it is a field of large desires, (please,  
Which pleas'd within, doth all without them  
For in this loue of men liue those sweet fires,  
That kindle worth and kindnesse vnto praise,  
*And where selfe-loue most from her selfenesse giues,  
Man greatest in himselfe, and others liues.*

Old Age againe which deemes this pleasure vaine,  
Dull'd with experience of vnthankesfulnesse,  
Scornefull of fame, as but effects of paine,  
Folds up that freedome in her narrownesse,  
„ And for it onely loues her owne dreames best,  
„ Scorn'd and contemn'd is of all the rest.

Such working Youth there is againe in state,  
Which at the first with Iustice, Piety,  
Fame, and Reward, *true Instruments of fate,*  
Striue to improue this fraile humanity:  
By which as Kings inlarge true worth in us,  
So Crownes againe are well enlarged thus.

But States grow old, when Princes turne away  
From Honour, to take pleasure for their end;  
For that a large is, this a narrow way,  
That winnes a world, and this a few darke friends;  
„ The one improuing worthinesse spreads farre,  
„ Vnder the other good things prisoners are.

Thus



Thus Scepters shadow-like, grow short or long,  
 As worthy, or vnworthy Princes reigne,  
 And must contract, cannot be large or strong,  
 If mans weake humours reall powers restraine,  
 „ So that when Power and Nature doe oppose,  
 „ All but the worst, men are assur'd to lose.

For when Respect, which is the strength of States,  
 Growes to decline by Kings descent within  
 That Powers babie-creatures dare set rates  
 Of Scorne upon Worth, Honour upon Sinne;  
 Then though Kings, *Player-like*, act Glories part,  
 Yet all within them is but Feare and Art.



## SONNET CII.

**T**He Serpent, Sinne, by shewing humane lust,  
 Visions and dreames inticed man to doe  
 Follies, in which exceed his God he must,  
 And know more than hee was created to,  
 A charme which made the ugly sinne seeme good,  
 And is by falne Spirits onely vnderstood.

Now man no sooner from his meane creation,  
 Trode this excesse of vncreated sinne,  
 But straight he chang'd his being to priuation,  
 Horrour and death at this gate passing in;  
 Whereby immortall life, made for mans good,  
 Is since become the hell of flesh and blood.

But



But grant that there were no eternity,  
 That life were all, and Pleasure life of it,  
 In sinnes excesse there yet confusions be,  
 Which spoyle his peace, and passionate his wit,  
 Making his Nature lesse, his Reason thrall,  
 To tyranny of vice vnnaturall.

And as Hell fires, not wanting heat, want light;  
 So these strange witchcrafts, which like Pleasure be,  
 Not wanting faire inticements, want delight,  
 Inward being nothing but deformity;  
 And doe at open doores let fraile powers in  
 To that straight binding Little-ease of sinne.

Is there ought more wonderfull than this?  
 That *Man*, euen in the state of his perfection,  
 All things vncurst, nothing yet done amisse,  
 And so in him no base of his defection;  
 Should fall from God, and breake his Makers will,  
 Which could haue no end, but to know the *Ill*,

I aske the rather since in Paradise,  
 Eternity was obiekt to his passion,  
 And hee in goodnesse like his Maker wise,  
 As from his spirit taking life and fashon;  
 What greater power there was to master this,  
 Or how a lesse could worke, my question is?

For who made all, 'tis sure yet could not make,  
 Any aboue himselfe, as Princes can,  
 So as, against his will no power could take,  
 A Creature from him; nor corrupt a man;  
 „ And yet who thinks he marr'd, that made vs good,  
 „ As well may think God lesse than flesh and blood.



Where did our being then seeke out priuation?  
 Aboue, within, without us all was pure,  
 Onely the *Angels* from their discreation,  
 By smart declar'd no being was secure,  
     But that transcendent Goodnesse which subsists;  
 By forming and reforming what it lists.

So as within the *Man* there was no more,  
 But possibility to worke upon,  
 And in these spirits, which were false before,  
 An abstract curst eternity alone;  
     Refined by their high places in creation,  
 To adde more craft and malice to temptation.

Now with what force upon these middle spheares,  
 Of Probable, and Possibility,  
 Which no one constant demonstration beares;  
 And so can neither binde, nor bounded be;  
     What those could work, that hauing lost their God,  
 Aspire to be our Tempters and our Rod.

Too well is witness'd by this fall of ours,  
 For wee not knowing yet that there was ill;  
 Gaue easie credit to deceiuing powers,  
 Who wrought upon us onely by our will;  
     Perswading, like it, all was to it free,  
 Since where no sinne was, there no law could be.

And as all finite things seeke infinite,  
 From thence deriuing what beyond them is;  
 So man was led by charmes of this darke spirit;  
 Which hee could not know till hee did amisse;  
     To trust those Serpents, who learn'd since they fell,  
 Knew more than we did, even their own made hel.

Which



Which crafty oddes made us those clouds imbrace,  
 Where sinne in ambush lay to overthrow  
 Nature, (that would presume to fadome Grace)  
 Or could beleue what God said was not so:

„ Sin, then we knew thee not, and could not hate,  
 „ And now we know thee, now it is too late.



## SONNET CIII.

**O** False and treacherous *Probability*,  
 Enemy of truth, and friend to wickednesse;  
 With whose bleare eyes opinion learns to see,  
 Truths feeble party here, and barrennesse.

When thou hast thus misled Humanity,  
 And lost obedience in the pride of wit,  
 With reason dar'st thou iudge the Deity,  
 And in thy flesh make bold to fashion it.

Vaine thought, the word of Power a riddle is,  
 And till the vayles be rent, the flesh new borne,  
 Reveales no wonders of that inward blisse,  
 Which but where faith is, euery where findes scorne;  
 „ Who therfore censures God with fleshly spirit,  
 „ As well in time may wrap vp infinite.







## SONNET CIV.

**T**Wo Sects there be in this earth opposite,  
 The one make *Mahomet* a Deity,  
 A tyrant Taitar rais'd by Warre and Sleight,  
 Ambitious waies of infidelity:  
 The World their heaven is, the World is great;  
 And racketh those hearts, where it hath receipt.

The other Sect of cloystered people is,  
 Lesse to the world, with which they seeme to warre,  
 And so in lesse things drawne to doe amisse,  
 As all lusts, lesse than lust of conquest are:  
 Now if of God, both these haue but the name,  
 What mortall Idoll then, can equall Fame?



## SONNET CV.

**T**Hree things there be in Mans opinion deare,  
*Fame*, many *Friends*, and *Fortunes* dignities:  
 False visions all, which in our sense appeare,  
 To sanctifie desires Idolatry.

For what is *Fortune*, but a war'ry glasse?  
 Whose chrystall forehead wants a steely backe,  
 Where raine and stormes beare all away that was,  
 Whose ship alike both depths and shallowes wracke.



*Fame* againe, which from blinding power takes light,  
 Both *Cæsars* shadow is, and *Caro's* friend,  
 „ The child of humour, not allyed to right,  
 Liuing by oft exchange of winged end.

And many *Friends*, false strength of feeble mind,  
 Betraying equals, as true slaues to might;  
 Like *Ecchoes* still send voyces down the wind,  
*But neuer in aduersity finde right.*

Then Man, though vertue of extremities,  
 The middle be, and so hath two to one,  
 By Place and Nature constant enemies,  
 And against both these no strength but her owne,  
 Yet quit thou for her, *Friends*, *Fame*, *Fortunes* throne;  
*Diuels, there many be, and Gods but one.*



## SONNET CVI.

**H**ow fals it out, the sincere Magistrate,  
 (Who keepes the course of Iustice sacredly)  
 Reapes from the people reuerence, and hate,  
 But not the loue which followes liberty?

The cause is plaine, since taxe on Peoples good,  
 Is hardly borne, Sense hauing no foresight,  
 Hates reasons workes as strange to flesh and blood,  
 Whence he that striues to keepe mans heart upright

Taxeth his phancies at an higher rate;  
 And laying lawes vpon his frailty,  
 Brings all his vices to a bankrupt state,  
 So much is true worth more refin'd than we:

*Againe, who asks mens wealth, peirce but their skin,  
 Who roots their vice out, must pierce deeper in.*





## SONNET CVII.

**I**sis, in whom the Poets feigning wit,  
 Figures the Goddesse of Authority,  
 And makes her on an Asse in triumph sit,  
 As if Powers throne were mans humility;  
 Inspire this Asse, as well becomming it,  
 Euen like a Type of wind-blowne vanity:  
 With pride to beare Powers gilding scorching heat  
 For no hire, but opinion to be great.

So as this Beast, forgetting what he beares,  
 Bridled and burdend by the hand of might,  
 While he beholds the swarmes of hope and feares,  
 Which wait vpon ambition infinite,  
 Proud of the glorious furniture hee weares,  
 Takes all to *Isis* offer'd, but his right;  
 Till wearinesse, the spurre, or want of food,  
 Makes gilded curbs of all beasts understood.



## SONNET XCIX.

**W**Hat is the cause, why States, that war and win,  
 Haue honour, and breed men of better fame,  
 Than States in peace, since war and conquest sin  
 In blood, wrong liberty, all trades of shame?  
 Force-framing instruments, which it must vse,  
 Proud in excesse, and glory to abuse.



The reason is; *Peace is a quiet Nurse*  
*Of Idlenesse*, and Idlenesse the field,  
 Where wit and Power change all seedes to the worse,  
 By narrow self-wit upon which they build,  
 And thence bring forth captiu'd inconstant ends,  
 Neither to Princes, nor to People friends.

Besides, the sinnes of Peace on Subiects feed,  
 And thence wound power, which for it all things can,  
 With wrong to one despaires in many breed,  
 For while Lawes, oathes, *Powers creditors* to man,  
 Make humble Subiects dreame of native right,  
 Mans faith abus'd addes courage to despite.

Where conquest workes by strength, and stirs up Fame,  
 A glorious *Echo*, pleasing doome of paine,  
 „ Which in the sleepe of death yet keepes a name,  
 „ And makes detraacting losse speake ill in vaine.

For to Great Actions time so friendly is,  
 As ore the meanes (albeit the meanes be ill)  
 It casts forgetfulnesse; vailes things amisse,  
 With power and honour to encourage will.

Besides things hard a reputation beare,  
 To dye resolu'd though guilty wonder breeds,  
 Yet what strength those be which can blot out feare,  
 And to selfe-ruine ioyfully proceeds,  
 Aske them that from the ashes of this fire,  
 With new liues still to such new flames aspire.



## SONNET CIX.

**S**on lyes waste, and thy *Ierusalem*,  
 O Lord, is false to vtter desolation,  
 Against thy Prophets, and thy holy men,  
 The sinne hath wrought a fatall combination,



Prophan'd thy name, thy worship ouerthrowne,  
And made thee liuing Lord, a God vnknowne.

Thy powerfull lawes, thy wonders of creation,  
Thy Word incarnate, glorious heauen, darke hell,  
Lye shadowed vnder Mans degeneration,  
Thy Christ still crucifi'd for doing well,  
Impiety, ô Lord, sits on thy throne,  
Which makes thee liuing light, a God vnknown.

Mans superstition hath thy truths entomb'd,  
His Atheisme againe her pomps defaceth,  
That sensuall vnsatiabable vaste wombe,  
Of thy seene Church, thy vnseene Church disgraceth;  
There liues no truth with them that seem thine own,  
Which makes thee liuing Lord, a God vnknowne.

Yet vnto thee, Lord, (mirrour of transgression)  
Wee, who for earthly Idols, haue forsaken  
Thy heauenly Image (sinlesse pure impression)  
And so in nets of vanity lye taken,  
All desolate implore that to thine owne,  
Lord, thou no longer liue a God vnknowne.

Yet Lord let *Israels* plagues not be eternall,  
Nor sinne for euer cloud thy sacred Mountaines,  
Nor with false flames spirituall but infernall,  
Dry up thy mercies euer springing fountaines,  
Rather, sweet *Iesus*, fill vp time and come,  
To yeeld the sinne her euerlasting doome.

FINIS.





A  
LETTER  
TO AN HONORABLE LADY.

CAP. I.

*Right honourable Lady,*



O V are desirous, in regard of the trust you put in me, to vnderstand mine opinion, how you should carry your selfe through that *labyrinth*, wherein it seemes time, & mischance haue imprison'd you.

It was a wisdom among our Ancestors not to deale betweene the barke and the tree, otherwise than with Confessors, Shrifts, and such like superstitious rites, as discharging our selues, did vainely charge others with our desires. But the twine is so strong, wherewith your Worth and Fauour haue bound me, as I will imagine our Predecessors *aphorismes* in that point, to be rather a modesty out of sloth, or ignorance; than any Precept, fit to guide our loues, or liues by. For first, the liberality of Knowledge makes no man poorer; and then the charity is much more meritorious, that releues distressed mindes, than distressed bodies. Therefore to break through these mists (with how little wisdom soeuer, yet with reuerent good-will) I must first compare the state you were in, with that wherein you stand now: then your nature with your Lords: and

N n

kistly.



lastly, the priuiledges of a Wife, with the authorities of a Husband.

When you married him, I know for your part, hee was your first Loue; and I iudge the like of him. What the freedome, and simplicity of those humours were, euery man is a witnesse, that hath not forgotten his own youth. And though it be rather a counsell of remorse than helpe, to lay before you your errors past; yet because they teach you to know, that time is it which maketh the same thing *ease*, and *impossible*, leauing withall an experience for things to come; I must in a word lay occasion past before you.

*Madame!* In those neere coniunctions of society, wherein death is the onely honourable diuorce, there is but one end, which is mutuall ioy in procreation; and to that end two assured waies: The one, by cherishing Affection with Affection: The other, by working Affection, while she is yet in her pride, to a Reuerence, which hath more power than it selfe. To which are required aduantage, or at least equality; Art, as well as Nature. For Contempt is else as neere as Respect, *the louingest minds being not euen the most louely*. Now though it be true that *affections are relatives*, and *loue the surest Adamant of loue*; yet must it not be measured by the vn-temperate elne of it selfe, since *prodigality yeelds fulnesse, satiety a desire of change. and change repentance*: but so tempered euen in trust, enioying, and all other familiarities, that the Appetites of them we would please may still be couetous, and their Strengths rich. Because the decay of either is a point of all Huswifery, and they that are first bankrupt shut vp their doores.

In this estate of mindes, onely gouerned by the vn-written lawes of Nature, you did at the beginning liue happily together. Wherein there is a liuely image of that *golden Age*, which the *Allegories* of the *Poets* figure vnto vs. For there Equality guided without absolute-nesse, Earth yeelded fruit without labour, Desert perished in reward, the names of Wealth and Pouerty were strange, no owing in particular, no priuate improuing  
of



of humors; the traffick being loue, for loue, and the Exchange, all for all: exorbitant abundance being neuer curious in those *selfe-seeking* Arts, which teare vp the bowels of the earth for the priuate vse of more than milke, and hony. Notwithstanding, since in the vicissitudes of things, and times, there must of necessity follow a *Brazen Age*; there ought to be a discreet care in loue: in respect the aduantage will else proue theirs that first vsurpe, and breaking through the lawes of Nature, strue to set downe their owne reaches of Will.

Here *Madame* ! had it beene in your power; you should haue framed that second way of peace, studying to keepe him from euill, whose corruption could not be without misfortune to you. For there is no man, but “doth first fall from his duties to himself, before he can fall away from his duty to others. This second way is, that where affection is made but the *gold*, to hold a *Jewell* farre more pretious than it selfe: I meane Respect, and Reuerence; which two powers, well mixed, haue exceeding strong, and strange variety of working. For instance, take *Coriolanus*, who (*Plutarch* saith) loued worthinesse for his Mothers sake. And though true loue containe them both, yet because our corruption hath, by want of differences, both confounded words, and beings, I must vulgarly distinguish names, as they are current.

The wayes to this Respect, and Reuerence (as shadowes to the bodies of worth) are placed not in the Sense, but Vnderstanding; where they stand vpon diuerse degrees, and strengths of Reason, not to be approached with the flattering familiarity of inferior humours; as hauing no affinity with desire, and remorse; high, or low estate: Whence we see Kings sometimes receiue them not from their Vassals, but rather pay them as tributes to them. In this mystery lies hidden that which some call (applying it to matters of Estate) the *Art of Government*; others the Art of men; whereby Equality is made vnequall, and freedome brought in.



to subiection. Example all Soueraigne Estates commanding ouer other men, borne as free as their Rulers; and those Soueraignes ruled againe, by the aduantage of worth in their inferiors,

Into this superiority (*Noble Lady*) it seemes, your Husband hath stept before you, not by any counsell of Worth, which with a naturall motion drawes respect and reuerence vpward; but by a crafty obseruing the weakenesse of men, wherewith men are best acquainted. For as our desires are more vntemperately earnest than Womens; so are our repentances more strange, and easily inclined to change, if not to loathing. Of which *forbidden tree* when the affections haue once tasted, presently, as in the *Brazen* age, naked *Eue* must hide her shame, sowe that she will reape, and no more enioy the full measures of reciprocall loue, but be stinted with the vnconstant proportions of Power, and Will. Because the knowledge of euill doth euer teach the first Offender to seeke aduantage; and so when they haue sinned against the true Equalities of loue, to take priuledge in the false sanctuaries of place, person, sexe, or time; deceiuing the truth with that which should defend it. Here diuision drawes out her vnreconciled *Paralels*, to make the vnity of man and wife, to become lesse one; and then it followes, that they which yeeld most doe not command most, as before in the lawes of naturall affection: but contrarywise, they that giue, enrich them that take, they that loue must suffer, and the best is sure to be worst vs'd. Because the ends of society are no more now to *loue*, or equally participate, but absolutely to *rule*; and where that is the contention, what need *Statutes*, or *Recognizances* to tie those humble natures, that passe away the *Fee-simple* of themselves, either with Selfe-louingnesse, or superstitious opinion of Duty? For it is with them, as with the *Riuers* that runne out their waters into the *Sea Caspium*; the more goodnesse, the lesse returne.

Vpon this step, it seemes, your Husband stood, when he began to thinke of something more than *mutual*



*enjoying*; as drawing the familiaritie of native Affections vnder the affected absolutenesse of a Husbands power. Here false Pleasure (which springs and withers with our flesh) began, as *Gluttony* doth, to kindle new appetite with variety of meates. Here comes in change of delights, and delight in change; the riches of desire in that it hath not; the triumphs of opinion, which though the flesh of any one bee a true Map of all flesh, yet doth it racke vs still with idolatrous longing after strange, and vgly Images of it. For the restless confusion of Error hath this plague, that her peace must be still in the power of others, where Nature hath placed both the way, and guide of true peace within our selues. But who are they that can walke this *milky way*? Not those vnconstant spirits, which are wandred into the wildernesse of desire; nor those, whose vgly prospect is vnrepentant horror; whose senses are but Spies of Conscience vpon their faults; their Reasons purchased into bondage, by offers of their *seruant-affections*; and whose informing Consciences stand, like *Tormentors*, with stained tables to giue in euidence of secret deformity. No *Madam*, This *milkin way* for those single, and simple spirits, who foolish, and ignorant in euill, thinke the passage to it hard, if not impossible; or when they idly slip, doe yet recouer, with a *regenerate industry*; not ioying, as those other vagabond soules, after they haue deceiued themselues, to stray abroad, and deceiue others.

This is a generall description of the fall of Mindes; wherein there is notwithstanding an Infancie, and a Mans estate; because as easie as the euill is, yet no man *growes by and by to her extremities*. Besides, there are degrees, and differences, according to the state, frame, and mixture of Humours in the body: some inclin'd to one frailty, some to another; some languishing, some violent; some proper to ages, fortunes, times, with such expectations as are in particulars vnder all vniuersall rules.



## CAP. 2.

**S**Ince therefore in this Glasse you may see where you were, and where you are; there rests now a consideration of the *limited authorities* of a Husband, and the priuiledges of a Wife; vpon which I will not stand long: Because you poore Wiues doe in that, runne a common fortune with those Estates, which by vsurpation of time, or violence, haue nothing left of their former Conquests, or greatnesse, but fame, and ruine. So as I will not vainely trauaile to winne that againe, which corruption, and confusion haue won of you, and the truth; but onely make mention of their names, or natures in passing; as they serue to your end; and open those other three wayes, which in the *false* estate, wherein you stand, offer themselves to your aduantage. The first is to *mend* him: the second, to *master* both his euill, and his estate: the third, to *please* him.

Vnto *amends* (*Miracles being aboue our power*) there is required either the authority of *credit*, or *fauor*. For *credit*, how you should haue any by the truth, where it hath none, your owne Wisedome can answere you; and that it hath none, his faults to himselfe, and you, are pregnant witnesses. What little *fauor* you haue, if you repeate the story of his life to your selfe, it will be manifest. For first (you know) his deuotion, & affection, are long since carryed from you to his *Mistresse*; by which reuerend name men commonly call those, whom they meane, by corrupting, to make their seruants. And though shee, either out of craft, or coldnesse, deny him the enioying of her body; yet is that no aduantage to you: To him it is the *Art* of his ruine. For *unsatisfied desire is too earnest for counsell; too confident for mistrust, too omnipotent for remorse*. So as, right like the poëticall image of *Phaëton*, it inflameth the whole *Horizon* of Mans nature with irregular, and disproportion'd motions. What wonderfull effects those enticing denials haue wrought, there are records in euery Age.



Age. The same *Poëts* make, in the chastity of *Diana*, *Endymion* our example. *Hippolytus*, with his constant refusall of *Phædra*, and his deuotion to *Phæbe*, a Martyr. The fable of *Ixion*, where instead of *Iuno* he embrac'd a cloud, begetting monsters in strong imagination; with many more. All which doe but expresse, how farre greater wonder we stand in of this *well-disguised ashes*, your flesh, while the wheelles of desire are woond vp, than when they are run out with enioying. For in this crafty forge are framed wanton modesty, entising shamefac'dnesse, faint reproofes, with what other charmes soeuer are fit to stirre vp the blindnesse of our Selfe-loue, or Pitty.

But methinkes (*Noble Lady*) I euen now see your face blush, while your thoughts tell me, that your *Lords* affections haue so many vents, as there is no danger of breaking the vessell with fulnesse; nor yet of multiplying deuotion, by restraint. It is true, that *Liberty* disperseth, and so makes the streames of fantasie lesse violent: Notwithstanding, *Dotage* is an *unscrutable depth*, it puts seales to blancks, makes contradictories true, and sees all things in the superlatiue degree. To be short, it is a prospect into the *Land of Ignorance*; which (they say) no man can describe, but he that is past it. Nay, it is such a kinde of enchantment, as makes the easinesse of others endeere her bewitching refusalls; satiety, which iudgeth with scorne, yet honours her; *Impossible* being no more able to qualifie desire, than *Intreaty* is to reuiue it. So as you being already bankrupt in his fauour, in this course of amends, I will onely aduise you to pray, if your *faith* serue: or if you will goe farther, I must bring against you the fatall doomes of *Sisyphus*, rowling the stone; *Belides* filling the sieue; with the *Poets* phrases of *catching the wind*, *ploughing the Seas*, and such like *Metaphoricall Hyperboles*, as describing infinite, and impossible, lay them to your charge. Therefore (*worthy Lady*) remember *Æsop*; seeke not your Husband against the streame, vntill he be dead.

To *Master* his mind, which is the second way, hath yet



yet in the fore-front some more possibilitie. For the evill is *malitious*, and yet *subiect*, *changing*, because *imperfection* cannot stand alone; *amorous*, for that *euery thing* seemes *louely*, compared with the deformitie of euill it selfe. But it may please you to remember, that *Inconstancy* hath so strong a wall of craft about it, as it is hard by sophistication of Wit; to master the experience of euill: it being old borne with vs, and acquainted with euery corner, accessse and recesso of our mi ndes. Besides, it comes not into the nature of man with cleare, and open euidence, as true theirs doe; but as Vsurers, whose vnderminings are hardly to bee seene, while they may be preuented; and when they are seene, beyond care, or contention. For the *being of euill* being nothing, but onely a *depriving of the good*, and the *captiuing of our free-will-lights to the workes of darknesse*; it must needs come to passe, that when her conquering venimes are once distilled through all our powers, and wee won with our selues, that there can bee no thought within vs to heare, or entreat; and without vs, though Authority may cut off the infection of ill Example from others, yet can it no more take away the Diuels part in vs, than call vp the dead. Out of which I conclude: *whatsoever cannot be mended (without Authority) cannot be ruled.*

Now if you will examine the preeminences of a Husbands estate; you shall soone discouer what huge armies of Vsurpation, Custome, Municipall Lawes, are in this strife of mastering him against you; truth in some degree; fortune, and opinion vniuersally. *Archimedes* held that it was possible by Art to *remoue the vnremoueable Earth*, if he could find vpon what *Basis* hee might fix the foot of his engine: the same doubt I may make to you, which is, where you will lay the ground of that strength, which should master him? If vpon his *Humours*; then (as I said) the centre is Craft; the circumference *Inconstancie*; neither strong vertues, nor vices; but changing, and irregular *fantasie*; as *unfit to rule, as hard to be ruled*: especially since ill Nature  
and



and good Fortune learn easily to know their strengths, & like proud Cowards, tyrannize where they find right in the guard of Ioue, or weakenesse. If vpon his estate, then doe you assaile him in his strength. For hee is by lawes about you: the words of your Contract, *obedience*; of his, *Love*: the Reuenue his, Liberty his friend, Honour scarce indifferent, Fame against you; protesting euer on the side of *Strength*, not of *right*.

So as contention with Superiors is but that which the Poets figure in the fable of *Anteus* wrestling with *Hercules*, wherein they feigne him euer too weake, while hee was lifted from his earth, and his onely recovery of strength by falling to it. This earth of your estate is Patience, and Humility, about which what light desire, or offence soeuer doth lift you, lifts you about the priuiledges of a Wife, and with more harme, and losse, will at the last make you fall, to vnderstand your own estate.

If you trust not these prophane Images, I will lay a diuine before you; that you may see iniust & impossible haue like condemnation both in Nature, and Grace. When the fleshly *Babylonians* went about to pretient a second deluge, and so with Mans power to limit Gods; they purposed to raise a *Tower* equall to the heauens, thinking thereby, that God should either fauour their dwellings, or destroy his owne. What came vpon them? Marry, a *confusion of tongues*, to the end, that they which vnderstood not their Maker, might much lesse vnderstand themselves. "An excellent course" of the Wisedome, to punish vaine ends by fruitlesse labors. And sure the like Destiny lies wrapt vp still, to fall vpon those, that for want of measuring their desires with the circumstances of time, estate, and worth, doe vndertake the *Giants warre*, and so burie themselves in their owne earth. Therefore by my consent ( *Honourable Lady* ) you shall in stead of mastering him, master your selfe; and auoid that other violent course, which requires wilfull vrging, seruile patience, broken shame, with all kinds of *indecorum*; such as the worst speed best with; and yet so, as they that



winne their Ends, are sure to lose their Honours. Yea, the Truth is in euery part such a prooffe of it selfe, as who so will narrowly obserue the complexions of those Wiues, that vsurpe vpon the authority of their Husbands, shall see, that the very change of the office, workes almost a *Metamorphosis* in Nature; the Woman growing mannish, and the Man womanish. For it is most true that Ages, and Sexes haue their distinct Lawes; so as the same is not the same in both, but diuerse; as the Wise man saith Vertues be in men, & women. Our fame lying in hazard, armies, bloud; theirs in silence, modestie, restraint: Our Reputations not easily shaken, and many wayes repaired; theirs, like *Glasse*, by and by broken, and impossible to bee healed. Since therefore your owne *Genius*, Honor, and Impossibilitie, do all oppose against this aduenturous practise, let vs leaue it; and conclude with the Poët, that

*Who so will the Devils Master bee,*

*Must haue a mind more mischieuous than he.*

The last point, which is to please, hath in it a face both of Diuine, and humane Duty; possibilitie in the censure of rumour, that speakes most, and knows least. Besides, the meanes that are vsed in it, as Vowes, Prayers, Sacrifice, Obedience, &c. are all milde Counsels; and such as rather *enrich*, than *impouerish* those that vse them. Let vs therefore strue to wade through or swimme ouer this depth of *Pleasing*: in which there are two branches, either to please him with *your selfe*; or with his *owne humours*. To please him with *your selfe* (considering the Map wee haue already described his Nature in) I thinke you must be sometimes short, sometimes long; now faire, now browne; wanton, modest, & al at once. For they must take on many shapes, that will please a man of many mindes; sense being there a Iudge; motion quiet; and their felicity in such wandring desires, as onely ioy till they doe enioy. So as these two excellent mediators; *worth*, and *Merit*; can be no more to them than light is to blindness, or musicke to the deafe. Nay, Beauty it selfe, which



which is the *object* of *uncorrupted sense*, is nothing vnto these sensuall natures; who are so bewitched with this disease of Nouelty, as vnwealdy fatnesse, discoloured skinne, and such like vncouth prouokers of appetite, are often dearest vnto them. What hope then to stay, or  
 “ fixe this vagabond *Lust*? Since as those *shadows* that  
 “ goe before the bodies which make them, can neuer  
 “ by the same bodies be ouertaken: so these shadowy  
 natures haue neither strength enough to leaue worship-  
 ping of others, nor to esteeme those that worship  
 themselues; but like *Smokes*, kindled with euery  
 flame, are dissolued againe into euery new ayre about  
 them.

The second of these branches is, to please him with  
*himselfe*. For the better vnderstanding of which course,  
 if we doe examine the wayes that common Subiects  
 doe hold vnder the vnquiet nature of Power; wee shall  
 finde that way doth corrupt vs, in not working a large-  
 nesse, but narrownesse of heart: and so making vs, like  
 the *little flies*, apt to couet after the flattering light,  
 wherein we burne. For vpon this Stage, if Superiors  
 delight in *lust*, Panders are the Ministers of Credit; if  
 in *wealth*, the sparing negative voyces be the counsels  
 of Aduancement, if they be *iealous*, then the deprauing  
 Corporations, which keepe downe all spirits of hope,  
 all encouragements of honor, with false narrow axioms  
 of Tyranny, are the charmers we must giue eare vnto:  
 helping to drowne our Superiours in the inundation of  
 their owne follies, and make their Thrones a *Grange*,  
 wherein there shall be nothing but selling of Honour,  
 to purchase scorne abroad, and seruile feare at home.  
 “ For it is most true; that the Iealousie of Vnworthi-  
 “ nesse in power is so infinite, as where sloth, ignorance  
 “ or basenesse haue once giuen it leaue to giue Law, it  
 “ endures none vnder it, but such as are either outward-  
 “ ly deformed, and so borne with their owne crosses;  
 “ or inwardly defectiue in wit, and courage; the right  
 “ estate of those mindes, which though they be borne  
 “ free in the lawes of Nations, are yet slaues in the nar-



" row moulds of their own affections ; or lastly, such, as  
 " in the extremitie of want, or obscurenesse of birth,  
 " must be long Prentises to their Superiours. How  
 vgly a prospect such rootes, and branches must be to all  
 free mindes, you shall easily see, if it please you to look  
 vpon the Poeticall *Mappe* ; wherein the Painter liuely  
 describing a Pageant of worldly vanities, with the  
 plagues, and deformities of euery sinne, represents mi-  
 shapen humane shapes vnto vs ; either long tayles, clo-  
 uen feet, hornes, or such like Antikes, as with too ma-  
 ny, or too few members liuely represent vs the mon-  
 strous births of error. And when you haue exactly  
 view'd it, I dare vndertake, you shall not see in that  
 Mappe so horrible, and fearefull images to the soules  
 of men ; as you shall in those tyrannicall courts to the  
 bodies, and fortunes of the worthiest, and not without  
 " danger to the *Libertines*. Since as true Worth is euer  
 " iealous to the fearefull nature of Tyrants : so are ex-  
 " treme vnworthinesses a scorn, both to their pride, and  
 " power.

Now *Madame* ! by the ill example, and dangerous  
 consequence in these misgouern'd Courts of Princes,  
 you may comparatiuely see what such by-ways will  
 worke in a priuate family : Faults hauing there no *pur-*  
*ple* to couer them, nor yet great hopes to excuse errors.  
 So that, the ends, and instruments, being both of ne-  
 cessity base ; and neither with Vertue, nor Fortune re-  
 deem'd from the scorne of seruile vices ; it must needs  
 be with them, as with the sinkes, and vessels of disho-  
 nour, which they that vse are asham'd to haue appeare.  
 Besides, the reproch will be greater in meane estates ;  
 because there they want the helps of feare, which maks  
 Murmur wary how shee speakes aloud of Power ; and  
 redeemes imperfections with rewards of magnificence  
 and liberality. Againe, if you will needs corrupt your  
 selfe, to make the line you leuell by, more crooked ;  
 then must your first step be ouer the shoes in *Shame*. For  
 you must combine with his Mistris, who will perchance  
 measure you forth some part of that, wherof the whole



is yours: I meane your Husbands loue. And whether  
 he will, in this false glasse of Dotage, discouer your  
 fall of spirit, and so teach him to be more absolute, it  
 " is doubtfull; because the more sandy the foundati-  
 " ons of Craft be, the more charge, and care is euer to  
 " be vsed in building vpon it. Moreouer, this is one  
 essentiall difference, betweene the counsell of Honour,  
 and Craft; that if the successe of Subtilty be euill, it  
 doth blast, and blacke the stocke it is grafted in; where  
 the counsell of Honour doth in mischance it selfe, im-  
 proue the reputations of them that bee gouerned by  
 it.

Therefore (as I said) if you will aduenture vpon these  
 vnfound counsels, which haue base conditions, hazar-  
 ding successe, and infallible infamy; you must first de-  
 face honour, shame, religion, and all other honest limits  
 " in your selfe: because it is an vnprosperous, and half-  
 " witted course, to thinke of remorse, after counsell ta-  
 " ken to haue good by the Deuill. And who but those  
 " natures that can be as euil as they list, are fit to guide  
 " themselues by that iron Industry, wakefull Faithles-  
 " nesse, aduantageous Contracts, which they must  
 " passe through that intend to master, or please corrup-  
 " ted Power? The conclusion, and end of my counsell  
 therefore is, onely to perswade you, that you neuer stu-  
 dy to be wiser than the truth; and so neither strue to  
 master, mend, or please him.

## CAP. 3.

**N**Ow if I leaue you here, I haue onely laid be-  
 fore you a glasse of Disquiet, and rais'd vp such  
 mists of opinion, as make your woes seeme grea-  
 ter, and thereby (like an ignorant Criticke) rather dis-  
 solu'd those rests you had, than erected you any new.  
 But though there be lesse labour, and art required in o-  
 " uerthrowing than establishing (the common Errors of  
 " men giuing authority to Censurers, and a reputation  
 of piercingnesse to the Reprouers) yet my selfe-end be-  
 ing



ing nothing but your fauor, and my true end your good; how vnequall foeuer my spirits be, to build you any certaine felicity vpon this broken foundation, yet shall they bee sufficient, I hope, to pull downe those ruines of yours, that threaten (while you labour vnder them) to fall vpon you, or while you peice with them, suddenly to fall away; and so leaue you weaker, with the trauell, and charge of many thoughts. For it is most true, that as the *old* and *new*, agree together in nothing so the mixtures of *Good* and *Euill* are *Incompetible*. Therefore *Madam*! Let me first digresse a little, and remember that the metall you are made of is *Earth*, your habitation a *world*; both *mortall*, and so no *perfection* at all to be expected in them: those petty *Shadomes* of rest which are there being full of temptation, lets, or dangers; which I must take notice of, both to diminish your expectation that else will proue an enemy to you; and besides to warne your steady mind, that a *slip is not strange in an icie way*.

To beginne therefore with our *flesh*. Euer since the *curse of bondage*, which God breathed out vpon the *first sinne*, each degree of life in it is onely a change, and variety of seruitude. The Childs innocency being in weakenesse, his food in the Nurse, his frailties vnder the rod; Man vnder man, his faults vnder Lawes, rewards vnder will; *nothing constant but the inconstancy of the euil*, and her appearance of liberty the extremest of all bondage. Nay, to goe further; the vniuersall corruption of inferior Elements is such, as euen worldly wisdom it selfe workes but as our *vulgar Physicke* doth, which passing through the imperfections, & contrarieties of our natures, and diseases, doth helpe and hurt together; still multiplying the *curse of our fall*, in the false changes of diseases, and cures; appetites and opinions. Neither can the confluence of *worldly* things yeeld any other rest or stability, than such as is in the *Kingdome of sleepe*, where the best is but a *dream*. Because where *imperfection* is, there *disquiet* must be; and where *disquiet* gouernes, there Nature is as apt to *wander*,  
as



as to be weary. *Novelties* (like *instants*) come, and passe; that which we desire proves like to that we have enjoy'd; the *faire* deceives, and the *untasted* is onely pleasing. Wee may therefore as well seeke *fish* vpon the *mountaines, trees* in the *Sea*, as *peace* in *flesh*: which is onely a promise to them that care not to finde it there. To prove this; if we observe the progresse betweene God and vs: In his first Testament, the *Sabbath* is there annexed to the condition of *six dayes labour*, not of rest: here a figure only, hereafter a being; in this life a thing we taste of by *faith*, performed in eternity to them that have passed through this flesh as an *Inne*, not as an *habitation*. So as this Body, this composition of Elements, is but onely a *purgatory of the soule*, either to cleanse, or corrupt, as the Affections of it looke vp or downe.

And *Madame*! now that wee haue done with this fleshly prospect, if we consider the *World*, we shall finde that to be vnto a man (like a *Sea* to an *Island*) full of stormes, vncertaineties, violence; whose confusions haue neither *iustice*, nor *mercy* in them. If we examine the motives that caused the man to make Art his Nature, and borrow wooden feet to walk ouer her moving waters; we shall finde them to haue beene Necessity, Couetousnesse, Curiosity, Ambition, and some such other enemies to rest, as with false Greatnesses (while men could not endure little things) inforced them through paine, and danger, to suffer all the torments of vncertainty. To apply which comparison *Madame*! you shall see the same impotent humours are they, who hauing first wearied vs within, doe after perswade vs to seeke peace in the World without; where we being forced to wrestle with others, because we could not overcome our selues, in stead of one euill are constrain'd to encounter many. And iustly; since where in all inward wayes to peace, man needs no Lawes but Gods, and his owne Obedience; if he once goe into trafficke with the World, his desires are there bound with the *snarcs* of Custome, the *heavy hand* of Power, the *enammels*

of



of Authority, which conceale (as the Poets say) vnder the golden garments of *Pandora*, all the venome of her *brazen* tonne. And in that bottomelesse pit of Humours shall we not finde deceit as infinite as desire; Honour but the throne of Care; Prosperity both the child and mother of labour? To be short, we shall there finde (though too late) that all Fortunes, and Misfortunes are but moulds of momentary Affections, spunne out with proportion, or disproportion of Time, Place, and Natures. So as since no estate can priuiledge this life from death, sicknesse, paine (*Power it selfe being alike feared, and fearefull*) must we not thinke to gather our roses among thornes, and consequently the World to be a flatering glasse, wherein man rather sees how to change, or adorne his euils, than any way to reduce, or amend them?

Through this false Paradise (*Noble Lady*) we must therefore passe, as *Vlysses* did by the enchanted desarts of *Circe*; stopping our eares, and closing our eyes, lest our rebellious senses, as apt to flatter, as to be flattered, chance to take part with the diuersity of beguiling objects, and so lead our misty vnderstandings captiue to perdition. The company of *Vlysses* (like multitudes strange in sense, and weake in reason) by making loue to their owne harme, were with open eares, and eyes, transformed into sundry shapes of beasts: the Poets figuring to vs, in them, the diuerse deformities of bewitching frailties, wherewith for lacke of diuine Grace, or humane Caution, they get power to ensnare vs. And in this captiuitie, let no Ignorance seem to excuse Mankind; since the light of truth is still neere vs; the tempter, and accuser at such continuall warre within vs; the Lawes that guide, so good for them that obey; and the first shape of euery sinne so vgly, as whosoever does but what he knowes, or forbears what he doubts, shall easily follow Nature vnto Grace: and if he in that way obtaine not the righteousness of eternity, yet shall he purchase the Worlds time, and eternity, by morall fame. For Obedience, not curiosity; as in heavenly, so  
in



in earthly things is the most acceptable sacrifice of mankind. Because this inherent tribute of Nature vnto Power (like a reuealed light of vniuersall Grace) refines Mans reason, rectifies his will, turnes his industries, and learnings inward againe whence they came, ioynes words with things, and reduceth both of them to their first beings. To conclude, this is that inward fabricke, by which we doe what we thinke, and speake what wee doe.

Now *Madame*! In this narrow path, your helps, both against inward assaults, and outward temptations, must be those moderate sweet humours which I haue knowne to bee in you, and some of yours. This Moderation of desires being a farre freer, and surer way, than the satisfying of them can bee; *Repentance* following the one, and *Peace* the other; the one course making Nature go as well too fast backe, as forwards; and so must consequently offend others with that which first offended themselues: where these moderate Affections doe with a naturall Harmony please themselves, and then must not the Ayre of that vntroubled world naturally yeeld peace to euery creature that breathes in or about it? Besides, this Moderatiō brings forth few desires; strong humblenes to pay the tributes of Power, Patience, as an armour against oppression; Truth, as a sacrifice: whereby the World which giues but what it hath; and the euill of others, that desires to oppresse, or infect; can the hardlier finde meanes to trouble them, or colour why they should study to doe it. My counsell is therefore *Madame*! that you enrich your selfe vpon your owne stocke; not looking outwardly; but inwardly for the fruit of true *Peace*, whose rootes are there; and all outward things but ornaments, or branches, which impart their sweet fruits with the humble spirit of others.

Yet *Noble Lady*! because you are a Woman, and a Wife; and by the Lawes of both these estates, in some measure ordain'd to liue vnder meane, and supreme authority; my intent is not, while I perswade



you from the captious *Labyrinth* of practise; to leaue you without such reasonable latitudes, as Passengers haue in their trauailes, who when they cannot clime ouer steepe mountaines, find means to go about them, and so by length cut away the danger, or possibilitie of precipitation. In which course *Madam!* because *presidents are esteemed the best guides for humane ignorance to follow*; I will first lay before you the Opinions of worthy men, borne vnder Tyrants, and bound to obey, though they could not please; the comparison holding in some affinity betweene a Wifes subiection to her Husband, and a Subjects obedience to his Soueraigne. *Brutus* would leaue nothing in his mind *fearfull* to Power, nor in his fortune exorbitantly to be coveted; as resolute either to be safe by Innocencie, or Contempt; or if both failed yet to haue *extremities a warrant against extremities*. Some haue thought the way of security to be in *not vnderstanding* the abstruse courses of Power. Others aduise vs (with the *Moone*) to acknowledge all our light to the *Sunne*. Some would haue vs imitate the *Spheres*, who carried about with the violent course of the *first Mouer*, doe yet steale on in their *naturall*, which slow, and vn sensible motion; with many of like nature, which I forbear to number, in respect that *no man can gouern his life wholly by precepts*: “*Humane Wisedome it selfe varying with circumstance*” of occasion, place, time, and nature; and so neither the same in all things, nor still the same in any.

## CAP. 4.

**T** Herefore *Madam!* lest you should thinke I would foolishly conclude the *state* of all minds in the *aphorismes* of a few: I will leaue this bondage of precepts, to walke in a larger field; and through an vnproper comparison of Diuine, and Humane power together, shew you by Humility a way into the one; and by discreet Constancy a passage out of the other. For as the two *Authors* differ in the disproportion



tion of infinite *good*, and finite *euill*; so doe their workings within vs. The one makes *faith* a wisdom; the other *infidelitie* a freedome: the one giuing abilitie to walke ouer the deepe sea of Gods Commandments, which while they seeme impossible proue easie; the other drowning weake faith in the shallow dewes of mistrust, vanity, selfenesse, and such other irregular humours, as while they seeme easie proue impossible: my intent being, by this Mappe, *Noble Lady*! to make you affraid of trusting your peace in a leaking ship of humane Power, and Affections. Because all things there are so gouern'd by the two false rudders of *hope* and *feare*, as though (like the boat of *Charon*) they refuse no passinger, yet carry they none ouer either into Rest, or Honour. In example of Diuine power; when God led the children of *Israel* out of bondage into the land of promise, to witnesse his Omnipotencie, he vsed the miracle of *cloud* and *pillar*; one to *lighten* darkenesse, the other to *shadow* the beames of glory: which  
 “ two signes the people of God had reason to adore;  
 “ since it is credible that hee who created the world  
 “ should be in loue with his worke; and consequent-  
 “ ly hee not curious to deceiue, in whose power it was  
 “ to create, maintaine, and destroy. Besides to giue all,  
 “ and take nothing, proceeds of an vncaused good-  
 “ nesse, and so necessarily of an vnabusing.

The Princes of the earth haue two like ensignes; viz. *Feare* and *Hope*: the pretence of the one, to awake our dull spirits out of the idle sleepes of ignorance to serue the ends of actiue spirits; the other, to keepe the exorbitant desires of multitudes vnder the seruice, and cautious of supreme Will. Of these humane clouds, and pillars we haue more reason to be iealous. First, in respect that whatsoeuer is created, is affraid of dissolution, and so in loue with it selfe. Then because wee know, that as many Riuers must lose their names, to make vp one Sea: so Absolutenesse must winne, and keepe aboue, with the losse of all, or at least many branches of vniuersall Freedome. And therefore the



Fox did not conclude amisse, when he saw his fellowes steps march towards the Lions denne, and none return, *Nos hæc vestigia terrent*. But more clearly to discern these gilt, or painted fetters, from a true golden freedom, let vs examine the specious wisedomes of mans *absolute Governements*: and for the most part wee shall find them to maintaine that which is stollen by craft; vsurpations by might; and for a further enlargement of their narrow foundations, to stroake vs with our owne hands, threaten vs with our owne strengths, and reward vs with the spoyles of our owne fortunes.

Yea, so much they abhorre equality from whence they came, as they clime ouer Law, Religion, and Truth, to keepe more and more aboute that sweet orbe of humane, and equall peasing Lawes. If then euen the Coward, and foolish spirits doe feelee enough to acknowledge this; of what haue we more cause to be iealous, than of these two cloudy pillars *Hope*, and *Feare*? Since by no other racke can the Nature of man be more highly improued to the aduantage of Power, and disadvantage of his natieue freedom: the one bewitching, the other amazing vs; the one mastering the strength of number with a multitude of scattered desires, the other entising, or forcing vs to giue away our rights for feare to lose them: both (as they say of *Esops dogge*) making vs forsake the *true flesh*, to catch at the reflexion of *shaddowes*. So that the best course for vs inferiors is, neither (like little children) to play away our times with the babies which we our selues haue made; nor yet to feare the Antickes of our owne painting; since we lend the hornes, and nayles which make them vgly, but rather to suppress desire, and affections within our selues, by which we shall wither *Hope*, and *Feare* (*two crafty spies of Power*) giuing intelligence what may be forced within vs, hereby to enhaunse the tributes of Tyranny, till it haue drawne vp our browes after our sweat, and giuen lawes to thirst, as well as drinking. Therefore *Madame*! vntill the smart of sense haue so v-

nited



nited will and vnderstanding, as all men in like fortunes may haue like ends; till the beasts beginne to know their strengths; the vnwritten lawes blot out the written; and the temporall cease vnder the eternall; there is neither in yours, nor in any other subiection, any *true peace* to be gotten by *trust* of *Superiors*; nor *honour* by *strife* against them. Whence may I not demonstratiuely conclude, that *wakefull Power must needs winne of all inferiors, who strue or venture to win of it?*

Now *Madame*! when Nature in her vniuersall knowledge foresaw this distresse, or taxe, like to fall vpon her freedome; she, which is no step-mother to any of hers, straightwaies gaue Honour more wings than one; to the end, those which cannot haue it in commanding, might haue it in obeying; and those that want power to *doe nobly*, may yet finde latitudes to *suffer nobly* in. Out of this came the Wise-mans words, deliuered vnto vs from the trauailes of his minde: That *there are times to rest, and times to labour; Times to be well, and times to be sicke; times to hope, and times to vnhope, &c.* In which vnhoping time you must resolue to finde your selfe, and by counsell of the Wisdome limit all vnquietnesse of desires; lest they being vnseasonable, adde shame to your other misfortunes. Let nothing therefore make you hope, where an ecclipse of many humours hath darkned your Sunne. Trust not; for *vnlonelineffe, and unworthinesse are euer vn safe*. Venture not; for besides that this fortune is in it selfe misfortune, *Power* being too hard for *right*, the very Multitude, who iudge of actions by the whorish conduct of effects, will by and by censure them that vndertake, and prosper not, either vainely to haue fixed impossible ends to themselves, or foolishly neglected the meanes: and from these grounds euer conclude aduersity in the wrong, and prosperity in the right. If your *Ladyship* desire  
 “ a reason of this error, it is; because Mens common  
 “ iudgements vpon common fame, neither will, nor in-  
 “ deed can, well examine the different constellation  
 “ betweene your Husbands nature, and yours; your  
 merits



“ merits, his demerits : but will infallibly sticke fast in  
 “ the skinne, and outside of estates, preeminences, and  
 “ authorities ; iudging well of that in their folly, which  
 “ in their basenesse they resolved to worship.

To be short ; the Wit of People is so many times  
 vnder the truth, and their Care so much lesse than their  
 “ Wit ; as it is with them euer a lesse fault to doe in-  
 iury than to haue ill lucke.

Therefore *Noble Lady* ! I cannot aduise you either to  
 complaine, or mutiny against the stronger ; for the one  
 discouers inconsiderate weaknesse, the other languish-  
 ing errors : but rather as the vegetable things in the  
 wisdom of nature doe, so aduise your *Ladiship* to doe ;  
 which is draw all your sap, in this Winter of thoughts,  
 downe to the root ; and be content to want leaues, till  
 the sweet Spring of time, or occasion come to inuite  
 them vp againe. For besides that these Iuries of cōmon  
 opinion will euer when they doe best looke vpon Law,  
 and not Equity ; vpon Custome, not on Nature ;  
 Strength, & not Right: euen the clearest humane iudge-  
 ments will hardly conceiue so monstrously of mankind,  
 as shall be sufficient to acquit you, and condemne your  
 Husband. The reason is ; because these extremities of  
 good, or euill will not easily be beleeued to raigne in  
 these middle natures of flesh, and blood : In respect  
 that G O D hath decreed the Angels to heauen, the  
 Diuels to hell ; and left the earth to Man, as a meane  
 creation betweene these two extremes. So that he must  
 be a kinde of Diuell himselfe, that can easily beleeu-  
 e there should be Diuels raining within, or amongst vs.  
 Besides *Madame* ! how vncomely it were for you ( like  
 the *Crow* ) to goe out of your *Arke* of duty, and disco-  
 uer extraordinary *Seas* of vanity in your Husband, the  
 Lawes of Honour will tell you. Let God the *searcher of*  
*hearts*, and Time the *discoverer of faults*, moue those links  
 of shame, and punishment, whereto our errors are tyed ;  
 and let it be enough for you hence-forwards not to wor-  
 ship Idols, *who haue eyes that see not, and eares that heare*  
*not*. For, as they say, when euery *particular* dies, he hath  
 his



his *owne doome* ; though the generall *Doomes-day* bee to come:so may I say;that whatsoeuer your husband hath to all the world else,he hath neither life,loue nor sense to you. Therefore since Power lies in him; Desire and Dutie in you; pay your tribute,doe your homage, and make your reward to bee the secret peace of well-doing; cutting off all other thoughts of rest by him, who not hauing of it in himselfe, cannot possibly bestow it vpon others. For by that meanes your Honour will bee safely guarded from these muddy visions of Hope,which (as I said) is one chiefe pillar of incroaching Power; and in which the fooles of the world, sleeping away their liberties, doe vainely make Authority their heires.

Now that we haue shaken our hopes,the next chiefe engine of power is *terror*; a breath which seemeth to pierce neerer,and not to leaue vs safe or free within our selues. Because it hath slander at commandement, spies, accusers,violence,and oppression; which fooles vnderstand not, and base men giue ouer-much reuerence vnto. Against these I can onely say this; that they be the fires in whose heat Worthinesse is re-purified; and by whose light the glories of it are farthest seene. So as for these violences of temptations, I perswade you to make *Iob* your example; a type whom God gaue the Diuel leaue to persecute in his *goods*,his *children*,and in his *person* with such infirmities of body, as had both paine, and lothsomenesse in them. And marke againe in the same afflicted *Iob*,in whom the excellent wisdom of constancy is figured; hee neither did sacrifice to his euill Angell,nor studied amends,or reliefe at the hands of his tempter,but walled his flesh with *patience*, and his conscience with *innocencie*: leauing to the Diuell that which was his; I meane his body, and fortune, subiect by *Adams* discretion to the Prince of sensuality. And what small power the Princes of this world haue ouer the resolutions of Faith,Honour,or Nature, examine (if it please you) by those paines,which your selues suffer for children,  
hereticks



hereticks for opinion, pride for fame, feare for feare; wherein the rod makes the child endure the corrosiue. So as the vnmeasurable measures of these things haue some resemblance with the infinite, yet mercifull word of God; wherein the *Lambes* may safely wade, while the vaste bodies of the *Elephants* shall be drowned. Beleeue therefore with the wise; that betweene misty obiects, and more misty senses, many things doe rather terrifie, than oppresse; and so force fraile mankinde often to labour more in opinion, than in things. To goe farther in this example of *Iob*; you may remember, that it was his Wife that bade him, *Curse God, and dye*: in her sexe the Scripture expressing weakenesse; and in weaknesse, the boasts of rage, and childish violences of passion: yet did *Iob* refuse the Counsell, but not the Wife: The  
 “ way of righteousness being to hate the *vices*, and not  
 “ the *persons*; lest contrary to the duties of Charity, and  
 “ Affinity, we should make our selues a warre with all  
 “ flesh.

Now, to deale more particularly with this threatening power; there are but three wayes in which it can be heauy vnto you. Ill dealing with your *selfe*: a hard hand vpon your *children*: or *separation*. For your *children*; remember the Image of *Cecropia*: in whose narrow, and vnloving nature, there is yet expressed an vnmeasurable, and bewitched loue of her owne. Besides, the rule is vniuersall; that *where there is no worth within, merits* (like *Cyphers*) *stand for nothing*: because it must be a *spark* that can be made a fire with blowing. Rest therefore your religious, and motherly care in this, neither vpon *merit*, nor *demerit*, but onely vpon his *selfe-loue*, which is such an vnseparable knot betweene frailty and her owne, as it is impossible either to adde, or subtract any thing from it. And be confident, that while your Husband remaines subiect to his selfe-affectiōs, there will euer be partiality enough within him, to keep his children safe from disinheriting.

For your *selfe*: if in your estate he restraine you; first, consider you haue lost his loue, a thing farre more pretiou



tious to your mind ( I know ) than his fortune can be. And you haue lost withall the experience of that losse, if you haue not learnt by it , to beare the rest more easily. Besides, it is *desire* that *makes vs poore, or rich* ; so as where you cannot feele necessity, the measure of enough, or too little, is in your owne moderation ; and in this according to the old prouerbe ; *No body hurt, but by their owne excessse*. Againe, of all the *Apostles*, remember who it was that caried the *purse* ; and whether the error bee a destiny to the Office, or Officer ; it is Childish to complaine, and Madnesse to striew with Disadvantage.

But perchance this credulous selfe-pittie (which euer makes Opinion more, or lesse than the Truth) may perswade you, that these imprisonments of fortune doe really both imprison Honour, and Nature. Wherein (for answere) be pleased to consider ; that there is " none so poore, but hee may haue *liberall thoughts* ; of *wisedome* as much vse as of the *Elements* : For shee is *patience in Misfortune*, and *moderation in good* : *Chastitie* needes no purple to become it selfe : and as for *Deuotion* ; Princes can neither command, nor forbid it. Besides, affliction is rather a *spurre* than a *bridle* to that vertue ; our flesh being like a *Toppe* which only goes vp-right with whipping. Lastly, pleasure it selfe is not banished out of bondage ; since there may be *peace* within, and *Fame* without, to the *sincere conscience* : So that the error is onely mans, in his not seeking rest in that fortune vnder which hee liues ; but in *Change*, which is ever in the power of others. To proue this, let vs goe a little further, and examine of how many complexions this pleasure is ; some finde it in *labour*, others in *ease* ; some in *women*, others in *bookes*, &c. So as there being no truth, but opinion in it ; fortune can haue no aduantage of those excellent tempered natures, that when they may not chuse delights, can yet make them to themselves. And who so are not indifferent to this indifferent humour, are but like *little children*, that crie when their parents, or fellowes take their toyes from them.



them. Yea, so subiect is our life to the oppressions of Power, Chance, and negligence, as the practise of times will shew; that hee who cannot endure to *lose*, can much more more hardly endure to *live*.

Of *separation*, which is the last, I wil bestow few words; because I am wel acquainted with your goodnesse, and feure lawes ouer your selfe. Besides, I know your Husbands nature, which is rather weakely than strongly euill; full of respects, desires, feares; iealous, and carelesse; factious, and vnresolute; rather inclining to Craft, than Violence. What bee the counsels of such natures? Whispering, murmur, conspiracy in speech, slander; sweare, and breake; loath, and keepe; dispraise, and loue; a tyrant (in words) valiant ouer a Wife. And from thence all the harme, onely a threatening of those excellent humours in you, which vnacquainted with the degrees of euill; while you thinke him worse than hee is, are amazed; and when you hope for better, wounded with being deceiued in him. But learne to know for your owne ease, that *euery man*, though hee would, yet *cannot become excellently euill at once*; since both *weeds*, and *herbs* are more, or lesse perfect in their kindes; according to the temper of earth, and ayre, wherein they grow. So that your *Ladiship* may bee assured it is vnpossible for his hollow, and wauing minde to goe ouer the shame, and opposition of the World; the swarme, and faction of Wiues; the courage and credit of your priuate Friends; and the customes of *England*, to a diuorce; though you were as ill as he would haue you: much lesse hauing a well-gouerned Innocency, with all these other humane guards, to breake thorough.

## CAP. 5.

**I**F you therefore stand firme against the temptations of *Feare* and *Hope*; there remains an excellent end in your passage, to which all those necessities, and misfortunes are no other kindes of lets, than *raine*, or *stormes*



stormes vpon the land be, which cannot stay resolu'd passengers, though it moyle their clothes, and make their way slippery. This end is, to haue the honour of being an *excellent wife*: in which womanlike ambition, the principall actor is *Obedience*; an attribute from inferior to superior duties. I speake not of *loue*, since that wonderfull affection must be stirr'd either by extraordinary worth, or by a naturall sympathy of loue againe; both which obiects I thinke your estate in your Husband to be very barren of, and therefore aduise you to nothing vnneccessary, or vnpossible. To satisfie our selues that *Obedience* is necessary, let vs againe examine the nature of Authority; and we shall finde it to bee, *A commanding power, that hath relation to the obedience of inferiors*. And then if we consider from what root it springeth, we shall find it to be, out of nature in some things; in others from a lauish giuing away of our owne liberties. Thirdly, that prescription, which binds equals, still giues superiors an increase of freedome. Fourthly, that custome priuiledgeth humours aboue nature, so as time must pull downe that which aduantage, and time hath established. Out of which particulars I thinke we may conclude *Obedience* to be necessary; and that “they who striue to remoue the vnremoueable rockes  
“with chaines draw themselues to the rockes, but not the rockes to them. Neither in this question is the difference betweene *supreme*, or *meane* authority materiall, nor what diuerse foundations they haue; since it falls out in Power, as it doth in Knowledge; that *who is any thing at all, is all the world aboue vs*. Therefore *Madame*! be pleas'd to weigh what folly it is for a Subiect vnder a Prince, or a Wife vnder the yoke of a Husband, to striue alone with the strong corpotation of Power: Since in Obedience we need ouercome but one (our selfe I meane) where in these other contentions, we must serue many Masters, worship Equals, flatter Inferiours, and trust in Strangers: that course being (as I haue shewed) subiect besides to treachery, ignorance, and inconstancy of instruments; together with Mischance,



which hath greatest rule in all these vnruled hazards. The fearefull examples of those men that haue walked this icie path, and been vnfortunate, by disproportion betweene their natures, places, and times they liu'd in, are innumerable. *Seianus* vnder *Tiberius*, the Duke of *Guise* vnder *Henry* of *France*, many of our Dukes, and Barons vnder our owne Kings, in that false stage of our *Barons warres*. All which I shortly lay before you, because your estate is (as I said) such a modell of Subjects estates vnder Princes, as mans *little world* is of the great; differing onely in *more*, or *lesse*.

That *Obedience* is iust, the Customes of Nations, and Lawes of Nature will assure you; who giue the mightier, Preeminence, and the stronger, Rule. Againe, those excesses which arise out of Authority, are they not either *rods of trials* which we inferiours must kisse, and that God onely may burne, which made them; or else *mists of malicious selfe-loue*, which deceiue, and make man as well misunderstand his diseases, as their remedies? And so by misplacing equality, and inequality, at once ruine both publike and priuate security. These be indeed *Meteors*, that encourage man to vndermine *Gouernement*, examine *Soueraignity*, and measure the *Arcana* of all Estates by the crooked line of our owne Opinions. Now *Madame*! If you please to apply this to your selfe, it hath this instruction in it; that if because you are vnequall, and haue aduantage of your Husband in loue, chastity, piety, and sincerenesse, you will thinke your selfe equall with him in liberty, wealth, and power; whereof some are proper by nature to his sexe, as a Man; some by ordinance vnto his person, as a Husband; you shall erre in confusion of merit, while you doe not distinguish vertue from vertue, right from right; but out of selfe-loues counsels, striue to haue equality in one become an equality in all. In which false path, the *iron pot* doth often meet with the *earthen*; and then you know which is broken. Besides *Madame*! in these contentions betweene crafty strength, and well-beleeuing weakenesse, spies must be maintain'd, and rumours paid to



to the watching of errors, and vncovering of shame in your owne nest; which quire of foule spirits, if the Inferiours be so foolish to coniure vp, the Superiours will euer take aduantage by; *authority giuing authority to vntruths*: so that all strifes with Superiours must needs proue *idle*, where we cannot; and *unnoble*, where we may not either stand, or leaue with the prosperity of Honor. Therefore, let vs conclude, that *necessity is the Law of time*; and consequently whatsoever is *iust* to be onely, and really wise.

If you desire an example of this *Obedience*, which I vrge you to; It may please you, in that arch-story of loue, to read the licentious affection of *Antonie* toward *Cleopatra*. Where you shall see, that if his vertuous wife *Octavia* had striuen to master his dissolutenesse; *Augustus* was her Brother, and his Competitor in the Empire; whereby Right, and Strength, might with some possibility haue lifted vp her ambition, and reuenge from the barren grounds of Duty. If shee had striuen to please him with change, whom she could not keepe from it; the pride of *Rome* did then minister variety of delights, and the seruile instruments of Time, and Greatnesse, would soone haue had an eye to their Gaine, and her Fortune. If she would haue rowled the stone of *Sisyphus*, and studied with merit to call backe his loue; she was as yong, equall in beauty, stronger in honour; but euer the same, which (she knew) was not so pleasing to him, as the same in others. Besides, she had the colour of Estate to enammell all reuenges vpon his vngratefulnesse. Notwithstanding this worthy Lady would neuer yeeld to aduenture her Honour vpon the dice of Chance, nor vainly seeke to haue power ouer him, that had none ouer himselfe; but diuiding her innocency from his errors with the middle wall of a *seuer life*, she remained still his good Angell with *Octavius*; temper'd publike iealousies, and all aduantages of priuate wrongs; and to be short, was content, when she could not doe the workes of a well-beloued Wife, yet to *doe well*, as becomes all excellent Women. In which course



course of moderation, shee neither made the World her Iudge, nor the Market her Theater, but contented her sweet minde with the triumphs of Patience, and made solitarinesse the tombe of her Fame: which Fame, as true to her Worth, and enuious to his Lasciuiousnesse, hath multiplied her Honour, and his Shame, to liue (as you see) many ages after them both.

Where, if on the other side she had, with her first thoughts, descended into the counsells of impatiency, pleaded distresse in teares, and wrongs in complaint; who sees not that she had therein not onely lost Greatnesse of reputation, the true shadow of great hearts; but stirred vp Murmur, which handles all things, but either neuer concludes any, or at least concludes in the worst part? And so perchance, by ouer-acting, might haue brought her right, and his errors into an equall balance. " For it is most true, that exorbitancies of Passions doe many times (like *Players vpon stages*) represent the office of a King, in the person of a begger. *Aristides* constancie, with the weakenesse of *Philautus*; and the resolute courage of *Turnus*; with the cowardise of *Nicias*, acting that which they are not; and consequently, either out of felt, or adopted impressions, vainely struiuing to deny Chance her Tributes; Error her Changes; and Tyranny her Iniustice; fall suddenly into that kind of weakenesse, which vnder Power must be forced to endure many stormes, and burdens; because it could not endure the petty, and incident passages of life. Therefore good *Madame*! Since I haue shewed you by reason, that Obedience is iust, and necessary; by example that it is possible; be not restiue in their weake stubburnnesse; that will either keepe, or lose all: but thinke what folly it were for a man, in the naturall decaies of age, not to goe because hee cannot runne: and beleue that it will proue the like kind of headinesse in a Wife, to forsake herselfe, for his ill that hath already forsaken her. Therefore *Noble Lady*! proceed constantly to your end; beare, and



and deale with these weakenesses of your Husbands ; not with hate of your selfe, or of him : but as *Mothers* doe with the *wantonnesse of children* ; who cry not to still them, nor threaten imperfection, and malice with one rod, but first take away the offence, then suffer them to enioy those toyes they delight in. For looke what  
 “ a Mothers loue is towards her children, the like is a  
 “ Husbands power ouer a Wife: They will not punish, you cannot.

To confirme this more clearely ; let vs examine the commodities that arise out of this iust, and necessary *Obedience*. The *Poets*, who sometimes vnder clouds of beasts, describe the beastly courses of degenerate men, tell you, that *Iupiter* after he had made many wandering pilgrimages from heauen downe to the earth, brought still some of that earthly metall vp with him; so as his affection became diuided, and euery day lesse kind to *Iuno*. She (as a *Goddesse*) acquainted with his power, and with all the tempestuous powers of Lust, found that she, which hitherto had brought to passe many things by his loue, could now worke nothing by it. Neuerthelesse wisely considering that all affections mixt betweene heauen and earth, haue wauing hopes, reuenge, desire, feare, and repentances in them, which contrariety of passions had likewise their times, and places of raigne ; “ Sensualities in man not being made of one, but many humors. Out of these peircing grounds, shee neither forsakes her ends, nor takes vp on her that *languishing despaire*, which made the first *Monke*, nor that earnestnesse of rage, which is euer reuenged of it selfe ; but where strength of Credit failed, shee there vseth the traffique of Wit ; obseruing his humours, and their changes ; learning out of them so to temper, and allay one thought with another, now bearing, now vrging, that (as those graue *Authors* affirme) *Carthage* was long kept vp by *Iuno's* industry, in despite of *Venus* her constant ambition to build *Rome* vpon the ruines of it : which proues, that no man being made all of loue, they haue not lost  
 all,



all, that haue (how vnhappy soeuer) lost it. The art wherewith she thus wrought *Iupiter*, lay vndisclos'd; as the faults of Power do; *selfe-love* couering them within, and *flattery* without: vnder which two veyles the will of Supreme Authority is many times stolen away; and the *Lions skinne* become the *Foxes priuiledge*: The Agents going still unpunished, because it is not stealing, but stealing ill, which Husbands as well as Princes take offence at.

Therefore *Noble Lady*! as the *straight line* shewes both it selfe, and the *crooked*: so doth an *upright course of life*, yeeld all true wayes of aduantage, and by mastering our owne affections, anatomizeth all inferior passions, making knowne the distinct branches out of which the higher powers of kindnesse, respect, and admiration doe arise. A *Mappe*, wherein we may by the same wisdome of Moderation, choose for our selues that which is least in the power of others. Besides, it plainly discouers; that *lealousie* acknowledgeth aduantage of worth, and so becomes the triumph of *Libertines*; that *Griefe* is the punishment of wrong, or right ill vsed; *Curiosity* euer returnes ill newes; *Anger* how great soeuer it seemes, is but a little humour, springing from opinion of Contempt; her causes lesse than vices, and so not worthy to be loued, or hated; but viewed, as liuely images to shew the *strength*, and yet *frailty* of all passions: which *Passions* being but *diseases of the minde*, doe so *disease-like* thirst after false remedies, and deceiuing visions; as the weake become terrified with those *glow-worm* lights, out of which wise Subiects often fashion arts to gouerne absolute Monarchs by. For *Madame*! as *nourishment* which feeds, and maintaines our Life, is yet the perfect pledge of our Mortality: so are these *light-mo-ued* Passions true, and assured notes of little natures, placed in what great Estates soeuer. Besides, by this practise of *Obedience*, there grow many more commodities. Since first, there is no losse in duty; so as you must at the least winne of your flesh by it, and either make it easie for you to become vnfortunate, or at least finde



finde an easie, and honourable passage out of her intricate lines, and circles. Againe, if it be true, which the *Philosophers* hold; that *vertues* and *vices*, disagreeing in all things else, yet agree in this; that *where there is one in esse, in posse there are all*: then cannot any excellent Faculty of the Minde be alone, but it must needs haue Wisdome, Patience, Piety, and all other *enemies* of Chance to accompany it; as against, and amongst all stormes, a calmed, and calming *Mens adepta*.

## CAP. 6.

**N**Ow worthy Lady! If you please from this humble mountaine, vnto which no panting desire can ascend, but thoughts of long breath; I say, if it please you to pause, and make your prospect backward, ouer the *courses* we haue past; which are, the Impossibility to amend, Danger to master, Casualty to please; then our *metall*, and that of the Worlds we liue in; lastly, the *injustice*, necessity, and commodities of *Obedience*: You shall see the proportions betweene one Excellency, and all other are such; and the lets vnto  
 “ them of such affinity; as he that hath ouercome, or  
 “ profited in any, is in an easie way to more perfection in them all. Out of which grounds *Madame!* from a good Wife to an excellent creature, the trauaile must needs proue pleasant, and familiar. Yet because they that rest in *Fame*, or *Vertue*, keepe not the estate they were in, but decline; let vs from this humble pinnacle cast our eyes before our feet, and looke to the euen, or vneuenesse of this well-shadowed path, we are to passe thorough. Wherein our first prospect must be ouer our owne natures, examining our strengths, and weaknesses; with our desires, and ends; then the particular differences, and contrarieties of other *mens humours*, which (as *instruments* in the *workmans* hands) must proue helpes, or hindrances, according to the Art, or Ignorance of those that vse them. In the consideration of which, we shall finde some spirits narrow, and woond

R r

all



all vpon one wheele; others vpon many: Diuers pleas'd  
 (like *children*) with little things; while the greater bo-  
 dies must haue greater mindes to moue them: some  
 (like *Heraclitus*) *bemoiling* the World with the teares  
 of Selfe-pittie; others (like *Democritus*) iouially  
*laughing* at griefes, afflictions; rather with an easinesse  
 of nature than any strength of worth, or counsell:  
 Chance the end of many, and Change of more: toge-  
 ther with the libertine, or seruile effects of too many,  
 or too few distinctions, or respects in our *morall* liues.  
 To be short; in the whole view of Mankinde, you shall  
 obserue onely such nice diuision, and differences, as  
 there are in the kingdome of *beasts*; where some are ra-  
 uinous, and spoyling; others weake, and apt to bee  
 prey'd vpon: their strengths, and weakenesses diuerse  
 wayes laide; some in one member, some in another: all  
 subiect alike to deliuer their skins to those deceiuers  
 which are aboue them; but dangerously enuious  
 to equals, or inferiours. To conclude, when they are  
*wilde*, ill *neighbours*, worse *friends*; but excellent *seruants*,  
 when they are *tamed*. Out of which diuersitie of Na-  
 tures, and Affections, wee may gather againe, that  
 euen those Misfortunes, or Afflictions, which be *disea-*  
*ses* to some; vnto others *health*, or cure: *Error*, and *Of-*  
*fence* in the mindes of men comming from as diuerse  
 causes, as *imperfections* doe in the *sight*; either by too  
 much *vniting* or *dispersing* the *beames*. So that many  
 may say as truely with comfort, *Iniurie often makes*  
*way for better fortune*, as others may with griefe, *what*  
*Tyrant hath taken away our Godhead from vs*.

Now *Madam*! If you apply this to your selfe, it  
 hath this *morality* in it; to let you know, that without  
 your Husbands vnkind dealing, you would perchance  
 haue *doted* too much in the worship of one man; neg-  
 lecting for that one humour, all other wayes of Ho-  
 nour, as bewitched affections vse to doe. So that lest  
 the other excellent powers of your minde should bee  
 in vaine to you, and to the world; it seemes, euen by  
 the prouidence of Mischance, you are driuen from  
 these



these narrow *sanctuaries* of selfe-affections, which imprisoned you; to take into your heart new *Idea's*, larger ends, and nobler wayes. And in this new deliberation, it will be no impertinent counsell; first, to examine the difference of worths required in seeking to *winne one*, or the *world*; or in a third progresse, by losing both to winne *credit with God*. In which mysticall worke, the fine mixture of Grace, and Nature together, makes it more easie to *mend* our errours, than before it was to *couer* them; and consequently our flesh as capable to receiue the *immortality* of good, as it was to run head-long vnder the eternall *curse* of *Sinne*. Againe, since it is flesh onely that receiues *immortality* of *Good*, or *Euill*; & vpon the same flesh no heauier tax laid in these worthier courses than you were charged with before; I meane a resolution to turne all things within, and without you to the best: *Noble Lady*! gather your powers together; and know that where, in the former imprisonment of Thoughts, Reason, Wrong, and Occasion were all kept subiect to an ouer-tender affection in our selues; they shall in this bee set at libertie, and spread as farre as the limits of Nature, or Grace, can possibly be extended. Besides, in all the course of Choice, or Change, whosoever will but compare what aduantage the strength of one *Mouer* hath ouer another, he shal see all hardnesse, and inequality in the wayes to bee reconciled in the force, and preeminence of the *Mouers*: so as *pleasure* hauing a weake *entrance*, and an easie *Adamant*; *Honor*, a crabbed first step, but an *omnipotent* obiect; the *light* goes as easie *upward*, as the *heavy*, *downe*.

To beginne therefore with the first, which is the *winning of one*; there is in that course required neither exact Vertue, nor Vice; but a happy temper in both, to a nimble vse of either. Here yeelding, soothing, seruing must be our sacrifices; humours, our study; and wee bound (like *Shadows*) neither to be shorter, nor longer, than befitteth those *bodies* we resolute to worship: so as the most *factions* spirits, are often the most *fortunate* in



these courses. For as in *Coyne* it is the *stampe*, not the *metall* that goes curreant; that which is *gold* here, going perchance euery where else but as *copper*, so doe the vnworthy choices of *fauour* often make Natures meanest creations passe for superlatiue. Nay more, if by the influence of a good *Destinie*, wee chance to honour a *worthy* man; yet shall wee but take *on*, and not take *in* Worth by that traffique: "and then how can they  
 "truly merit, that doe well for any respect, but *good-*  
 "ness it selfe? This was it, that made the piercing Iudgements of times past, note a difference betweene the affability of *Scipio*, and *Cesar*; it being *artificiall* in this to his end, and in the other a *naturall* sweetnesse of bowels; in the one an *art* of *Ambition*, in the other *noblenesse*, and *ingenuity*. Whereby wee may conclude;  
 "that it is no great enriching of mans Nature to bring  
 "forth pleasing fruits to one *Land-Lord*, how fantasti-  
 "call, or imperious foeuer. Besides, these *humour-hun-*  
*ters* onely master those affections of minde, which are not honourable in the large extents of *Truth*, but in the narrow limits of *Opinion*; and thereby sometimes make vs creatures to our Equals; seruants to Vnworthinesse; lesse than our selues, by seeking to winne a man perchance worse than our selues; rather improving Craft, than Wisedome; Seruitude, than Honour. In all which, true Worth must necessarily suffer allay, as being changed from generall approouings to particular; and thereby forced to imprison Nature within *Municipall*, and seruile Humours, or Constitutions.

The second part, which is the winning of the *world*, hath many, & large respects in it: since therein our mediator must be *Fame*, a spirit *neuer entreated*, but *commanded* vp; our study *Honour*, as a pledge which the world doth trust, and belecue in; *Magnanimitie* must bee our Scepter, wherein the Equall finde *strength*, and the Inferiour *protection*; *Liberality*, that all desires may hope; *Iustice* which distinguisheth right from estate, or persons; *Mercy*, that frailty may not despaire with such like great strengths of minde, as are vniuersally  
 curreant



current, and doe giue euidence to the World that wee despise those petty things; which the rest doe wonder at; and by affecting the generall loue of all men, bring forth that which all men loue in vs. Besides, the end is more noble to *winne* Reuerence, than to *yeeld* it; to *create*, than *pay tribute*; the powers of the mind, that are vied more strong, as doing, and not suffering affections; the proportion of the meanes larger, and of more difficulty, requiring better formes, perfecter health, and greater strengths: because in our *ends*, we embrace the ends of all men; and thereby are aduanced without preiudice, or discontent to any. Hence, from *Equalities of Nature*, grew vp all *Estates of Superiority*; this is that *seruing* of the *Multitude*, which commands them; this is to be least, and greatest; one, and rule many: yea, euen this is that *great Art*, which hath ever flourished in the brauest spirits, and most flourishing Ages; and which being forgotten by the corruption, or vicissitude of times (as the most excellent *Sciences* haue beene) is growne strange among men; and which being but renewed in shew, the vaine World (made to bee deceiued) will without suspition embrace; as a liuely picture of her ancient Pompe, and Greatnesse.

Againe, since the nature of the *Multitude* is not vnlike the *Earth*; which (not made for it selfe) while it lies common brings forth nothing to enrich, but conceales many treasures vnder her skinne, and bowels; and on the other side, moued, or manured, yeelds reward for his paines that husband her: since (I say) these two being paralleld; euen as the first authors in all Innouations, while their mend not, but change the complexion of Passions, shall find audacity in vndertaking the hardest of their worke; as being forced to bee presidents to themselves: so againe, the consequence must of necessitie proue faire, and easie, in respect that noueltie is euer as welcome, as fearefull; and the whole flocke apt to follow the first sheepe: In which vndertaking to become an example; hath something in it worthy of aduenture. Therefore, if you



compare the winning of one, and the world together; you shall finde the world exceeds one both in number; weight and measure; and then as our English prouerbe saith, *The more cost, the more worship.*

From this second step if you will climbe up to the third, & though with absurdity, yet for vnderstandings sake, compare finite, and infinite together; I meane the winning of the world with the worship of God, the center with the circumference, him that made all things with that which was made of nothing; the ends differ no more in excellency, than the wayes, and meanes to attaine it doe. For in the one we worke with our owne strengths, which are but weakenesses; in this with his, that is Omnipotent; in the first with flattering promises, that will deceiue; in this with him that is greater than all things, and onely equall with his word; as whose each part is of his owne essence, indiuisible, infinite and eternall.

*Not finished.*





A Letter written by Sir Fulke Greuill to his Cousin  
Greuill Varney residing in France; wherein are  
set downe certaine rules and obseruations, directing  
him how he may make the best vse of his Trauels.



Y good Cousin, according to the request  
of your Letter, dated the 19. of *October*,  
at *Orleance*, and receiued here the 18. of  
*Nouember*, I haue sent you by your Mer-  
chant for your present supply,  
and had sent you a greater summe, but  
that my extraordinary charges this yeere haue vtterly  
vnfurnished me.

And now Cousin, though I will be no seuere exacter  
of account, either in your money or time, yet for the  
loue I beare you, I am very desirous both to satisfie my  
selfe, and your friends, how you prosper in your *Trauels*,  
and how you find your selfe bettered thereby, either in  
knowledge of *God* or the *world*; the rather because  
the daies you haue already spent abroad are now suffici-  
ent both to giue you light how to fixe your selfe an end  
with counsell, and accordingly shape your course con-  
stantly vnto it. Besides, it is a vulgar scandall of *Tra-  
uellers* that few returne more religious than they went  
out. Wherein both my hope and request is to you, that  
your principall care be to hold your foundation, and to  
make no other vse of informing your selfe in the cor-  
ruptions and superstitions of other Nations, than onely  
thereby to engage your owne heart more firmly vnto  
the truth. You liue indeed in a Country *Bigarre* of two  
seuerall Professions, and you shall returne a *Novice* from  
thence, if you be not able to giue an account of the or-  
dinances,



dinances, progresse, & strength of each in reputation, and party, and how both are supported, ballanced, and managed by the State, as being the contrary humours, in the temper, or predominancy whereof the health or disease of that body doth consist.

These things you will obserue, not onely as an *Englishman*, whom it may concerne to know what interest his country may expect in the consciences of her neighbours, but also as a *Christian*, to consider both the beauties and blemishes, the hopes and dangers of the Church in all places.

Now for the *world*, I know it too well to perswade you to diue into the practises thereof, rather stand vpon your guard against all that tempt you therunto, or may practise vpon you in your conscience, your reputation, or your purse. Resolue that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest. And let this perswasion turne your studies and obseruations from the complement and impostures of this debauched Age to more reall grounds of wisdom, gathered out of the stories of Time past, and out of the gouernement of the present State.

Your guide to these is the knowledge of the *Country* and the *People* among whom you liue.

For the *Country*; though you cannot see all places, yet if as you passe along you enquire carefully, and further helpe your selfe with Bookes that are written of the *Cosmography* of those parts; you shall thereby sufficiently gather the strength, riches, trafficke, hauens, shipping, commodities, vent; and the wants and disadvantages of all places. Wherein also for your own vse hereafter, and for your friends, it will be fit to note their Building, Furniture, their Entertainments, all their Husbandry, and ingenious Inuentions in whatsoeuer concerneth either Pleasure or Profit.

For the *People*, your trafficke among them while you learne their language will sufficiently instruct you in their Habilities, Dispositions and Humours; if you enlarge the priuacy of your owne nature to seeke acquaintance with the best sort of Strangers, and restraîne  
you,



your affection, and participation from your own country men of whatsoeuer condition.

In the story of *France* you haue a large and pleasant field in the three lines of their Kings, to obserue their Alliances and Successions, their Conquests, their Wars, especially with vs, their Counsels, their Treaties, and all Rules and Examples of Experience and Wisdome, which may be lights and remembrances to you hereafter to iudge of all occurrents at home and abroad.

Lastly, for the *gouernment*; your end must not be like an *Intelligencer*, to spend all your time in fishing after the present newes, humours, graces, or disgraces of Court, which haply may change before you come home; but your better and more constant grounds will bee to know the Consanguinities, Alliances, and Estates of their *Princes*; the proportion betweene the *Nobility* and *Magistracy*, the constitutions of the *Courts of Iustice*, the state of their *Lawes*, as well for the making, as for the executing thereof. How the *Soueraignty* of the King infuseth it selfe into all acts and ordinances: How many wayes they lay Impositions and Taxations, and gather Reuenues to the Crowne; what be the Liberties and Seruitudes of all degrees; what Discipline and preparations for Warres; what Inuentions for increase of Trafficke at home, for multiplying their commodities, encouraging Arts or Manufactures, or of worth in any kinde: Also what good Establishments to preuent the necessities and discontentments of the People, to cut off suits at Law, and Duels, to suppress Theeues and all disorders.

To be short, because my purpose is not to bring all your obseruations to heads, but onely by these few to let you know what manner of returne your Friends expect from you, let me for these and all the rest giue you this one note, which I desire you to obserue as the counsell of a Friend: Not to spend your spirits, and the precious time of your *trauaile*, in a *captious preiudice*, and censuring of all things, nor in an infectious collection of base *vices* and *fashions* of Men and Women, and gene-  
rall



rall corruptions of these times ; which will bee of vse onely among *Humorists* for iests and table-talke : but rather straine your wits and industry soundly to instruct your selfe in all things betweene heauen and earth which may tend to *Vertue*, *wisedome*, and *Honour*, and which may make your life more *Profitable* to your *Countrey*, and your selfe more *Comfortable* to your *Friends* and *acceptable to God*.

And to conclude ; let all these riches bee treasured vp not onely in your Memory, (where time may lessen your stocke) but rather in good Writings, and Bookes of accompt ; which will keepe them safe for your vse hereafter. And if in this time of your liberall traffique, you will giue me any aduertisement of your commodities in these kindes, I will make you as liberall a returne from my selfe and your friends, here as I shall bee able. And so commending all your good endeavours to him that must either wither or prosper them, I very kindly bid you farewell.

Your very louing Cousin,  
FVLKE GREVILL.

From *Hackney* this 20.  
of *November*, 1609.

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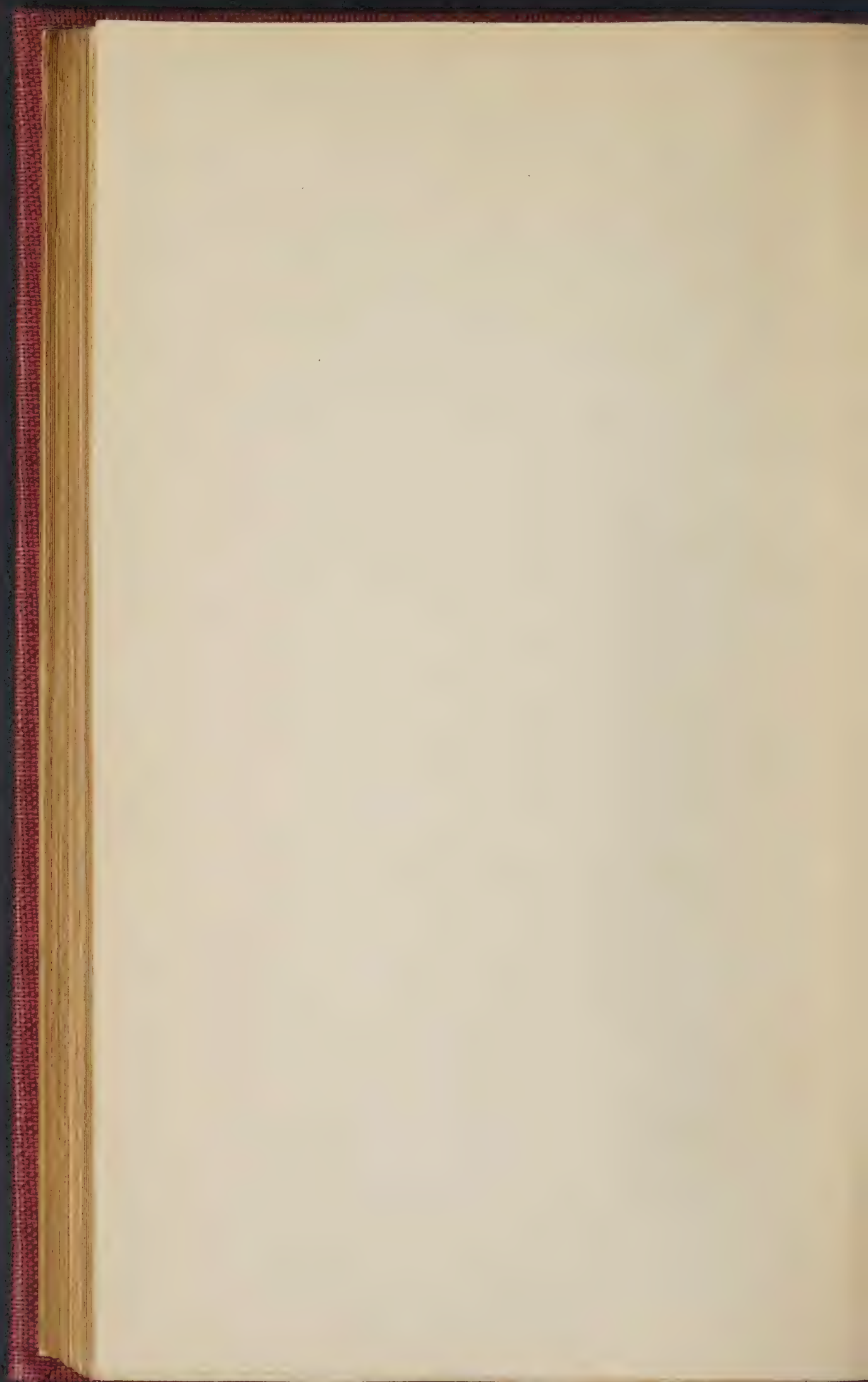
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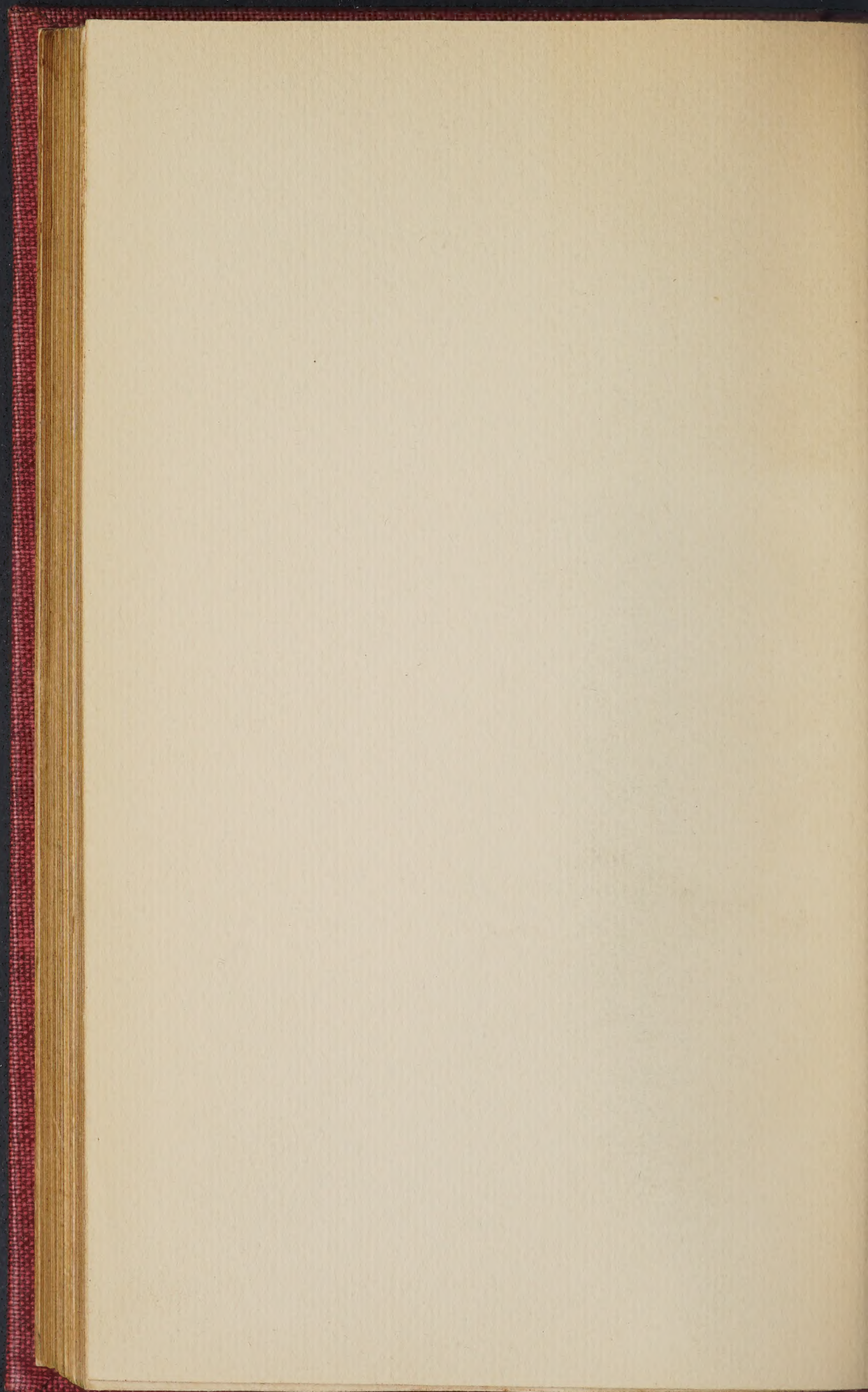

















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